LADIES' HOME

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

APRIL 1967

JOURNAL

50¢

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HAIR COLOR
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with your doctor, and if iron-poo
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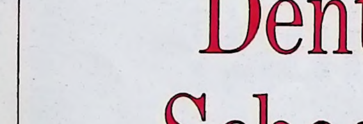

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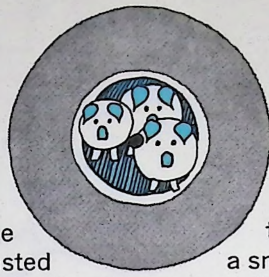
IF IT WERE MY CHILD . . .

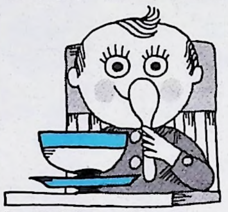
A Column for Mothers Only

The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alone know the special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this natural source of experience, we have asked our readers to share with each other their best solutions to the everyday problems of living with children.

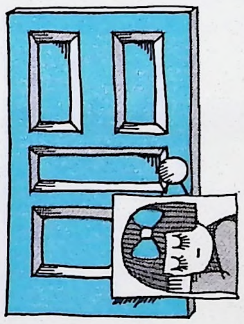


READY RECORDS: To help my children to identify their phonograph records without having to ask me the title each time they want to play one, I pasted a small picture to the center label illustrating the title of the record (The Three Pigs, etc.).—Mrs. Jack Henderson, Rocksprings, Tex.

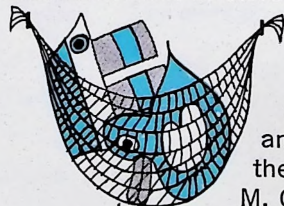
AGE BY INCHES: To help explain to my four-year-old daughter how old people are, I took a measuring tape and told her that each inch stands for one year. This helps her understand the concept of age since she can "see" how old people are compared to her.—Mrs. Gerald O. Melcher, Oakland, Calif.



SUCTION-CUP SECURITY: I use the small rubber circles with suction cups on both sides (made for holding soap to tile) to secure my child's plate and bowl to the high-chair tray. The suction cups hold tight (discouraging plate pitching) so the child can feed himself without having the plate slip.—Mrs. Roberta L. Copeland, Hanover, Ind.

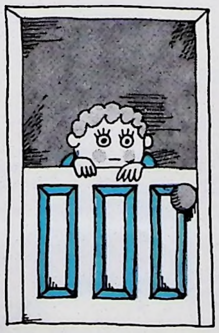


SIGN LANGUAGE: When I became a "Grandma Guardian" to an active little girl, naptime became precious to both of us. I solved the problem of neighbor children visiting us during the nap period by hanging on the door a picture of the child sleeping. The children are quiet when the sign is up, knowing they are welcome to come and have cookies when the sign comes off.—Mrs. Martha Gospard, Sarasota, Fla.



FISHNET STORY: To store my children's sopping-wet toys after their baths, I bought fishnet and rubber-back hooks. I stuck the hooks to the tile and attached fishnet between them. The toys are out of the way after baths, can drip-dry, and can be seen for selection at the next bathtime.—Mrs. Karin M. Geach, Sacramento, Calif.

NO LOSERS: When I take my children out, my biggest concern is to not lose one. To show them how important it is to stay together, I deliberately got "lost" once. Our situation is reversed now, and they are careful so they do not lose me.—Mr. Mike Yurawecz, Washington, D.C.



HALF A DOOR IS BETTER THAN ONE: My children have been adept at climbing out of their cribs and wandering about at night. To keep them in their room, I replaced their door with the bottom half of a Dutch door. I lock it at night so they cannot leave the room, and I can easily check on them.—Mrs. Phillip Templeton, San Angelo, Tex.

How do you solve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pays $25 to the first contributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and baby-sitters as well as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to Julie G. Maxey, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Please do not include snapshots, toys, etc., for submissions cannot be returned.

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New Sélecte Strawberries from Birds Eye.

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selecte
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Sélecte Strawberries: the ripest, reddest berries from the Pacific Northwest where the world's best strawberries are grown.

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suprême

Mixed Fruit Suprême: two kinds of cherries, peaches, red raspberries, boysenberries and white seedless grapes.

BIRDS EYE
CHERRIES
suprême

Cherries Suprême—dark ones, sweet and plump, in a light, delicate syrup. Delectable right out of the package, marvelous for Cherries Jubilee.

BIRDS EYE
PEACH combinage

Peach Combinâge: new idea: red strawberry halves, golden slices of Rio Osa peaches. Thawed and ready to serve in less than 15 minutes.

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Soften often with Dermassage Lotion. Or try super-moisturizing Dermassage Skin Cream.

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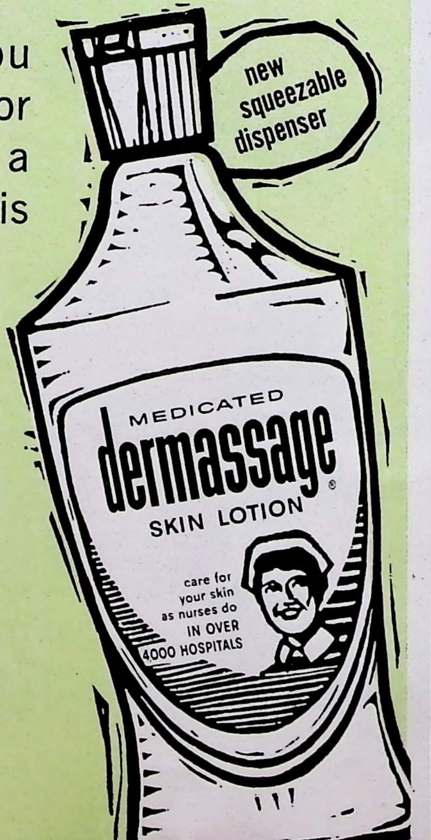

HOROSCOPES FOR VACATIONERS

By Sybil Leek

ARIES March 21-April 19. Arians, who are naturally gregarious, usually enjoy being in crowded places, but with this year's erratic health, their best vacation would be one that is in complete contrast to their usual, everyday life. With your finances improving this month, you will begin to plan for an early vacation, and the best time for it would be between June 1 and 25. If you are unable to get away at this time, you may have to settle for spending your vacation at home, because Mars at the seventh angle can cause many well-made plans to go astray. If this is the case, plan expeditions by car to nearby areas, and remember that a change of scenery can be as beneficial to your health as a long and far-away holiday.

TAURUS April 20-May 20. Most Taureans will be lucky enough to be able to take two vacations this year. The best times for them are between August 9 and September 1 and November 1 and 17. Even if the second holiday is associated with the work of a partner, you will still have a lot of fun. You will probably look forward to your vacation in order to release tensions built up in the first few months of this year. Since water has a therapeutic, tension-relieving quality for you, you will get the most pleasure from going to one of the tropical islands in the Pacific or Caribbean. However, if your finances will not permit this type of trip, try to go to a lake resort.

GEMINI May 21-June 21. This year Geminis will have the chance to take the type of vacation they have always dreamed about, because Jupiter's influence will bring a timely increase in finances. The best time for your holiday is after August 15, when the disrupting influence of the Saturn-Mars opposition has lessened. However, if you are able to make very flexible plans, a vacation between June 1 and 16 would be beneficial; it will help you recover from the debilitating effects of May's solar eclipse. A Continental holiday, especially in Italy, would be suitable for many Geminis since anyplace with a strong Latin flavor will appeal to your romantic nature.

CANCER June 22-July 22. Vacation plans made this month with Saturn at Cancer's midheaven are likely to be very routine. But if you start making plans after July 25 for a holiday between August 9 and 20, your vacation should be exciting. Many Cancerians, however, will find themselves settling for holidays at home this year. But even this can be quite enjoyable since you love familiar surroundings. Just try to make the best of a few short car trips and realize that you can meet interesting people no matter where you go. If you do manage to get away, remember that Cancerians have a basic love of nature and as Moon children they enjoy places near water.

LEO July 23-August 22. Leos will start to plan their holidays early this year, and will best benefit from a holiday either on their own or with members of their family rather than an organized tour with strangers. A restful, familiar atmosphere will be preferable to a holiday aimed at adventure and excitement. You may want to get away on a brief vacation sometime between July 19 and August 9 in order to get a better perspective on certain family problems, but, as children of the sun, Leos will prefer to extend the summer by going to a sunny spot between October 22 and November 24.

VIRGO August 23-September 22. For the past few years most Virgos have had little time or money for a real vacation, but this year Jupiter's influence brings financial benefits and the chance to enjoy the fruits of their labors. You are fortunate to be able to have a wonderful holiday anytime from July through October, and you probably won't be satisfied with just one. You will want to make completely unorthodox plans as a reaction against the routine responsibilities with which you are usually so concerned. Such extreme spots as Alaska or a safari in Africa will appeal strongly to you, but if this is impossible and you take a more modest trip, you will surely have a good vacat[illegible] manage to visit an entirely new place.

(continued)

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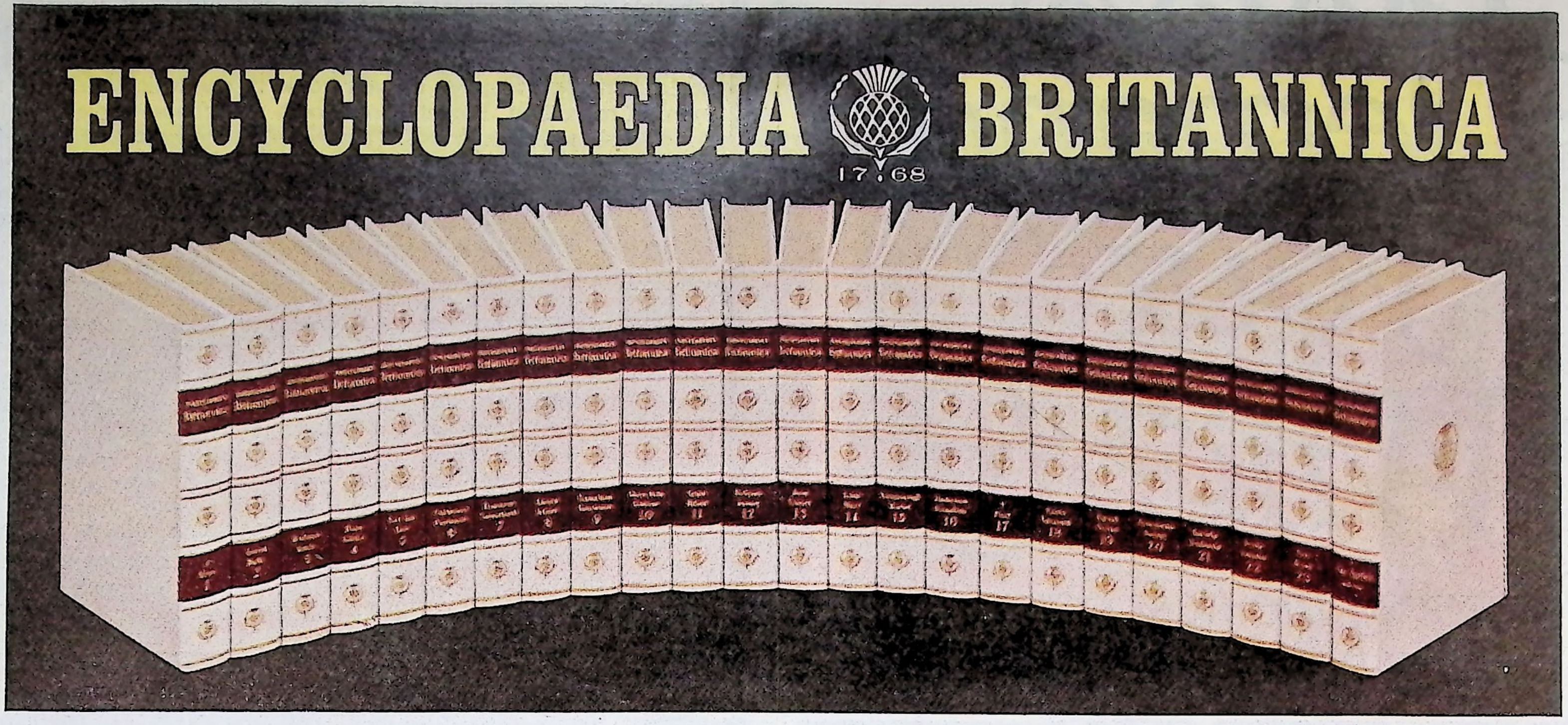

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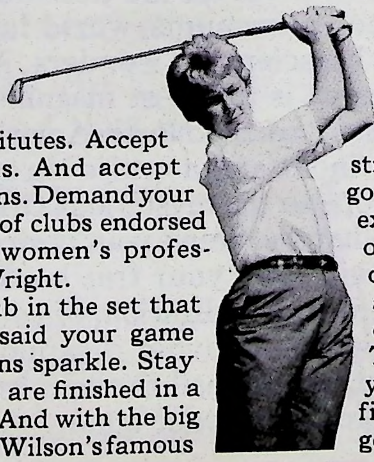

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LIBRA September 23-October 23. Libras would be wise to postpone making holiday plans until after May 26. If you start planning earlier, when Mars is firing you with energy, you might schedule an overstimulating vacation and overexert yourself. Also, keep in mind that Saturn, which acts as a brake, combined with the influence of Mars, might force you to cancel your plans because of ill health. The best vacation for you would be one which offers the maxi- mum in relaxation. Forget about tours and choose a place with fine hotels and excellent service. You'll need to be waited on in order to offset possible health problems. Plan to get away between July 20 and August 31, but be very careful to discuss your holiday plans and ex- pectations with your partner in order to avoid misunderstandings that could ruin a much-needed vacation.

SCORPIO October 24-November 21. This year Scorpios should have a holiday they'll never forget. Mars, the planet associated with traveling, has a particularly great influence on you from May 27 through July, and this would be the time for your most successful vacation. Those of you with children will allow yourselves to plan a trip without them, but be prepared for feelings of guilt, to which you are naturally inclined. Because of the expansive influence of Jupiter, you will be encouraged to open up new horizons and will be especially attracted to a trip abroad. If you are unable to leave the country, you will enjoy being in areas that offer theaters and music festivals. Scorpios have a great need for and love of music and drama, because both relieve some of their darker moods.

SAGITTARIUS November 22-December 21. Sagittarians will be attracted to a holiday in which they can participate in their favorite sports rather than in peace and relaxation. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Canada and the mountainous parts of the U.S. will appeal to your appreciation of the rugged aspects of nature and your love of skiing and riding. You will want your vacation to be filled with challenges, and you will therefore be satisfied if you undertake physical activity every day you're away. Although you may want to vacation in August, you will be most happy on a fall holiday, especially in September. Mars, the co-ruler of your sun-sign, gives you so much energy that you may find it hard to compromise with others, so take care not to be impatient with less energetic members of your family who are under different signs of the zodiac.

CAPRICORN December 22-January 19. Capricorns will be highly influenced by their partners when making their vacation plans, but they can still be sure that this year they will have a real vacation rather than one combined with business, as frequently happens. You will probably have an intense desire to escape from many of your mundane problems, and your main instinct will be to spend enough time away from home to benefit from a complete change of scenery, food and people. New and distant places will attract you, and fortunately, Jupiter will encourage you to break new ground and do exciting new things. But you will only enjoy a holiday if you are with someone who is very dear to you. This should definitely be a shared holiday, and anytime in August would be perfect.

AQUARIUS January 20-February 18. Even if Aquarians decide that a holiday is unnecessary this year, because so much of 1967 is going to be taken up with other kinds of traveling, they will have the desire to visit new places because of the strong influence of Mars, the planet associated with travel. It's important for you to keep in mind, however, that in order to be assured of any vacation at all you'd be wise to take it in late July and August. The influence of Saturn, which keeps you from fulfilling aspirations, lightens in this period. Although a few Aquarians might be able to get away, most should be satisfied with a rest at home. No matter where you spend your vacation, your main goal should be to unwind. Peace and quiet, plenty of fresh air and interesting people will give you the most beneficial holiday.

PISCES February 19-March 20. Pisceans will be more fortunate with their vacation plans this year than any other sign. There are literally no limits to your vacation activities because of the kindly, expansive influence of Jupiter, and you can be assured that no matter where you go or how much or how little money you spend, you will enjoy yourself and be traveling with good companions. The most beneficial holiday for you would be in a spacious, sunny place. The sun will counter possible health problems, and spaciousness will give you the feeling of freedom which Jupiter's expansiveness demands of you. Although many Pisceans will find themselves taking short vacations throughout the year, July 20 to 31 will be especially good for a longer holiday, and you may not be able to resist returning to some favorite romantic place between October 11 and 17.

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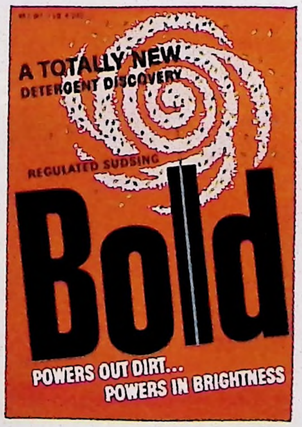
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Can This Marriage Be Saved?

BETTE SAYS: "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

The dog—"man's best friend"—plays an important part in family life, and the reasons are varied, depending somewhat on the age of the owner, whether resident of a farm or a city apartment, and on a dozen other circumstances. Occasionally one finds a person who prefers dogs to people because of his or her own feeling of insecurity. Bette, in this story, wasn't happy at home or in other personal relations, but with her dogs she felt she was boss. If she had been brought up properly, there would have been no competition between dog and husband! Each of them would have had an appropriate part in her life. Parents need a good deal of help sometimes to educate their children so they can meet the conditions they will confront a few years later. The counselor in this case was Charlotte Marletto.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
Founder and president of the American Institute of Family Relations

"Ivan treats my well-trained, beautifully behaved dog abominably, and I can't bear it," said doll-sized Bette, whose blond hair swung in a childish pony tail. The mother of two small sons, 31-year-old Bette looked almost young enough to be a freshman at the university where her husband was studying for an advanced degree in biochemistry.

"I've owned Tinka ever since our youngest boy was born—she was a gift from my employers, who raise German shepherds—and when Ivan started back to school the authorities granted us permission to keep a dog in the married-students quarters. For six months now, Tinka has been the pet of the whole building. Nobody has complained except Ivan.

"Ivan used to love me. He now thinks of me almost entirely as a wage earner, housekeeper, cook; he thinks I should be his echo, and the boys and I should sacrifice Tinka to cater to his selfish prejudice against the dog.

"Ivan dislikes Tinka because she is fond of the youngsters and me, requires food and exercise, needs occasional grooming and bathing, and sheds a little hair in places he wants to sit. Our apartment isn't spotless, I'll admit, but perfection is impossible in our circumstances. We have just two rooms and a tiny kitchenette; we were short on space even before Ivan's parents came from Detroit to visit a month ago. Ivan himself is responsible for much of the general disorder and untidiness.

"My mother-in-law is as neat and quick as a sandpiper, but she raised a son of six feet four who throws things everywhere and expects to be picked up after. At other times, maddeningly, he expects his paraphernalia to be left untouched. Every extra inch is jammed with Ivan's books, clothes, papers.

"He stores specimens in our freezer which horrify my mother-in-law; she is of Czechoslovakian origin and likes to cook elaborate European dishes under scrupulously sanitary conditions. I can sympathize with her, perhaps because I am German-born myself. Nearly every night she and Ivan get in a terrific fight about his stuff in the freezer. I'm fond of my mother-in-law, but I do resent it when Ivan stops fighting her and denounces me as messy. Then the two join in denouncing Tinka.

"Last night I was so upset by their arguments and by Tinka's reaction to their angry voices—she dropped her ears and tail and slunk out of the room—that I broke down and cried in front of everybody, including the children. Maybe I'm inefficient the way my husband and in-laws say, but I try hard, and sweep our place twice a day: in the morning before I report to my office and drop the boys at the university-sponsored nursery school, and I whip through a second clean-up in the evening after I quit work and bring the boys home.

"A big moment for Joe and Timothy and me is when I unlock the door in the hall and slowly turn the key, for the fun of trying to outwit Tinka, who has been alone most of the day. No matter how quietly I turn the key, Tinka hears and leaps forward at the exact instant the door opens, wild with delight. Timothy and Joe like to have Tinka jump on them and lick their faces, and I enjoy it, too. Somehow the dog's protectiveness and my feeling that a friend is waiting for my sons and me are restful and relaxing.

"Some of my earliest memories, dating back more than twenty-five years to Hamburg, Germany, concern a beautiful dog, a German shepherd named Thor. I was a half-Jewish child two or three years old; my gentile grandparents owned Thor. Sometimes on Sunday my mother took me to their house and we went for a walk with Thor on a leash. With the big dog there beside me and my mother's hand holding mine, I felt proud and safe.

"I can recall exactly how Thor looked although I have no memory of my mother's face. Not long before the outbreak of World War II, my gentile mother left my Jewish father; she also left me. I never saw her or any of her people again.

"For many months I was passed around among my Jewish kinfolk, most of whom were seeking desperately to get out of Germany and did their best to spare me knowledge of their hideous problems, until I was separated from all the adults I had ever trusted or ever known. My father escaped. His parents and three of his brothers died in concentration camps. Often in the night I awoke to whispering; next morning my father would be packed and gone, or my favorite uncle and his children would be gone, or my Aunt Sarah. No explanation of these mysterious disappearances was forthcoming; or none a small girl could understand.

"With each new disappearance, my confusion increased. Finally I decided I had been abandoned, that all my kinfolk were running off, leaving me behind to die. At night I prayed I would wake in the morning and find Thor beside me. Childlike, I believed that with Thor to lead the way I could walk through the dark forests to safety.

"My father had not abandoned me, of course. I was

(continued)

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

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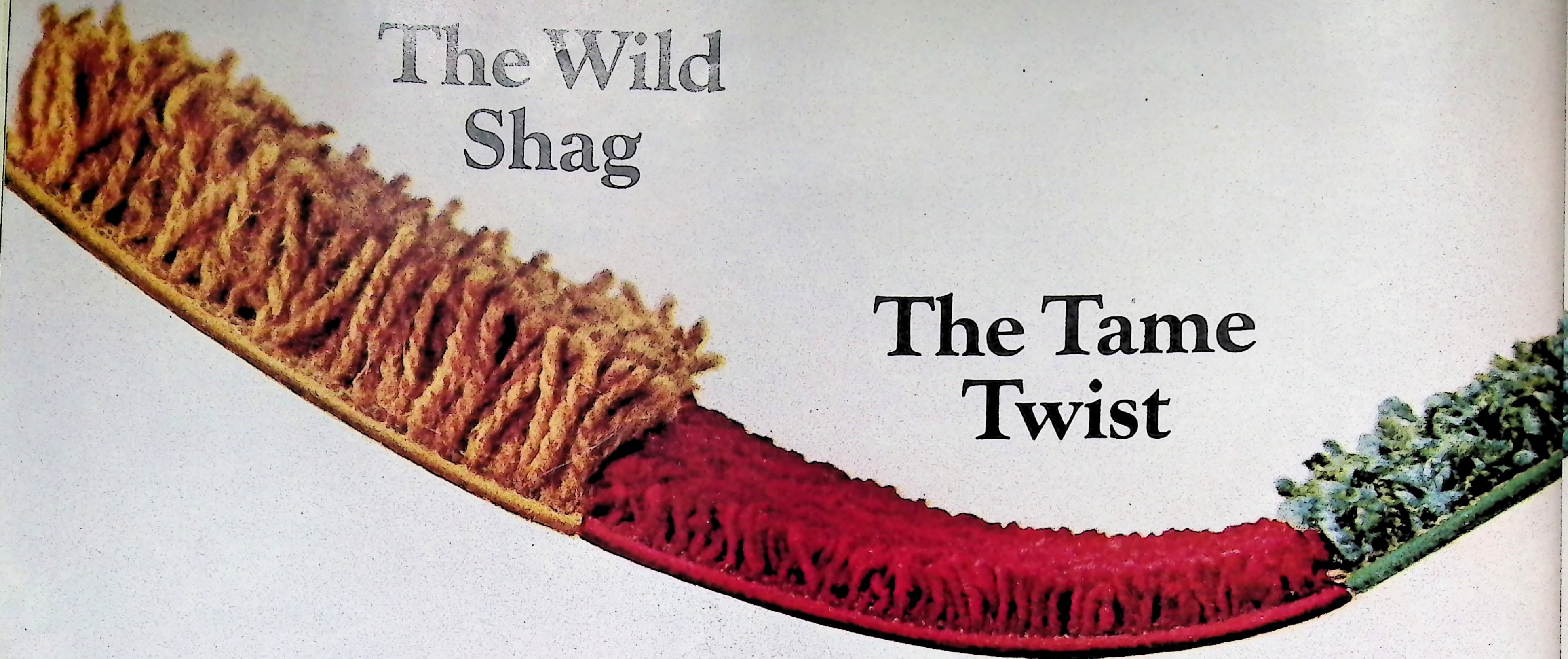
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It wasn't easy to civilize. We had to snip its locks closer to the ground than a shaggy shag. Carefully. So as not to cut out its animal spirit. Then, we gave each strand a bit of a twist. For extra strength. It doesn't look anything like a twist, though. We made it civilized. Not formal. Sensible. But a little wild.

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the last member of his family to escape; I was smuggled into Italy and aboard a blacked-out ship that eventually arrived in the United States. I traveled with two old women—not kinfolk—who were paid well to deliver me but were in mortal terror of their own lives. I remember worrying and wondering on the voyage if one of them might throw me overboard. I was five the day my father, whom I did not recognize at first, met me at the dock in New York. He had a job of sorts, but no regular lodging. Some of the people with whom we stayed were kind; others were not. Once or twice we had nowhere to sleep except a bench in the railroad station.

"When I enrolled in elementary school I was terribly afraid of the teachers. They complained of my unkempt hair and dirty clothes. I was even more afraid of the other children. They teased me partly because of my size—I have always been very small—but mainly because the only language I could speak was German. They used to shout that I was a Nazi spy. I did poorly in all my studies. Most children pick up a second language quickly, but I was stupid and it took me a long time to speak English without an accent.

"My father and I didn't become really settled until I was fifteen, when we moved to California. The apartment was old-fashioned and dilapidated, but to me our new home was wonderful. I lucked into a part-time, after-school job with a kennel that breeds and shows prize-winning German shepherds—the kennel where Tinka was born. I still work there occasionally. It would be hard to exaggerate the joy I found there.

"Dog people live in a world of their own, and in that world I quickly achieved recognition and success. Almost overnight, or so it seemed, I was promoted from being a dumb nobody into being a competent somebody. The first time I walked across the show ring with a handsome German shepherd, the dog won the novice prize in his class. The dog was cheered and so was I. I will never forget the experience. It was as though I could feel waves of love and approval pour forth and encircle me.

"I had no friends in high school or in junior college, but I don't think I missed the lack of companionship with contemporaries. Except at the kennel, or with my father and his kin, I was terrifically shy. I am still too timid for my own good, I guess, or, anyway, that's what Ivan tells me.

"Ivan was the only boyfriend I ever had. When we met I was twenty-two and Ivan was twenty-four but still a college undergraduate; he had to work his way. Loneliness drew us together, I suppose. Soon after we first saw each other he called to meet my father. I then owned a fine German shepherd bitch named Lady, who had dropped a litter of nine six weeks earlier. Lady was bedded with her family beside the kitchen stove. Eight of her pups were spoken for, and I intended to keep the ninth pup, the pick of the litter, a stunning male with championship potential.

"Ivan was enchanted by Lady and her pups, or so he said, and asked me if he could buy the little male, whom I'd named Hans. I hated to tell him that Hans was not for sale. Nor did I want him to be embarrassed by finding out the eight pups I'd already sold, none as fine as Hans, had fetched $75 apiece. To my own surprise I offered to sell Hans for $20. Ivan emptied his pockets and took the puppy home with him.

"I fell in love with Ivan very soon, deeply in love. Because I never had a mother for a model I sometimes worry that my relationship with my sons may not be sufficiently maternal; from the first, however, I felt maternal, tender and feminine with Ivan. We went steady for two years. On Saturdays I sewed on his buttons and did his ironing and let my father's laundry pile up sky high in the basket. In those days Ivan was unbelievably sweet and thoughtful, almost clairvoyant in knowing how to please a girl. We liked the same books, the same music. We borrowed our books from the public library, got our music on his small radio. We both had jobs and were pressed for time as well as money.

"But every weekend, rain or shine, we took a long walk with our two dogs. We hiked up mountain trails, strolled along the beaches, explored city streets. I supposed he was in love with me, and assumed he was a dog person like me. Our wedding was small, but we had a ten-day honeymoon. While we were on the trip Ivan casually announced that he had sold Hans. It was a shock, believe me.

"When we returned to our jobs—I have worked all through my marriage—and moved my things to Ivan's off-campus rooming house, I got another shock. Ivan suggested that Lady stay on with my father until he got his B.A. degree in June. Until my honeymoon trip I had never been separated from Lady. I should have argued against the arrangement, but I didn't. I wanted to please my new husband in everything.

"Two weeks later my constant companion for nine years, my beautiful Lady, was killed by a car while running loose on the street. I blamed Ivan for my dog's death almost as much as I blamed Father's carelessness. Actually I guess I should have blamed myself.

"It was a long while before I was willing to own another dog. But after Joe and Timmy were born it seemed to me that our children needed a dog to grow up with, a German shepherd to be their friend, their guard and guardian. So we took Tinka in our home the day we brought our youngest son from the hospital. At that time Ivan agreed that all boys were entitled to a dog, or so he said. Now he says Tinka is a burden, that we have no room for her. Just yesterday he demanded that I sell or give away our dog, even though it would break the boys' hearts, and mine, too. I won't do it. For seven years I've done my best to adjust to Ivan's needs and to accede to most of his whims.

"In many ways I still love Ivan, and I want to preserve our marriage. I will try to become a tidier housekeeper and better cook. But if he is unwilling to compromise and make room for my dog in our apartment, and in his heart, there isn't room for the boys and me. Joe and Timothy and I will move and take Tinka with us."

"I love Bette and I love my boys," said 34-year-old Ivan, a tall, dark man with thick black hair and brilliant blue eyes. "During this past, exceedingly difficult year—divided between a full-time job and a full-time college load—I thought I had proved my devotion. I realize many of my financial problems are my own fault; I played the perpetual college boy too long. *(continued)*

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COSHOCTON, OHIO

At an age when most intelligent men have it made professionally, I am such a lousy moneymaker that Bette still has to work. She and the boys have never had a decent home. I mean to change all that, come next June and my Ph.D.

"It certainly jolted my ego—to say nothing of my deeper feelings—to have Bette threaten to bundle up my kids and walk out rather than part with Tinka. The dog weighs seventy-five pounds. She is almost as expensive to feed and keep healthy (our last month's vet bill was $60) as one of the boys and more spoiled than either. The plain truth is that Bette's jumbo-sized pet crowds us intolerably now that my parents seem to be dug in for an indefinite stay.

"They have taken over the bedroom and are sharing it with Tim and Joe. This means Bette and I have shifted to the sofa-bed in the living room that the boys used to occupy. In theory, Tinka spends the night on the bedroom floor stretched out on a blanket spread beside the kids' pallets. But Mother detests the dog. So when I doze off, Mother opens the bedroom door, Tinka pads into the living room and hoists herself up on the sofa-bed with Bette and me. These days I am so exhausted I sleep heavily, but when seventy-five pounds of dog begins pushing me toward the wall I usually awake.

"These days Bette is exhausted, too. But she has always been a light sleeper, and in our seven years together has often suffered horrible nightmares. A week ago, she had one and woke up screaming. It was fairly early, and Tinka was still trapped in the bedroom. When Bette screamed, the dog charged upon the closed door with full force, snapped the hinges, split one panel, landed on the sofa-bed in a single bound to reassure herself that all was well with her mistress. The bed broke, and I crashed to the floor with Bette and her protector.

"I have no prejudice against dogs, cats, any animal, regardless of what Bette may say—but enough is enough. My shoulder is still badly bruised, and I have paid a whopping price to have the sofa-bed repaired. At this point I find I have just about used up my patience with Tinka.

"It's quite true, as Bette continually reminds me, that when I proposed to her I knew all about her liking for German shepherds. Ironical as it now seems, the first time I ever saw Bette I was bowled over by her skill and charm as dog handler. I was a recent arrival in Los Angeles from Detroit. After an all-out row with my parents, I had hitchhiked to the West Coast and landed a poorly paid job; I was friendless.

"One lonesome Sunday I walked past a half-vacant lot downtown where a church-sponsored pet show was in progress. I joined the small audience, just as Bette stepped out of a tent with a large German shepherd male in tow. The two of them, working as a pair and in silence, demonstrated the fine points of an advanced course in obedience training. I will never forget the effect of Bette's grace and delicacy, the enchantment conveyed by her tininess, her clouds of blond hair. Until I heard her voice at the end of the performance I assumed Bette was a child herself; when she spoke I realized she was an adult.

"Although I was an ex-serviceman of twenty-four, I was too bashful to introduce myself. But as the crowd straggled away, I questioned one of them. I learned Bette's name and address and that she had puppies for sale. It was several weeks before I got up the nerve to telephone and explain I was interested in buying one of the pups. I asked if I could call on her. When Bette said yes, I was filled with joy, and joy is the proper word. Almost from the beginning, I felt that in Bette I recognized my future wife. Possibly that explains why I was able to accept the remarkable change in her appearance at our second meeting.

"I had remembered her as a fairy-tale princess. Our second meeting took place in a fantastically dirty and ramshackle apartment then rented by Bette and her father but mainly occupied by her dogs. Bette wore a pair of dirty blue jeans with a torn sweater. Her hair was badly in need of shampooing and her fingernails were grimy. She was barefoot when she opened the door, and her grimy feet matched her fingernails.

"I bought one of the pups that afternoon. I soon became extremely attached to Hans, and I mean it. Hans was a dandy cure for my loneliness and self-pity, and I enjoyed having Bette assist me in his training. Nevertheless I regarded Hans as a dog, not a person, and I never came close to giving him the feverish, almost pathological (in my view) affection Bette has lavished on every dog she has ever owned.

"I reserved my love for Bette herself. For a long while I loved almost everything about Bette, and much of the time I could even shut my eyes to her slovenliness. No doubt part of her attraction for me was the contrast she presented to my mother. Mother is terrified of germs and forever scrubbing. When I met Bette I was still virtually a fugitive from both my mother and my father.

"My parents came from a Slovak farming region—and neither had a formal education. Not only is my father ignorant and illiterate, but in my childhood he was a bully and a brute. Nearly every Saturday night when he got his pay and got drunk, Father gave me, and any of my three brothers unwise enough to be in reach, a savage beating. He also beat my mother.

"I liked music, I liked to draw and paint; as a kid I was fascinated with form and color, growth. One time I planted some purple and white petunias in strawberry boxes on our fire escape as a Mother's Day gift. When Father spotted the blooming flowers he kicked the boxes into the alley areaway.

"I was Mother's favorite. Long before I reached the teens, she began to use me as an emotional crutch for herself, a shoulder to wail on, her ally in her prolonged warfare with my father. At home she used me as her kitchen helper, with an apron around my waist. It is hardly surprising I was known among the neighborhood kids by an unflattering nickname: Big Sis.

"The Korean War, for which I enlisted, unlocked my prison. My eighteen months overseas reassured me of my manhood, convinced me that I had cut the deadly emotional bonds that tied me to Mother. I enrolled in a college near San Francisco, but in midsemester I received a teary telephone call, along with a report from a credulous doctor.

"I swallowed the tale that my hale and hearty mother was gravely ill, and took the bus back to Detroit. I enrolled in college there, but lived at home. Once again Mother took total charge of me and my affairs; her battles with Father and his attacks on me resumed. Two years of hell elapsed before I found the courage to walk out and head for Los Angeles.

"When I married Bette, I thought she was entitled to a real honeymoon, and (I have never told her this) I sold my dog Hans to pay for the trip. Believe it or not, she expected we would take both her dog and mine along. We had a wonderful honeymoon. Both of us were without sexual experience, but we had no difficulties finding delight in each other.

"In the last seven years Bette has had a great deal of influence on me, more than she realizes perhaps. She encouraged me to stick with college on the long grind for a Ph.D. I am grateful to her that we have two sons; she refused to accede to my request, inspired by financial timidity, that we postpone starting our family until I was established. She insisted there was no time like the present.

"I'm a good father to Timmy and Joe, I think, but I can see I haven't been an A-1 husband. For one thing, I've probably been too critical of Bette's untidiness and sloppy housekeeping, although my complaints have produced few results. Bette defends Tinka's habit of jumping up and napping on any piece of furniture. Tinka sheds. The seat of my pants usually looks like mohair. Bette's skirts look the same.

"I have been sympathetic with Bette's nervous spells, her nightmares, her sensitivities. I can appreciate that these date back to her suffering as a child. Bette has talked to me a lot about her childhood and parentage. She has a strong sense of family and was eager to hear about my boyhood. I should have leveled with her about my parents and why I detested them. Instead I kept quiet. Possibly I was afraid the truth might show me up in a bad light. The point is I made a mistake, and I have paid for it.

"Long ago Bette pried out of me the Detroit address of my family. She then started a correspondence, mailed snapshots of herself and later of the boys, and she was undiscouraged by the lack of response. Six weeks ago I was foolish enough to complain of a burned-to-a-crisp supper. The next day Bette dashed off an impulsive invitation to my parents; she often acts on impulse. It was her idea, well-intentioned but devastating, that my mother come for a visit, meet the grandchildren and teach her daughter-in-law to cook a perfect European meal to surprise me on my birthday.

"The arrival of my parents was a big surprise to me, that's for sure. I hadn't seen them for almost ten years. My father seemed to have mellowed a little—or maybe I'm now too big a boy to be kicked around—but even so I can hardly stand to be in the same room with either him or Mother. Their nonstop visit was, to me, the last straw.

"Except for their descent on us, it's possible I might have continued to put up with Tinka. But the presence of the dog, combined with the constant traffic jam in our apartment, the lack of privacy—my sex life with Bette was a quick casualty—has damn near driven me nuts. Tinka has got to go or I'll never finish my thesis, and it's quite likely I'll wind up in the hospital.

"I just can't conceive that Bette considers our love and the

(continued)

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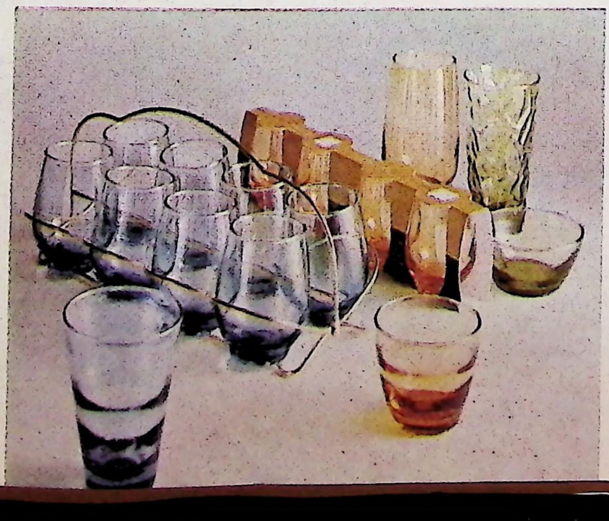

Add to your glassware service from the Libbey Rainbow Collection, always in stock, and so inexpensive. Examples (from left): Bleu Ripple, Bleu Tempo Caddy Set, Golden Wave, Slim Line Golden Tempo Juice Set, Golden Tempo, Olive Aztec, Olive Wave.

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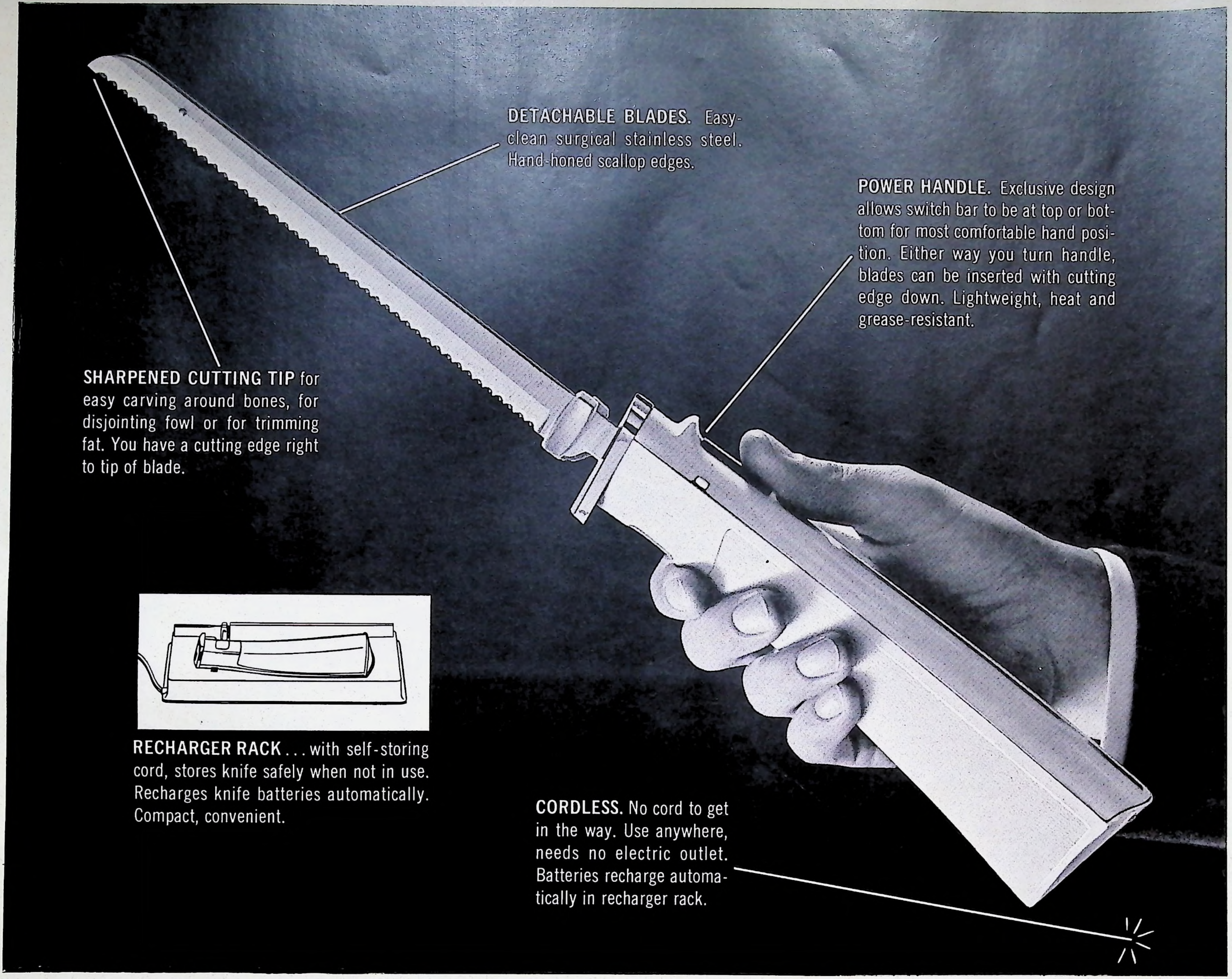

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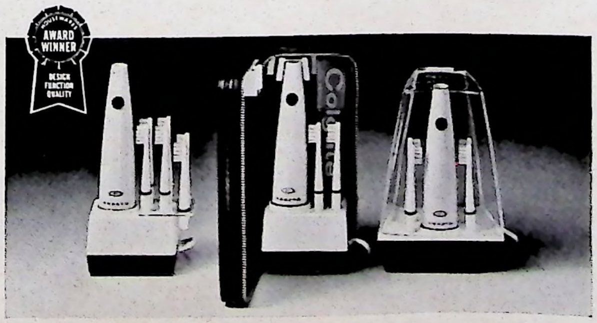

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welfare of our sons so unimportant that she will trade in a husband for a dog."

"Tinka stayed," the counselor said. "Ivan's parents went.

"At my suggestion Ivan steeled himself, spoke tactfully but firmly to his vacationing father and mother and sped them on their way. Their departure greatly relieved the strain on the household. It also helped Ivan and Bette to communicate better with each other and—most important of all—explore their own personalities on a deeper level.

"Ivan discovered and ruefully acknowledged the block on his route to maturity; at thirty-four he was not yet entirely free of emotional dependence on his parents. Fearfulness of his elders and their judgments, subconscious memories of past punishments, rather than a sense of filial duty and hospitality, caused him to behave like a cowed little boy and unprotestingly put up with an unwelcome interminable visit.

"Bette, too, abruptly awoke to a truth. When she rushed off the impulsive invitation to Detroit, she hoped to please Ivan. Even stronger was her subconscious hope that Ivan's mother could and would become *her* mother, a warm replacement of the long-lost, faceless figure flying away from her in the tunnel of her dreams.

"At thirty-one Bette was still hurting from the terrors of childhood. The parade of dogs she cherished, from the almost-mythical Thor to the Tinka of today, represented the protection, affection and security she had craved from her mother. Her mother had abandoned her. Her dogs would not.

"When Ivan called on Bette the first time, his shyness pushed aside by a quick sense of recognition (love), she responded to him with equal swiftness. Here was someone else who was lonely and different from the norm. So they married. A two-year courtship wasn't sufficient to acquaint them with their basic problems. Both were hiding psychic scars from the world and from themselves.

"Why didn't Ivan tell Bette that he had sold his dog, Hans, to finance their honeymoon? Too proud. When he asked that Bette's dog be temporarily left in the care of her father, surely a natural request from a bridegroom, he did not confide that he was jealous of Lady. Too proud. Or did it ever cross his mind that subconsciously he regarded Lady as a rival? Probably it did not. Self-deception is everybody's favorite indoor game.

"Disillusioned by what Bette thought was Ivan's casual sale of Hans and crushed by the accidental death of her own dog, Bette hugged disillusionment to herself. Why? If she spoke the truth, she was afraid Ivan would leave her. Others had in the past. Fear silenced her just as fear had silenced Ivan. But fear did not control their feelings.

"She burned with resentment, while he nagged about trivialities. Blessed with superior intelligence, Bette and Ivan were intellectual adults but emotional infants. Each was attempting to lean on and draw strength from the other, instead of pooling mutual strength. Although they quarreled bitterly about Tinka, their words did not convey what they meant. Actually they were quarreling inwardly, as children quarrel in the open, inwardly screaming at each other as children scream aloud: 'You've got to agree with me, you've got to take my side, you've got to love me.' Both needed to grow up emotionally and stop acting and reacting like self-centered babies. After a long period of counseling—painful to both—they realized this.

"It then became easier, although not simple, for them to make sharp personality and habit changes.

"Ivan gave up the drumfire of complaints about burned food, undusted corners, unmade beds (complaints frequently inspired by fatigue) fired at Bette every evening, when she, too, was overtired. He put his mind on her virtues, paid her compliments, rewarded her with A's for effort.

"Bette's housekeeping then improved, not much perhaps as measured by the stern standards of his mother. But each small improvement pleased Ivan; he correctly interpreted the improvements as tokens of Bette's love.

"It was unrealistic and unfair of Bette to expect Ivan to share his bed and favorite chair with a bulky dog. So Bette outmaneuvered the pampered dog. Tinka whined for a while, but soon adjusted.

"Ivan is now happily established as a biochemist with an upper-bracket income. He has bought a home for Bette and the boys in a pleasant community near good schools. They now have friends among the neighbors—they were much too short on social contacts, worked too hard and were literally starved for recreation. They learned to play tennis, learned to swim when Timmy and Joe took lessons. They resumed the weekend hikes of their courtship; sometimes they take their sons a mile or so; sometimes they leave the boys at home with a housekeeper-sitter.

"Behind their house is an oversized backyard. A picket fence divides the flower-planted garden barbecue area familiar to Californians from an area that shelters a project dear to the hearts of Bette and the boys. In the rear of their property Bette is attempting to breed for the market a much-prized variety of curly-haired hamster. Ten-year-old Joe is raising a large family of cats behind the picket fence along with a pet owl; the uncaged owl forages for itself on nightly flights to mountains nearby, flies back at dawn to repose in a hole Joe ingeniously bored in a backyard dead tree. Eight-year-old Timmy is content with the ownership of a pet otter who swims in a home-constructed fountain.

"As for Tinka—is it necessary to say?—the German shepherd lives cozily indoors. Tinka is supposed to sleep on her blanket, and sometimes does.

"These days Bette holds no nine-to-five job, but does earn dog-show fees. Recently she sent me tickets for a show, and I went. Bette appeared in the ring wearing a smart shift that displayed her pretty legs to advantage. At thirty-two, Bette looked twenty-five, but for some reason also looked like a successful wife and mother—not a blond, bereft Alice shrieking in despair on the wrong side of the looking glass.

"Bette has gone back to college. In a year or so, she and Ivan are confident she will earn enough to make sizable contributions to Joe and Timmy's future college expense. She is taking a tough course in genetics to further her hamster research. But she is concentrating on other classes as well, and hopes to qualify eventually as a full-fledged veterinarian. Ivan is one hundred percent behind her in this venture!" **END**

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JOURNAL ORIGINAL

Looking for a fascinating new spring project? Here's one you'll love to work on every spare second: an afghan in a contemporary design, knitted in six luscious colors. Because it's worked in strips, the afghan is a great knit-as-you-go project (take it along on trips, to the beach, etc.). The yarn is called "Wintuk," four-ply Orlon, so the afghan is guaranteed machine washable and dryable, non-allergic and colorfast. Kit includes designs and yarn for three matching pillows—or, order separately.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
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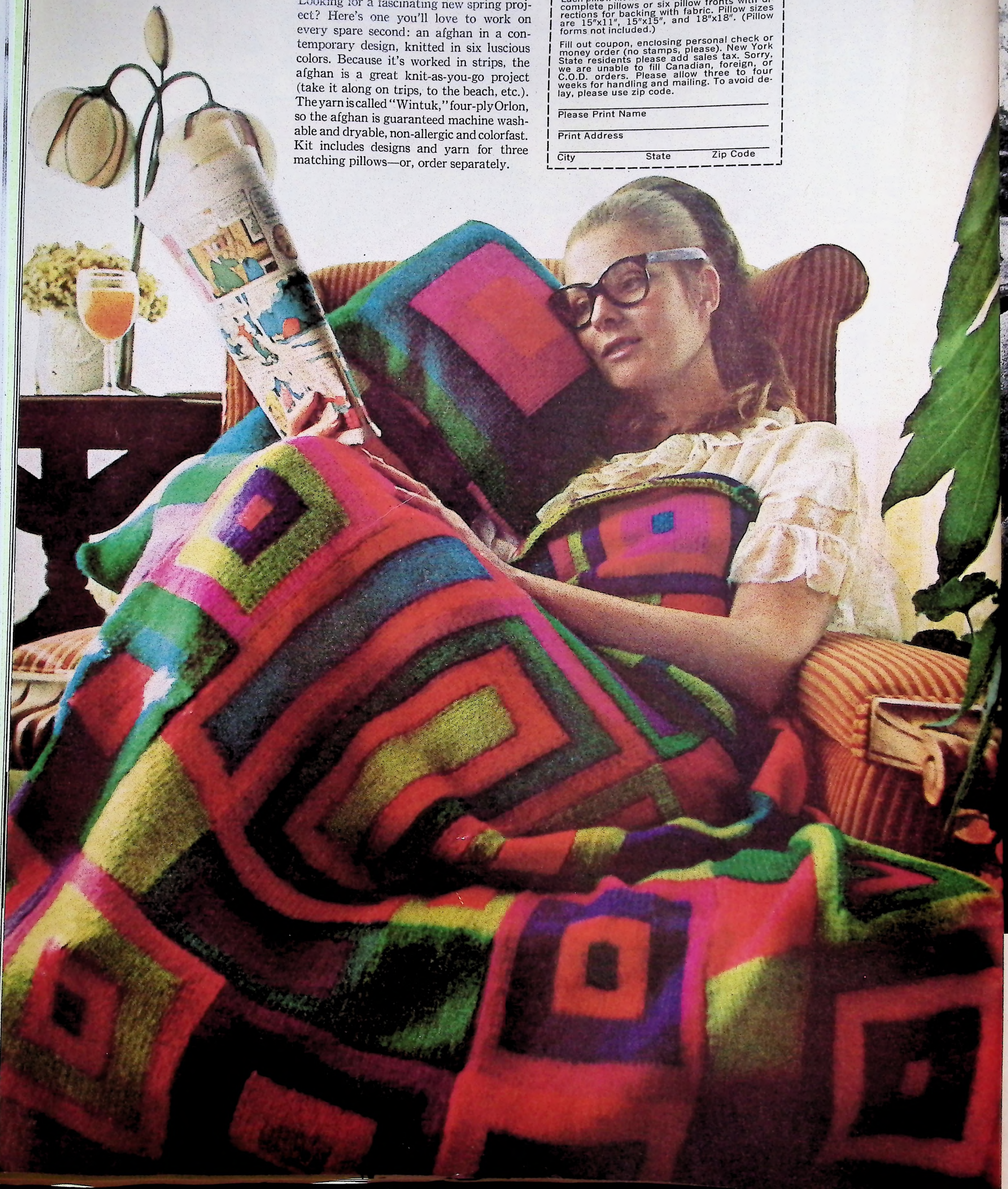

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"I tried it and believe me, this new concentrate shampoo won't change hair color."

"If you use haircoloring, you'll love this shampoo!" says Enrico Caruso. "Won't change hair color . . . it's colorfast. I know. I tested it in my own salon. And it works. So why risk fading by using ordinary shampoo?"

The plastic tube is perfect for traveling, safe in the shower.

Best of all, this new Clairol concentrate shampoo won't change your exciting hair color. In two unique formulas:
Clairol Blue for all blonde shades.
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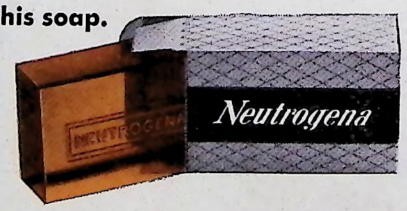
Jeanne Hall did it again Saturday.

Drove 10 miles to save 3¢ a lb. on sugar. Then plunked down $1 for a single bar of soap.

This soap.



Penny-watching is such a habit with Jeanne Hall that sometimes her husband teases her about it. But sugar is one thing and her skin is quite another! So she treats it to the unequalled purity of Neutrogena.® And considers it a bargain in beauty at $1 per bar. This all-clear, natural, and neutral-acting soap does things for a sensitive after-20 complexion that no ordinary commercial soap can do. It leaves her face clean, refreshed, and silky-soft. Not robbed of its ever-more-precious oils and moisture. Not feeling tight or tender. Indeed, Neutrogena is so different that it is patented. But to wash is to know.

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Send 10¢, your name, address, and zip code (a must) to Neutrogena, Dept. J-3, Box 1660, Santa Monica, California 90406. ©NEUTROGENA 1967

A Candid Look at Permanent Press

By Betty G. Wadsworth
Home Management Department

Permanent press (or durable press) is one wonderful answer to the problem of always staying well groomed, since garments properly treated with these finishes never need ironing. Cause for celebration, since ironing and pressing are as heartily disliked as any home chore.

As with anything new, however, it takes special knowledge to get best results and enjoy the full benefits intended. *Journal* editors talked with women all over the country to find out their experience with permanent press and what we could do to help. As a result of this survey, here is our very latest information, with our own guide to buying and caring for these marvelous new fabrics.

What Makes Permanent Press Different?

Fabrics selected for permanent-press articles are processed with resins similar to those in wash-and-wear products—but in larger quantities and with new methods. Usually the article—a pair of slacks or a window curtain, for instance—is completely made, specially pressed, then cured or baked in an oven to set the press and make it long-lasting. Less often, resin-treated yardage is cured before being made into a finished article; after manufacturing, the item is given a final press.

A permanent-press finish gives garments and linens a memory—which means they tend to go back to their original, well-pressed condition after having been washed and dryer-dried. Under best conditions, many articles with these finishes actually do not need ironing. Some others, particularly those for which a precise, tailor-like press is important, do look better when they've been touched up with an iron. This is quickly and easily done.

How About Wear?

The best of the permanent-press finishes will last the lifetime of the garment. However, after a dozen or so launderings the fresh, crisp feel of the garment may begin to soften. When this happens, a quick once-over with a steam iron will usually restore the crispness, and, happily, a good steam pressing generally lasts through several launderings.

At first, only all-cotton garments were given permanent-press finishes. It was soon discovered, though, that while these cotton garments needed little or no ironing, they didn't wear as well as cottons without the permanent-press finish. Then it was found that if cotton or modified rayon was combined with polyesters, such as Dacron, Kodel or Fortrel—in at least a 50 percent blend—the fabrics would not only wear better but would also keep their smooth press even longer.

The Products

The first items on which permanent press was tried were men's and boys' slacks; then came shirts, blouses and dresses for children and women. With these, the great advantage is the time saved in ironing and caring for garments that are worn a great deal.

Permanent-press finishing is being extended to household articles: Slipcovers, sheets and bedspreads are now available. These things are probably the most tedious of all to iron, but with permanent-press finishes they stay fresh-looking longer, are easier to launder and need little or no ironing.

Watch for more permanent-press articles, such as draperies, men's sport jackets and table linens.

When You Buy

Naturally the quality of permanent-press garments and linens varies, so shop carefully. Expect to pay more for an article with a good permanent-press finish than for a comparable one without the finish. Permanent press costs more, and, within reason, the price is a clue to the quality of the finish.

Inspect the article carefully for wrinkles. If a garment is wrinkled *before* you buy it, chances are it will stay that way. Watch for puckers at seams and around collars and cuffs. Try to avoid garments with exposed top stitching around collars and cuffs, for these may pucker after laundering.

Select garments in proper sizes so that no alteration is necessary. If changes must be made, take a larger size rather than a smaller one. Since lengthening skirts and trousers or letting out seams usually shows, clothes for rapidly growing children may not be a good buy. Some slacks are made with unfinished cuffs, and some dresses with only lightly pressed hems; although the bottom creases can be adjusted to fit, they never will be as sharp and crisp as when factory-finished. For lengthening girls' skirts and dresses, you might consider designs that will look well if braid, rick-rack or matching stitching is used to cover the old hem marks after the skirt is let down.

There is a new product that minimizes pressed-in seam marks when alterations are made. However, it does not completely erase the stitching marks, and can result in a change of color where it has been used.

Do buy from reliable stores, and consider dependable brands.

Care Is Important

Special care of permanent-press articles can make the difference between ironing often and little or no ironing of these articles.

Check for stains before washing. Fabric blends retain stains, particularly grease and oil stains. If such stains are present, treat with liquid all-purpose detergent, applying it briskly with a soft-bristled brush or sponge. If oil or grease stains have been on the fabric for a week or more, soak in detergent for half an hour before laundering. If oily stains are left untreated, they may persist through laundering and are even harder to remove. For other specific stains, use a good stain-removal chart.

Wash clothes frequently. There is a tendency to put off washing permanent-press articles because of their crisp, unmussed appearance. However, soil allowed to remain in fabrics becomes increasingly difficult to remove.

Some very new washers have special cycles for permanent press that allow for washing in hot water, rinsing in cool water, then a slow spin speed that keeps wrinkles to a minimum. If your washer does not have this cycle, choose a wash temperature that is suitable for the color and fabric, then switch to a fairly cool rinse.

Use an all-purpose detergent for normal loads. A harsh detergent with excessive alkali will destroy the no-iron properties. If clothes are stained or dingy, use a mild or chlorine-type bleach on white or fast colors unless instructions indicate otherwise. Fabric softener in the rinse water helps prevent wrinkles and static.

Avoid washing permanent-press articles in a fully loaded washer, since wrinkling increases when clothes cannot move about freely.

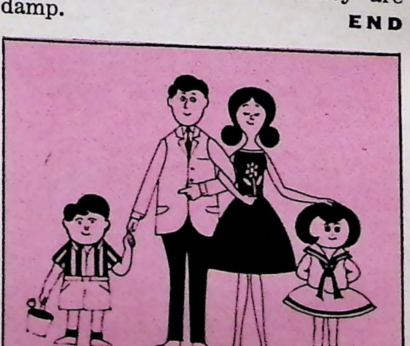
Proper drying is important. Results are best when the dryer has a special cycle for permanent-press finishes. A cool-down period at the end of the drying cycle helps keep new wrinkles from forming.

Avoid drying permanent-press articles in a fully loaded dryer. Clothes should be allowed to move about freely (check instructions for load sizes). Take articles out of the dryer as soon as they are dry. Fold flat articles, hang dresses, skirts, etc., and they should maintain an unmussed look. Clothes left in a dryer when tumbling is finished will take on new creases.

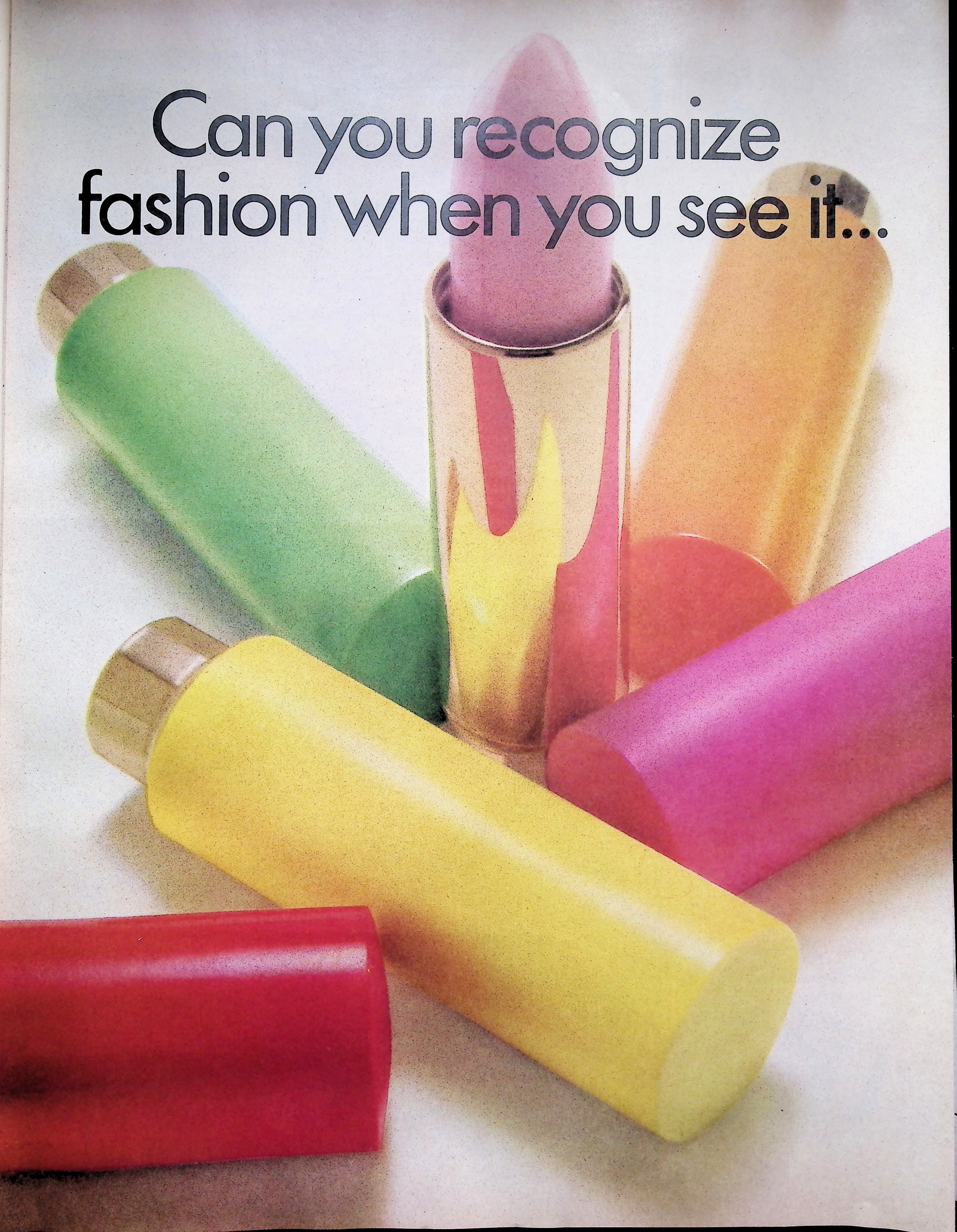
If pressing is needed, touch up seamed and stitched areas with a steam iron (synthetic fiber setting or low end of steam range when steam pressing). Often a good pressing lasts through several washings.

Keep wrinkles from forming by piling soiled articles *loosely* into the hamper, instead of packing them in—especially important when they are damp.

END



Illustrations by Murray Tinkleman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With Tampax tampons, there are no pins, no belts, no pads. So you can wear your prettiest dresses or slacks any time of the month—and no one will know. Actually, since an inserted Tampax tampon is invisible and unfelt, you'll hardly know yourself.

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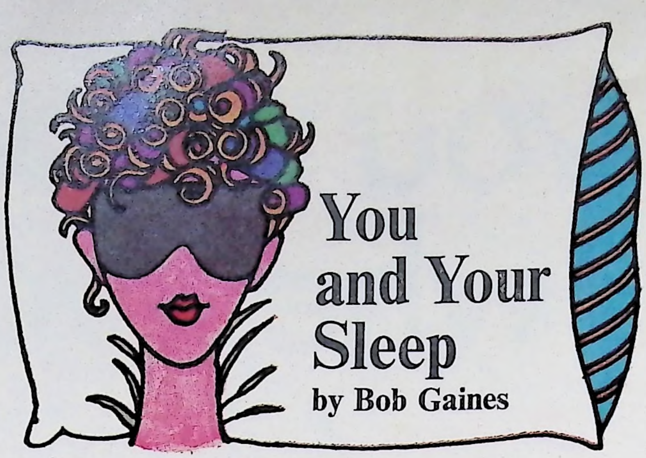

You and Your Sleep

by Bob Gaines

Sleep and Sex: Sleeping or waking, man remains a sexual animal. Perhaps the most provocative area now being explored by sleep scientists is the relationship between sleep and sex. It is now quite evident that while asleep, man does not stop functioning as a sexual being, either physically or mentally—and indeed his sexuality may be stronger asleep than awake. Sleep scientists first began to examine this several years ago when they noticed that sleeping men seemed to become aroused at regular intervals during the night. This happened on an average of every 85 minutes and lasted for approximately 25 minutes. Furthermore, this nightly biological mechanism seemed to occur among all men—men who complained of being impotent, men in their 70's or 80's who had lost all waking interest in sex. At the moment, sleep researchers don't know what it all means, but they suspect it touches on the very heart of human sexuality. Currently, the scientists working on this problem are turning their attention to women, and are seeking some way of detecting and measuring patterns of arousal in sleeping females.

Mattress Lore: Ten million Americans will spend $1 billion on mattresses this year, which really is not so much when you consider they will also spend a third of their lives for the next few years on this bedding. But it still represents a considerable financial investment. Here are a few things every smart shopper should know before she goes shopping for a mattress: (1) Don't be shy. Take off your shoes and stretch out on a mattress before you buy. Bounce on it a bit (and ignore the smiles of the other customers). Is the mattress long enough? Does it squeak? (2) Count your coils. A good standard double-bed mattress should have at least 220 coils. And if the coils are individually pocketed, this means greater comfort and durability. (3) Buy a new box spring with your new mattress. Manufacturers warn that the old box springs sag, and if you try to match a new mattress with an old spring, you are merely extending the life of an old problem. (4) Check the sides where bedding gets the most wear. They should be made of good eight-ounce twill and reinforced by stitching. (6) Beware of bargains. The $39.95 special may feel good to your budget, but after a few months of use, you may find it is putting a painful crease in your back.

Franklin Beds: One of the most common sorts of insomnia is called "intermittent" or "broken" insomnia. The victim wakes in the middle of the night and finds he cannot get back to sleep. Ben Franklin, among many others, suffered from this condition and devised his own unique cure. He believed he woke so early because his bed was rumpled. His solution—he bought a second bed. Then, when he woke in the middle of the night, he would climb from his rumpled bed into the neat one and quickly fall asleep between fresh, cool sheets. There is no report on what his wife, Deborah, thought of these nightly perambulations.

Executive Insomnia: The "affluent society" has its dark side—usually the nights when high-paid, hypertense executives toss and turn worrying about the businesses that produce all the affluence. More and more bleary-eyed executives are dropping into doctors' offices complaining about their inability to sleep. In fact, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* recently turned its attention to this problem of "executive insomnia." Here are some of its recommendations (these sleep tips apply as much to haggard helpmates as exhausted executives):

1. Eat a relatively early, light supper so that you can have a snack before going to bed.
2. Try to forget about the day's business concerns before sleep. Read, listen to music, visit with friends—and best of all, take a brisk walk and follow this with a hot bath before climbing into bed.
3. Try to do some "vigorous, prolonged exercise" every day.

Many executives insist upon taking sleeping pills. They would be better advised to endure a few nights of insomnia till their nervous sytems relax. If the tired executive must swallow something, two aspirins or two or three ounces of alcohol before bedtime will often have the same effect as a sleeping potion—and far fewer side effects.

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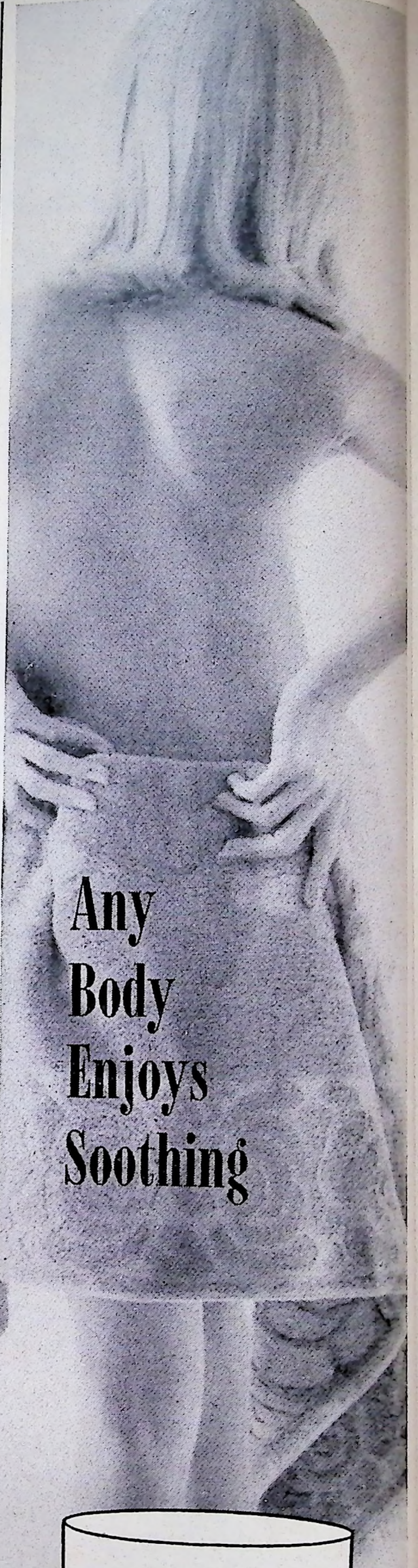

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR USE DURING PREGNANCY

Enjoy a beauty massage! Keep tight, dry skin soft and supple with MOTHERS FRIEND Body Skin Conditioner Cream. This is the luxurious way to pamper your body skin, relax that stretched feeling and soothe drying tissues.

Also in Original Formula Liquid At Leading Drug Counters Everywhere.

Commended by Parents' Magazine
Good Housekeeping Guaranteed

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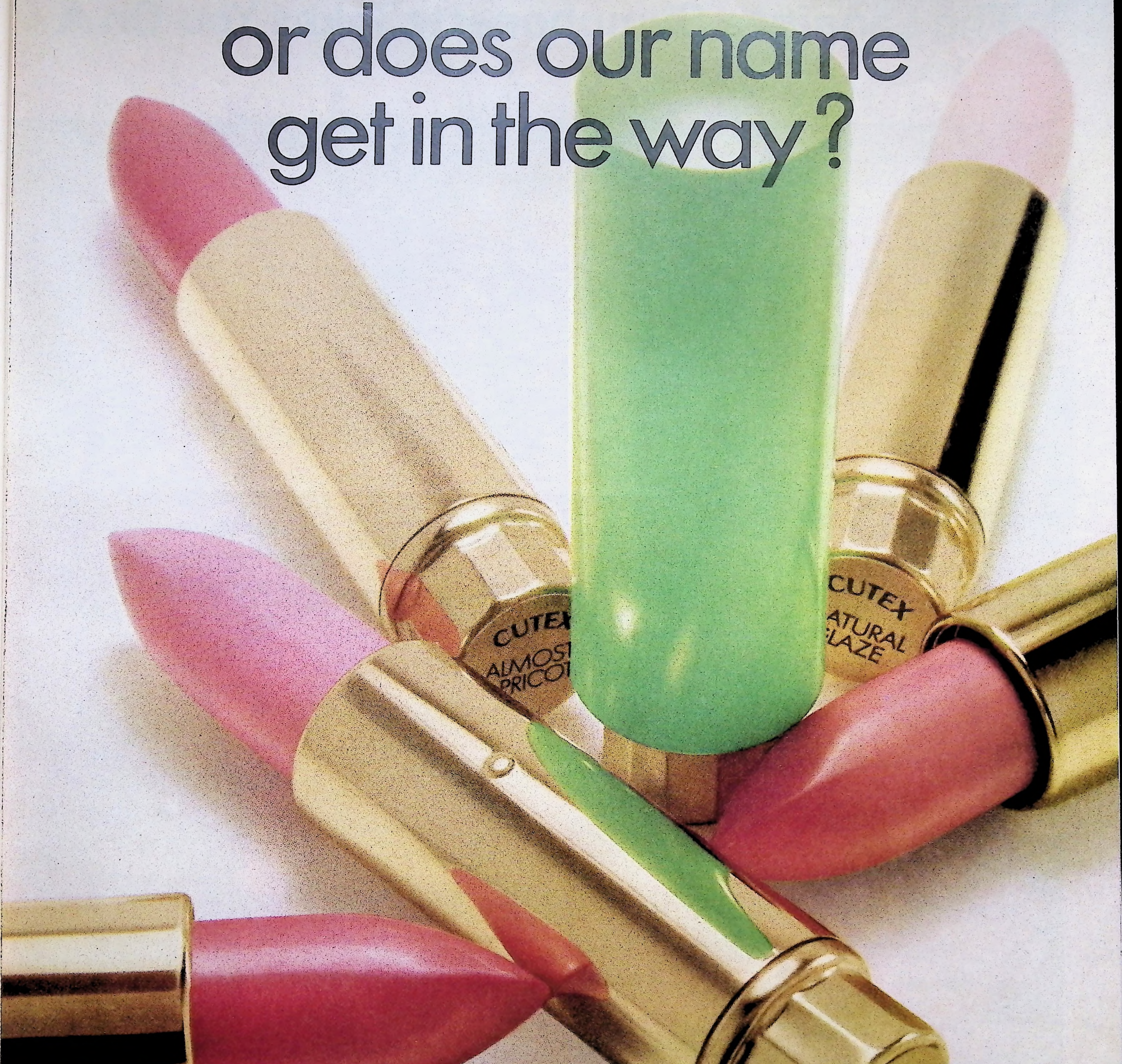
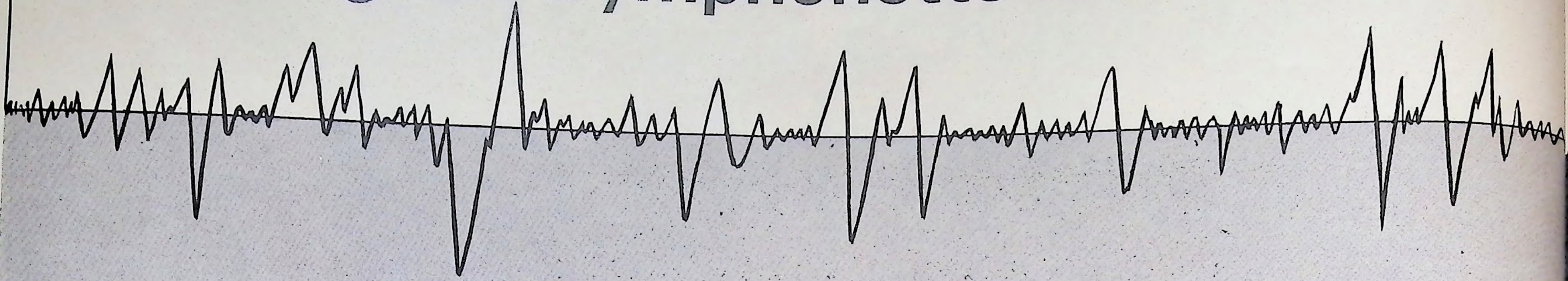

or does our name
get in the way?
CUTEX
ALMOST
APRICOT
CUTEX
NATURAL
GLAZE
CUTEX
NEARLY
PINK

Cutex, actually Cutex,
flips fashion on its ear with a brand new idea...
the first lipstick that sifts light right thru to your lips
—the color value and smoothness of lipstick along with
the sleek chic of gloss. It's the first real invention in lipstick since...
well, since someone put it in tubes.
Twelve sheer beauties in marvelous little showstopper cases.
(Peel off our name if you like, we don't mind.)

© 1967 CHESEBROUGH POND'S

The Longines Symphonette Takes You On A



ENOCH LIGHT BREAKS THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER TO GIVE YOU FIDELITY SO TRUE TO LIFE IT'S ABSOLUTELY ASTOUNDING!

The Longines Symphonette's new Treasury, *The Many Moods of Enoch Light*, is remarkable! Take popular music like "April In Portugal", "Hold Me", "Lisbon Antigua", "Born Free", "Alfie" . . . orchestrate each song to exploit the newest discoveries in the electronic science of recording . . . ask the world's foremost authority on high fidelity and stereo recording methods to supervise each step in the production . . . then blend the magic virtuoso musicianship of the world's greatest popular guitarist, Tony Mottola with The Kissin' Cousins vocalists, The Spanish Strings and Enoch Light's own LIGHT BRIGADE . . . and you literally have a new kind of sound that transforms the most modest record playing instrument into a golden concert hall of stunning fidelity.

1st PRIZE
100 MERCURY
COUGARS

GOLDEN COUGAR Sweepstakes

2nd PRIZE
100 GOLDEN
MINK
COATS

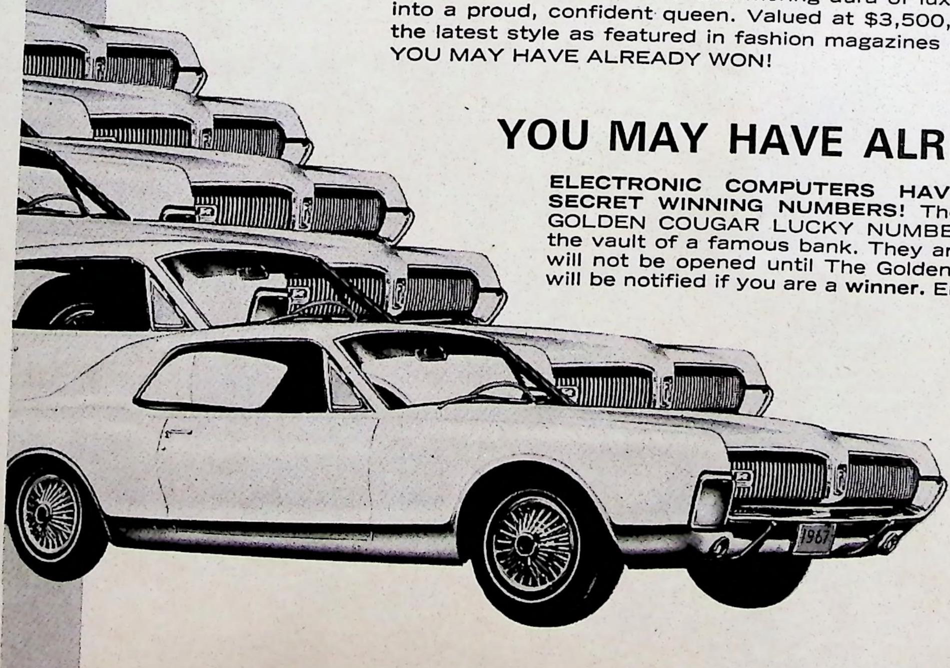
200 TOP PRIZES!

LOOK AT THESE FABULOUS PRIZES—
EVERY SINGLE ONE RESERVED FOR A LUCKY WINNER!

100 Mercury GOLDEN COUGARS
PLUS
100 GOLDEN MINK COATS!

The thrilling COUGAR by Mercury is the smash-hit car for 1967! Comes fully equipped with power steering, automatic transmission, deluxe bucket-seats, rich vinyl interior trim, unique GOLD color . . . the proud, untamed COUGAR by Mercury!

Yes, and 100 full-length GOLDEN MINK coats in this all-new for 1967 Lucky Number Sweepstakes! Luxurious, high-fashion styling individually designed and custom made for you by Hy Fishman Furriers of New York. Each pelt is hand-selected and matched to provide a shimmering aura of luxury which transforms any woman into a proud, confident queen. Valued at $3,500, these full-length fur coats are in the latest style as featured in fashion magazines and by the world's finest furriers! YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY WON!



YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY WON!

ELECTRONIC COMPUTERS HAVE ALREADY SELECTED THE SECRET WINNING NUMBERS! The winning numbers in the giant GOLDEN COUGAR LUCKY NUMBER SWEEPSTAKES are locked in the vault of a famous bank. They are **secret** and the sealed envelope will not be opened until The Golden Cougar Sweepstakes ends. You will be notified if you are a **winner**. Enter **today!**

More than 10,000 chances to win in this brand-new Lucky Number Sweepstakes!

Follow-up prizes are
10,000 fine AM-FM transistor radios . . .
take them with you wherever you go,
enjoy music, news, sports!

designed for
Mary Jones
by
Hy Fishman Furs
of N.Y.

Personalized label included

How sweepstakes works . . . The Longines Symphonette has reserved the described gifts for holders of lucky numbers, selected by electronic computers under the direction of the D. L. Blair Corporation. Each Lucky Number coupon submitted by an adult 21 years or older will be checked against the official list of winning numbers. Employees of The Longines Symphonette and its affiliates, or of this magazine or persons less than 21 years of age, shall not be eligible. Your entry must list the official lucky number, and must be checked YES or NO. ("NO" entries may be pasted on postpaid bind-in card.) Entries must be received by January 4, 1968. This sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Prize winners will be notified by mail. If you send a self addressed stamped envelope a representative list of prize winners will be sent to you.

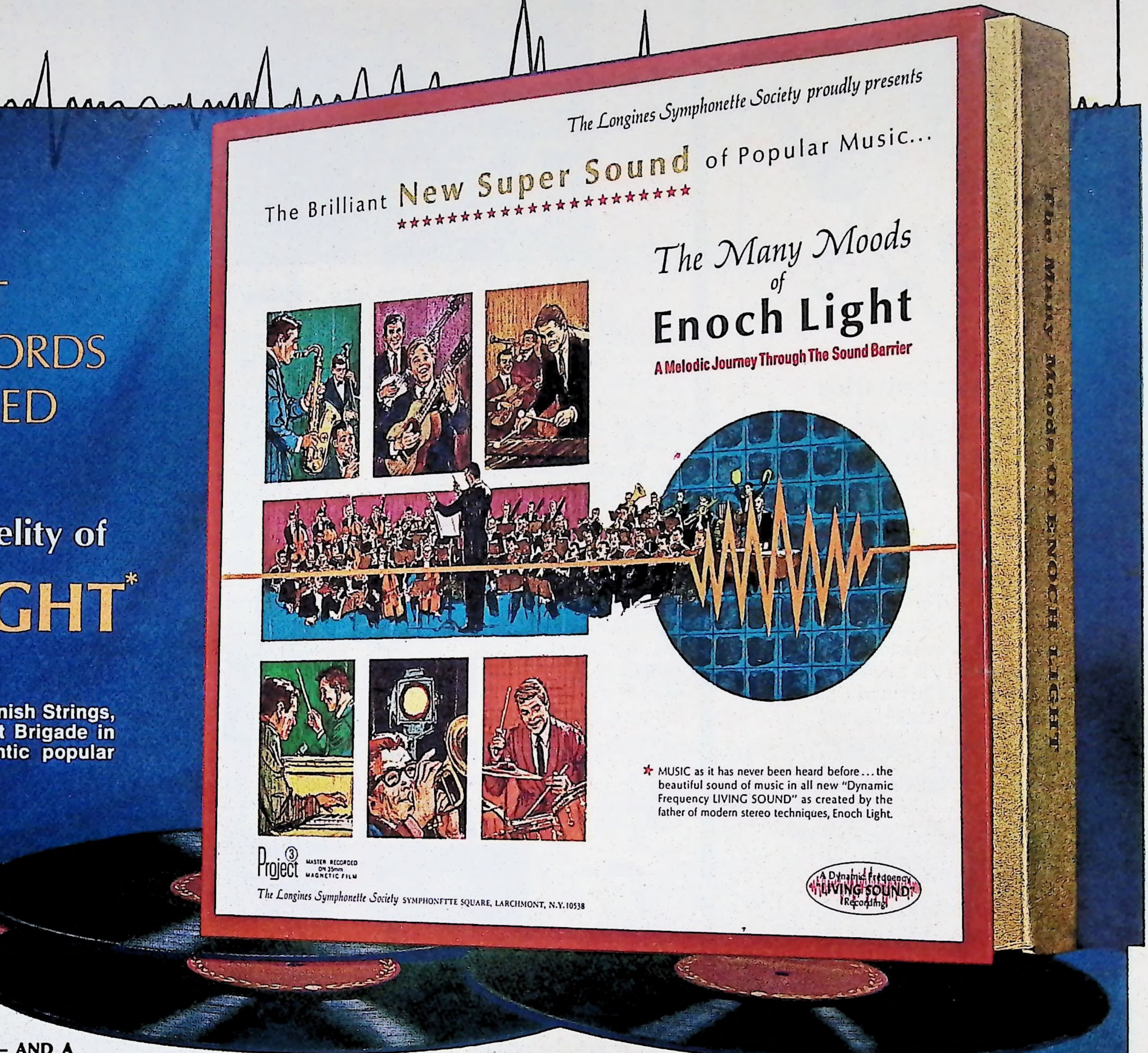
Melodic Journey Through The *Sound Barrier!*

THE MOST
BRILLIANT RECORDS
EVER RELEASED

The super-sound fidelity of

ENOCH LIGHT*

...featuring Tony Mottola, The Spanish Strings, The Kissin' Cousins and The Light Brigade in the new sound of mellow, romantic popular music favorites!


The Longines Symphonette Society proudly presents
The Brilliant New Super Sound of Popular Music...
The Many Moods of Enoch Light
A Melodic Journey Through The Sound Barrier
* MUSIC as it has never been heard before... the beautiful sound of music in all new "Dynamic Frequency LIVING SOUND" as created by the father of modern stereo techniques, Enoch Light.
Project 3 MASTER RECORDED ON 35mm MAGNETIC FILM
The Longines Symphonette Society SYMPHONETTE SQUARE, LARCHMONT, N.Y. 10538
A Dynamic Frequency LIVING SOUND Recording
The Many Moods of ENOCH LIGHT

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC — SUPERBLY PERFORMED — AND A NEW DIMENSION IN FIDELITY! A THRILLING EXPERIENCE TO HEAR FREE FOR 10 DAYS!

Each of 40 selections was originally master recorded on 35MM Magnetic Film . . . rather than ordinary recording tape. Precise sprockets speed the recording surface through specially engineered recorders, no variation in speed, no stretch to introduce flutter or wow. Each of dozens of microphones used is meticulously matched to the musical instruments whose sound they are capturing. The result is violins that soar in mighty chorus, undistorted, pure as a rushing mountain stream . . . the guitar so sweet, it is a serenade by Tony Mottola right in your own living room . . . the vocalists' harmony is blended to throaty perfection . . . the sound of the Brass is a clarion call to romance. "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You", "Georgia", "Blue Tango", "Love is a Many Splendored Thing", Theme music from "Hawaii", "Blue Max", "The Sand Pebbles", "Paris Smiles" . . . each selection of the 40 is superb. Dynamic range so fantastic you enjoy playing these four records at a love-level whisper or a room-filling volume for parties and gatherings. **You must hear these records to believe the change . . . the old-fashioned sound barrier is gone.**

The Longines Symphonette invites you to return the bound-in card or coupon to listen FREE for 10-days. You must be delighted and amazed or simply return the four-record Treasury and owe nothing. Decide to keep this magnificent Treasury, and send just two monthly payments until only $9.95 (plus postage-handling cost) is paid! That's right—you save almost 50% of what you'd expect to pay in fine record stores. Less than 25¢ a selection . . . a FREE 10-day home audition . . . and listening experience beyond mere words . . . all yours if you return the card or coupon today! Limited time offer . . . this new Treasury *is not* available in retail stores. Act at once for an opportunity of a lifetime!

Project 3 MASTER RECORDED ON 35mm MAGNETIC FILM *

Here Are Just A Few Of More Than 40 Selections:

Friendly Persuasion
Lisbon Antigua
Let Me Call You Sweetheart
It Was A Very Good Year
Theme From "Alfie"
Blue Tango
Love Is Here To Stay
Too Young
You Brought A New Kind Of Love
What A Difference A Day Made
Hold Me
April In Portugal
Lullaby Of The Leaves
Love Is A Many Splendored Thing
The Impossible Dream
Maria My Own
Without You
Heart And Soul
My Ideal
La Mentira
Theme From "Hawaii"
You Were Never There
I Love, I Live, I Love
Theme From "Two Lovers"
Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL COUPON TODAY

LESS THAN 25¢ A SELECTION!

ONLY $9.95

or two modest monthly payments. Stereo a mere $1.80 additional—no extra charge for the magnificent stamped-in-gold presentation case. Over 40 selections on four superb, purest vinyl records.

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☐ Please send me the four-record Treasury, "The Many Moods Of Enoch Light" for a FREE 10-day trial. If I am not delighted, I may return the Treasury within that time and owe nothing. Otherwise I send just $9.95 (plus postage-handling) in two modest monthly payments.

PLEASE CHECK ONE:

☐ High Fidelity ☐ Stereo (just $1.80 more)

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02291-983

☐ NO—Do not send Treasury for FREE trial, but let me know if I have won. I have copied number from card bound in to this magazine.

NUMBER______________________________

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new puppy?

(it's almost like having a new baby in the house)

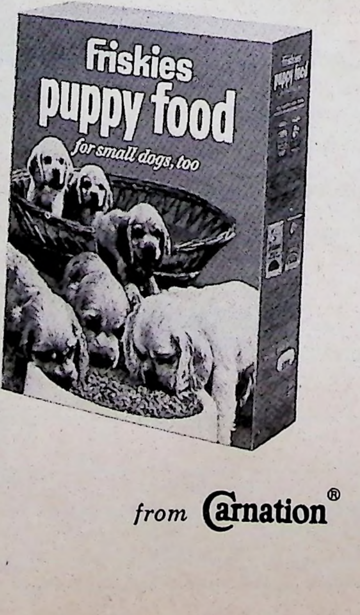
A puppy needs a lot of care and attention, too. Just *feeding* one properly can be a ticklish problem—if you don't start off right. And—the rightest start in all the world is Friskies Puppy Food. It is as complete for puppies as formula for a baby. We make Friskies with a high protein base (for growth and spirit). Then we add a total of 15 vitamins and minerals—every single nutrient a growing dog is known to need.

Little puppy's big appetite really satisfied

Puppies take to Friskies like they've just discovered food. They *really* like Friskies pressure-cooked beefy flavor. And they thrive on it.

Get your free booklet on puppy care

To help you or your children feed and care for your new puppy, Carnation—maker of Friskies Puppy Food—has a free booklet of helpful advice from dog breeders and veterinarians. Get your copy of "Care & Feeding of Puppies." Write to: Friskies Puppy Booklet, Dept. L-2, Box 560, Pico Rivera, California 90660.



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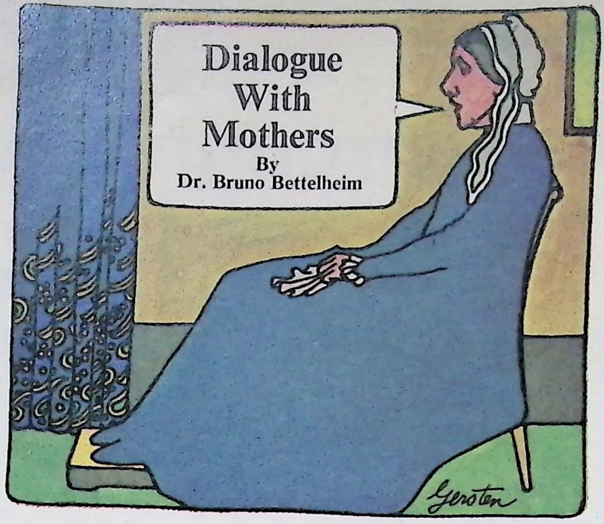


When Brothers and Sisters Fight

First Mother: What do you do when your children fight? My sons do, and it drives me crazy; somebody always ends up getting hurt. I separate them, I try to talk to them, but it does no good.

Dr. Bettelheim: Well, let's hear first about brothers and sisters fighting.

Second Mother: I have a four-year-old girl and a three-year-old boy. The boy has always been strong and aggressive. When he was first born I had to teach our daughter not to hit him if she was angry or if he pestered her. She could hit the couch, she could stamp her feet, she could do anything but hit him. And then what happens! The boy is almost her size, and as he got older I found that I had taught her too well. Now I have to protect her against the boy, which doesn't seem right. So I've said, "You may not hit each other, no matter what." Well, they hit anyway.

Dr. B.: What you're telling the child is, "If something makes you angry, don't take the anger out on the thing that made you angry; take it out on something else," like the couch. But let's say your girl works in an office when she's grown up, and let's say her boss is extremely unfair to her. What would you think if she never reacts to that, but goes home and stamps her feet and hits the furniture? Is that the kind of person you want her to be? Or do you want her to be a person who, when someone does her an injustice, fights for her rights?

Second Mother: Obviously the latter.

Dr. B.: Yes, but you cannot say to a child, "This is sometimes right and sometimes wrong." It's either right or it's wrong. That is how the primitive mind works. So in your case, your daughter doesn't learn that your advice—don't hit—goes only for her little brother. To her it goes for everything.

Second Mother: But he's not allowed to hit her, either.

Dr. B.: All right, so you tell them that aggression is only physical. Does that make it perfectly all right? My point is, you're really teaching your older child that the younger child's aggression should not be dealt with by defensive action but by a helpless frustration, which is really kind of crazy—to hit the furniture, I mean. This is how we describe an insane person, the one who breaks up the furniture and chews a rug. In a fashion, that's what you've suggested to your older girl.

Third Mother: I have a girl fourteen and a half and an aggressive boy who's eleven. I tell them what's going to happen if they keep on fighting, and when the eventual happens, they go to their rooms and I'm through with it. Is there another solution?

Dr. B.: What you describe is a typical middle-class situation: he has his room and she has her room, and likely as not each has his own toys. We draw children apart, but we still want them to live like brothers and sisters. Sometimes I get the feeling that blood was really thicker than water when kids had to learn to live in one room together and make a go of it. Because nowadays when they bicker there are no consequences. Each one goes his own way, unless there's nobody else around to play with.

First Mother: My boys can be watching TV or playing a game together quietly, and the minute I walk in the room—pow! One of them hits the other one on the head, and I think, why do they do it whenever I enter the room? Better if I stay away.

Dr. B.: Well, you can't stay away forever. (Laughter)

Fourth Mother: Aren't they vying for the parent's love?

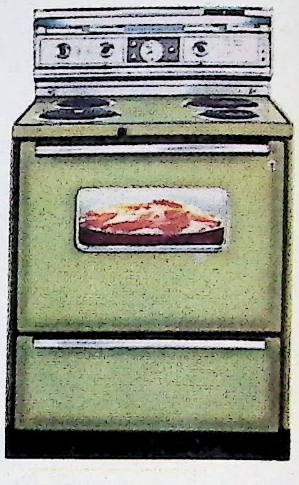
Dr. B.: This is part of it. Actually, when kids have the right relationship, you really get to see it best when you're not around—how they get along together and, if the younger or weaker one is attacked, how the older one comes to the rescue. Because this is really what we want in children, don't we? As you say, they're playing peacefully, and then you come in and the older one whacks the younger one. What is he really saying? "We managed all right, and he recognized my superior rights ——"

First Mother: When I'm not there he's the big cheese.

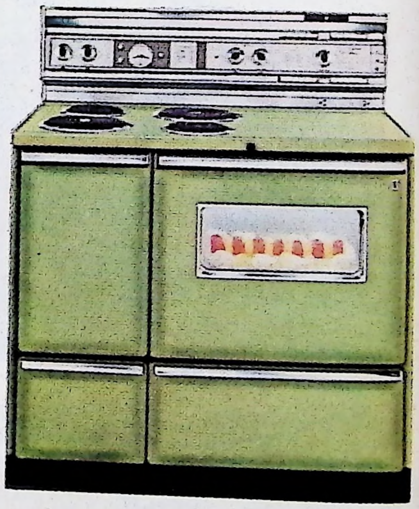
Dr. B.: That's right. But let's say chief, not cheese. He's a big chief. And if you're the big chief you can magnanimously accept a certain amount of nonsense from the little one. But then mother comes in and he's suddenly demoted. He's no longer the big chief. So, by golly, he's going to make sure the little one doesn't forget it. He's not going to let you get away with destroying his authority by just walking in. As likely as not he's even bossed the little one around a bit. That

(continued)

P-7 SELF-CLEANING OVENS
IN DOZENS OF MODELS,
5 DIFFERENT TYPES



The handsome J-349 is a compact 30" wide with the P-7 Self-Cleaning Oven and a convenient rotisserie. 4 high-speed Calrod® surface units, one with exclusive Sensi-Temp® control.



A custom 40" range, the J-487 includes the P-7 Master Oven with window, meat thermometer and rotisserie. Includes a large surface griddle unit and a second companion oven, too.

The JK-29, a truly luxurious 27" built-in double oven with the P-7 Self-Cleaning feature in both. Fully automatic top and bottom with handy rotisserie and meat thermometer in upper unit.

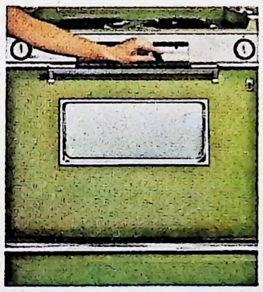
GENERAL ELECTRIC
AUTOMATIC OVEN CLEANING

The illustrious Americana®, the J-797, is an elegant 30″ free-standing unit. Has the P-7 feature plus rotisserie and meat thermometer in the lower master oven...a second window oven above ...a unique two-level built-in exhaust system...high-speed Calrod® surface units, one with exclusive Sensi-Temp® automatic control ...convenient push-button controls. Available in all G-E colors.

Drippy casseroles... forget 'em.

Get rid of your old stove. Get a G-E range with a P-7® Self-Cleaning Oven. Dozens of models to choose from.

Don't touch this dirty oven.



Just set the controls...

it cleans itself electrically.

The P-7 Self-Cleaning Oven range *you* want is here.

This incredible labor saver is now available with or without picture windows, on five different types of G-E ranges. 30″ and 40″ free-standing models, drop-in models, and built-in oven models to fit both 24″ and 27″ enclosures. There's sure to be one that suits your requirements exactly—and *that* means low cost installation. **About 7¢ per cleaning!*** With the P-7 Oven, the same electric elements you cook with also clean the oven. And that's *new-clean,* as clean as the day you bought it, even the parts you couldn't reach properly before. Would you do the same chore for 7¢? **Total cleanability!** Besides the P-7 Self-Cleaning Oven, all other G-E range parts lift up, lift out, or are readily accessible for easy cleaning. You can even clean the surface drip trays right in the P-7 Oven.

So don't sentence yourself to another ten years at hard labor. Your General Electric dealer is ready to fit your kitchen now with a modern P-7 built-in or free-standing oven range. Incidentally, he offers a complete line of beautifully styled exhaust hoods to match almost any range or surface plate.

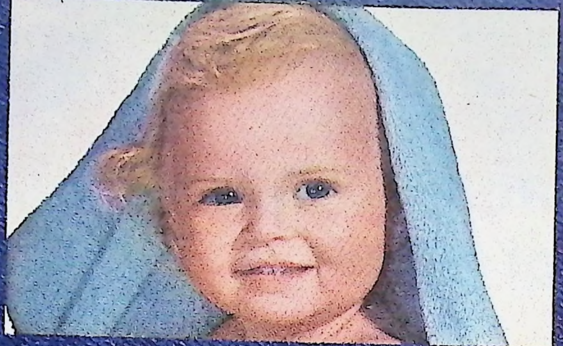
Quality service wherever you live.

*Based on a rate of 2¢ per K.W.H. for electricity.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Match these Ivory Babies with their grown-up pictures and you may win

$10,000!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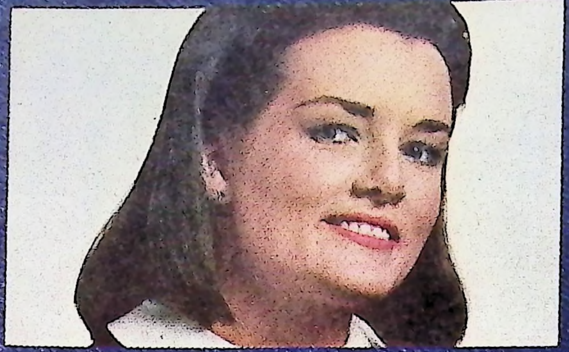
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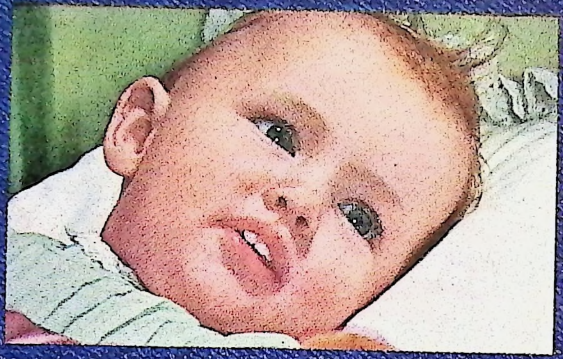
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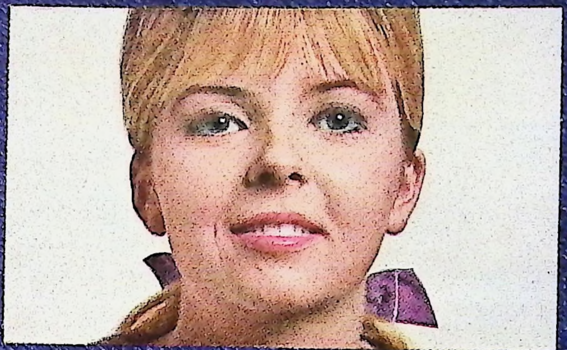
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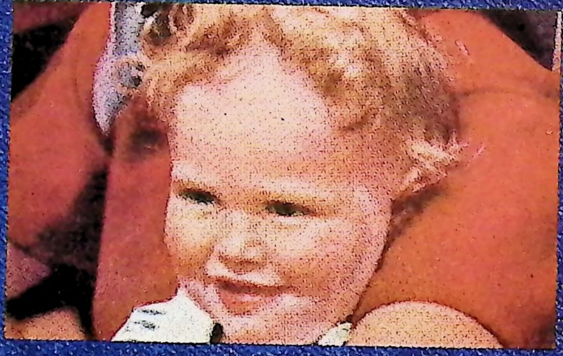
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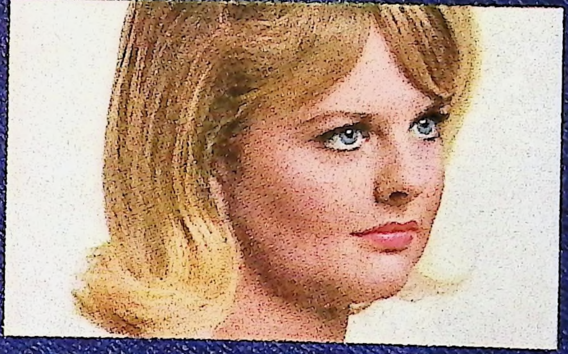
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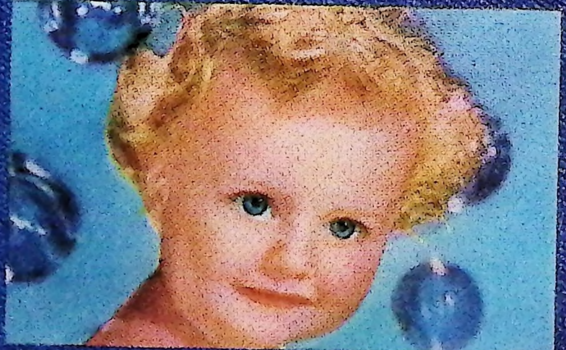
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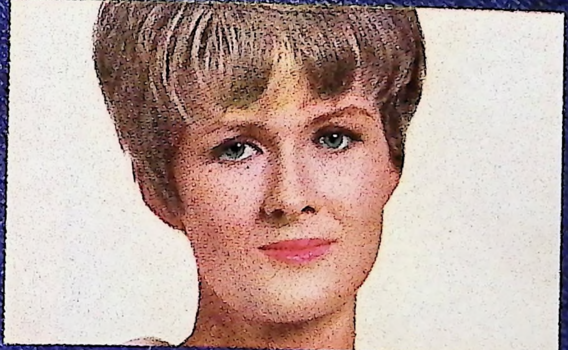
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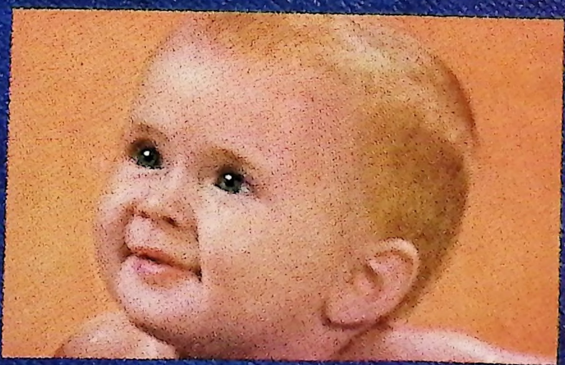
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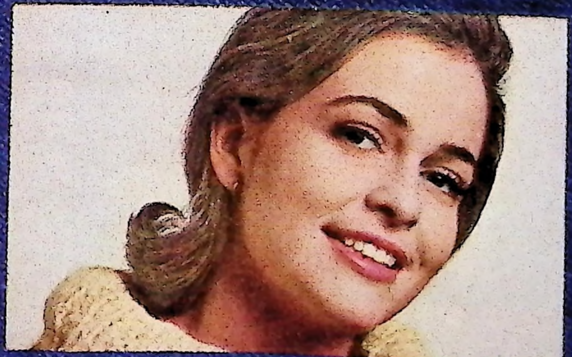
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It's fun. It's easy. Enter the Beautiful Ivory Baby Sweepstakes today!

If you match two out of five pictures correctly, you'll be eligible for a sweepstakes drawing where you may win one of these 1106 prizes!

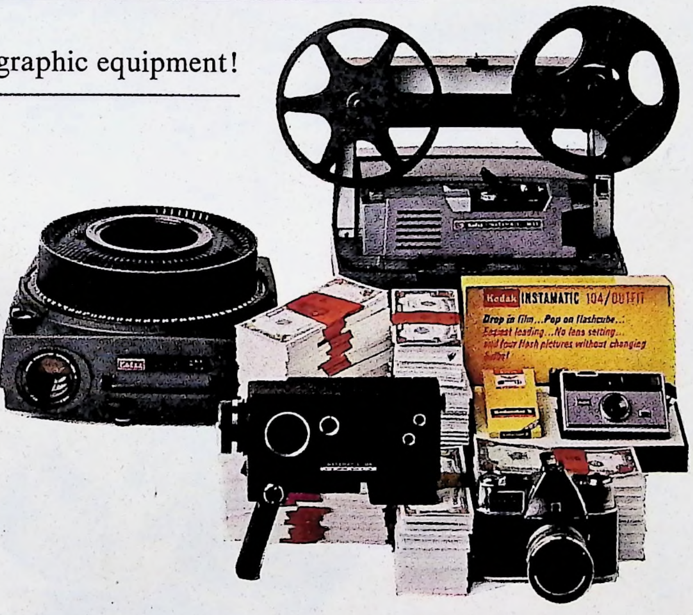
Grand Prize—$10,000 in cash

plus a complete set of Kodak photographic equipment (movie camera and projector, still camera and slide projector)!

5 First Prizes—$1,000 in cash plus a complete set of Kodak photographic equipment!

100 Second Prizes—Kodak Movie Cameras!

1000 Third Prizes—Kodak Instamatics!



Can you discover *which* baby grew up to be which beautiful girl? You have to match only two out of five pictures correctly. Maybe you even recognize some of the baby pictures . . . for all these girls were Ivory babies, and the pictures here were taken from old Ivory advertising. As you can see, regular Ivory care has helped these girls keep their complexions young looking.

Ivory can help you keep your skin young looking too. Ivory's purity and mildness is more important for young looking skin than any extra ingredient in other soaps. No wonder more doctors recommend Ivory.

So start matching pictures now. You might win $10,000 in cash . . . a complete set of Kodak® photographic equipment . . . a Kodak movie camera . . . or the great new Kodak Instamatic® camera. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

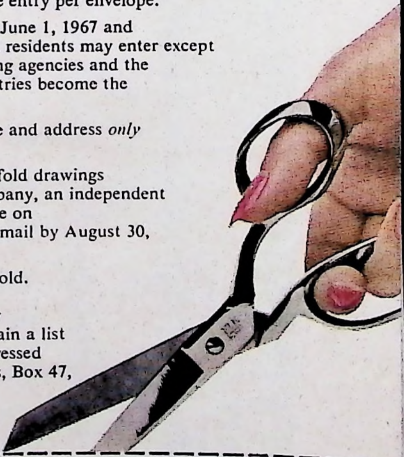
You may submit as many entries as you wish, provided each is in accordance with these rules and is mailed separately—one entry per envelope.

All entries must be postmarked no later than June 1, 1967 and received no later than June 15, 1967. All U.S. residents may enter except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies and the D. L. Blair Company or their families. All entries become the property of Procter & Gamble.

Residents of Missouri need submit their name and address *only* with this entry blank.

Winners will be selected on the basis of blindfold drawings under the supervision of the D. L. Blair Company, an independent judging organization. Drawings will take place on June 30, 1967 and winners will be notified by mail by August 30, 1967. Decision of the judges will be final.

Only one prize awarded per person or household. Government regulations apply. Complete list of winners will be available approximately two months after the drawings. You may obtain a list of the winners by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to Beautiful Ivory Baby Sweepstakes, Box 47, New York, N.Y. 10046.



Start babying your complexion with pure, mild Ivory—the soap for young looking skin.

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IVORY
Soap

99⁴⁴/100% pure®. . . it floats.®

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Just enclose one Ivory Bar wrapper or the word "Ivory" hand-printed in plain block letters on a piece of plain paper approximately 3" x 5". Send with this entry blank to:

Beautiful Ivory Baby Sweepstakes
Box 236, Dept. L
New York, New York 10046

Name________________________________ PLEASE PRINT

Address______________________________

City____________State____________Zip Code________

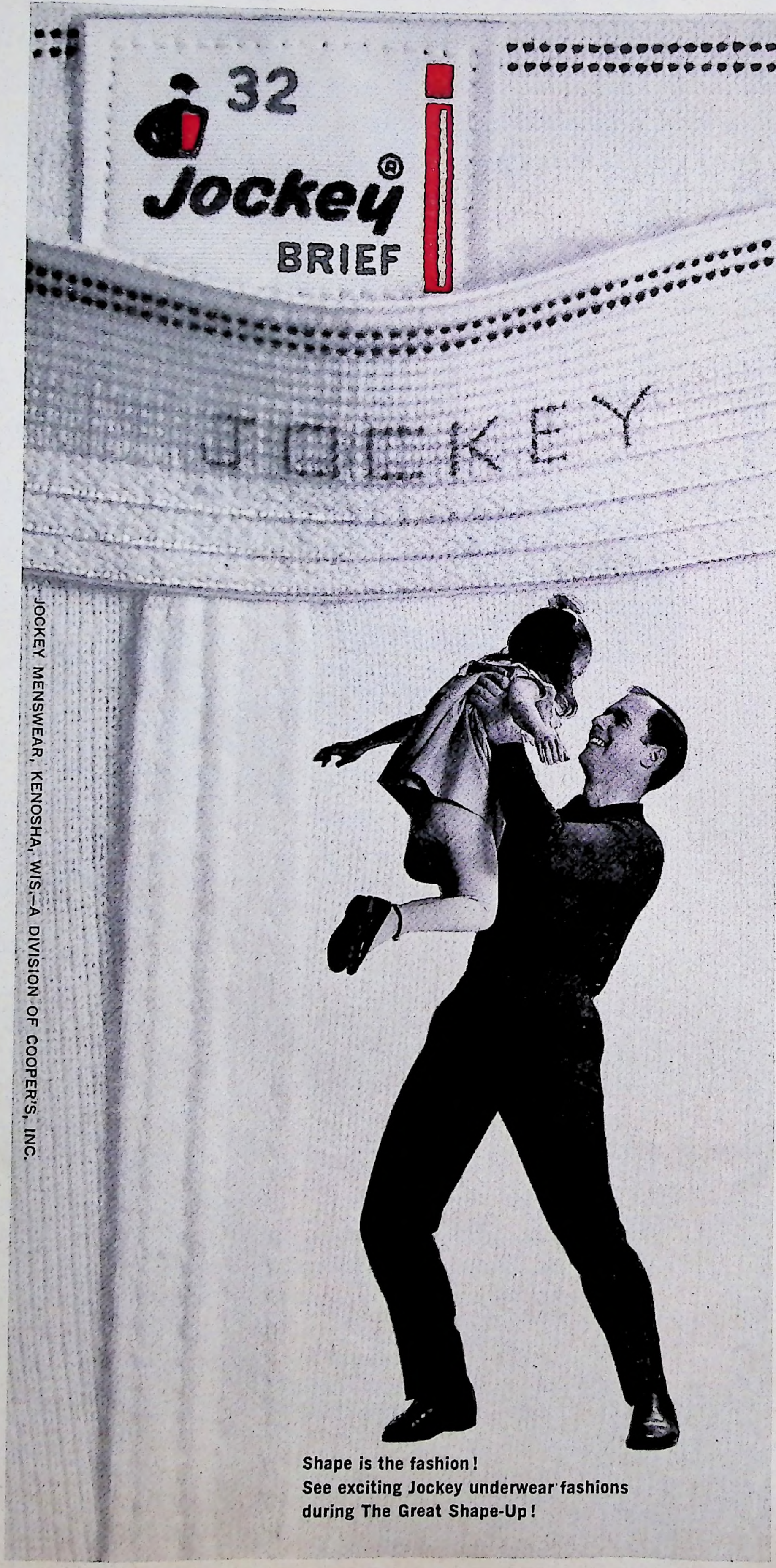
Fill in your answers here. Remember you have to match only two out of five correctly.

1.☐ 2.☐ 3.☐ 4.☐ 5.☐

A man needs this special kind of support.

Thousands of ordinary actions can put sudden strain on areas that require male support. Only Jockey brand briefs are meticulously tailored to fit the male figure—to give the comfortable protection every man needs. Jockey Super brief (mesh pouch) $1.50. Jockey Classic brief (solid fabric pouch) $1.25 or a 3-pack for $3.69.

It's not Jockey brand if it doesn't have the Jockey boy.



JOCKEY MENSWEAR, KENOSHA, WIS.—A DIVISION OF COOPER'S, INC.

Shape is the fashion!
See exciting Jockey underwear fashions during The Great Shape-Up!

comes with being a chief, you know, but the little one might take it into his head to complain. What I'm trying to suggest is, we can all live with a certain authority over us. We can find our place, and be satisfied with it. The trouble is that with children of different ages the parent continually interferes with this natural authority of the older, and then things go haywire. You cannot be chief and have the responsibility of the chief without the advantages—and there *are* advantages. So when another kid attacks your kid brother or sister, *you* know that you are the big one and you have to do the defending. But if the mother comes and sides with the little one against the big one, then his whole authority collapses.

First Mother: My little one asks, "Who's boss? Who's boss?"

Dr. B.: Sure. You want the older one to be boss, to be the protector. On the other hand, you say, "Don't exercise your rights of chiefdom by taking the toy when you want it." If the older can take a toy when he wants to, that's a small price to pay if you need him as protector.

So first of all the children don't really live close together anymore. They don't sleep together in one bed, as was the custom of a few generations ago, nor do they work together; each one has his own bed, if not also his own room, and they go to different classes. The older one used to offer the younger one protection at night and teach him how to work and so on—all of which the parent alone must now provide. Rarely does a parent tell an older brother, "Go on in, your kid brother is scared in the dark." But if they're in the same bed together, then either the older whacks him one so he can sleep, or else he comforts the little one so that both of them can sleep. The statement I heard as a kid, "He's your older brother," you don't hear anymore.

First Mother: You hear it in my house. I think it's the bigger one's privilege to stay up later.

Dr. B.: Sure, he goes to bed later. But do we really feel, "He's the older brother and therefore should be the arbiter"? No, *we* are the arbiters, but we still want brothers and sisters to be as important to each other and as close to each other and live as peacefully together as before. This fighting really involves two things. First is the jealousy that's created in the older child when he sees the younger child getting things he's already had to give up—the breast, the bottle, having someone put on his clothes, being held. At the same time, we have *not* given the older child new privileges, such as the right to run the younger ones.

Fifth Mother: It seems like you have to choose which problems you're going to have. Because if the pecking order is right, then you have other problems—the younger child feels like he's being oppressed by the older one. When does the little one get in his licks if you don't have one smaller than he is? And I'd object to my child being aggressive outside.

Third Mother: I think this worries most mothers. But I think that the earlier children learn to protect themselves in realistic ways, the better off they are.

Sixth Mother: When I see someone taking advantage of my son it's very hard for me not to get in there and do something. Yet I want him to be able to take care of himself, and many times I feel like saying, "Just hit him back."

Dr. B.: Is that taking care of himself when you tell him that? You see, telling him to hit back already suggests your conviction that without your orders he cannot take care of himself.

Sixth Mother: What if he just sits there?

Dr. B.: Look: I would never tell a child, "Go and hit back," because that doesn't make a man out of him. That only makes him your puppet again. The most you can do is say, "What are you going to do about it?" I think that in most cases—unless there's really a vicious or a mentally deranged kid on the playground—they look after each other.

Seventh Mother: I'm a nursery-school teacher and I say to the child who's hitting, "You don't need to do that." Does this disagree with your idea?

Dr. B.: I agree that if you let kids hit each other in a nursery school you have chaos; I just wonder about the statement "you don't need to," because who decides what I need? Obviously if he hits, he needs to hit; what he needs and what he doesn't need is his decision, not ours. It's different to say, "I won't let you," because this is our privilege. Then we talk about what we don't permit. "If you can't play with children without hitting them, we're going to isolate you. Here are your toys; go in that corner and play by yourself," though I wouldn't put him out of the room. Soon he'll get bored and will want to play with other children. But you wouldn't like it if somebody told you, "You don't need to do that." You'd tell him, "Says who?" The same is true for children.

First Mother: You used the word responsibility. I find that young adults have an absolute abhorrence of responsibility.

Dr. B.: That's right. You see, in the home we give our children responsibility without privileges that come with it. Responsibility is something to be desired only if some advantages accrue to you. If you just have responsibility and no advantages, then who wants it? But that's how it comes about. We want children to have responsibility only for our convenience; we push it on them when it suits us: "You be responsible for little brother. But if you hit little brother then I jump on you with both feet." I believe this is why people shy away from responsibility. We tell them, "Go out and grab the world by the tail, but remember to keep your hands to yourself." Usually, I'm on the side of the weaker ones, but today it seems I have to defend the stronger ones, too. In the olden days there wasn't much talk about sibling rivalry, though the younger ones often felt dispossessed—and really were. Nowadays, we try to treat each one of our children as equals, so they're rivals.

Our children are still more their brothers' keepers than might appear from their squabbles. But they look to us for their cues. If we get too caught up in their squabbles, they may get the idea that we think of them as being enemies, and to some degree may make this idea their own. So don't expect too much brotherly love at too early an age, and don't be down on them if they don't always get along as well as you'd like. They have to figure out their relations to each other, and that takes time. But if they're free to do that, they'll have a basis for real closeness that should hold for the rest of their lives. **END**

If there is a child-raising problem you would like Dr. Bettelheim to discuss, please let us know. Direct all suggestions to Dialogue With Mothers, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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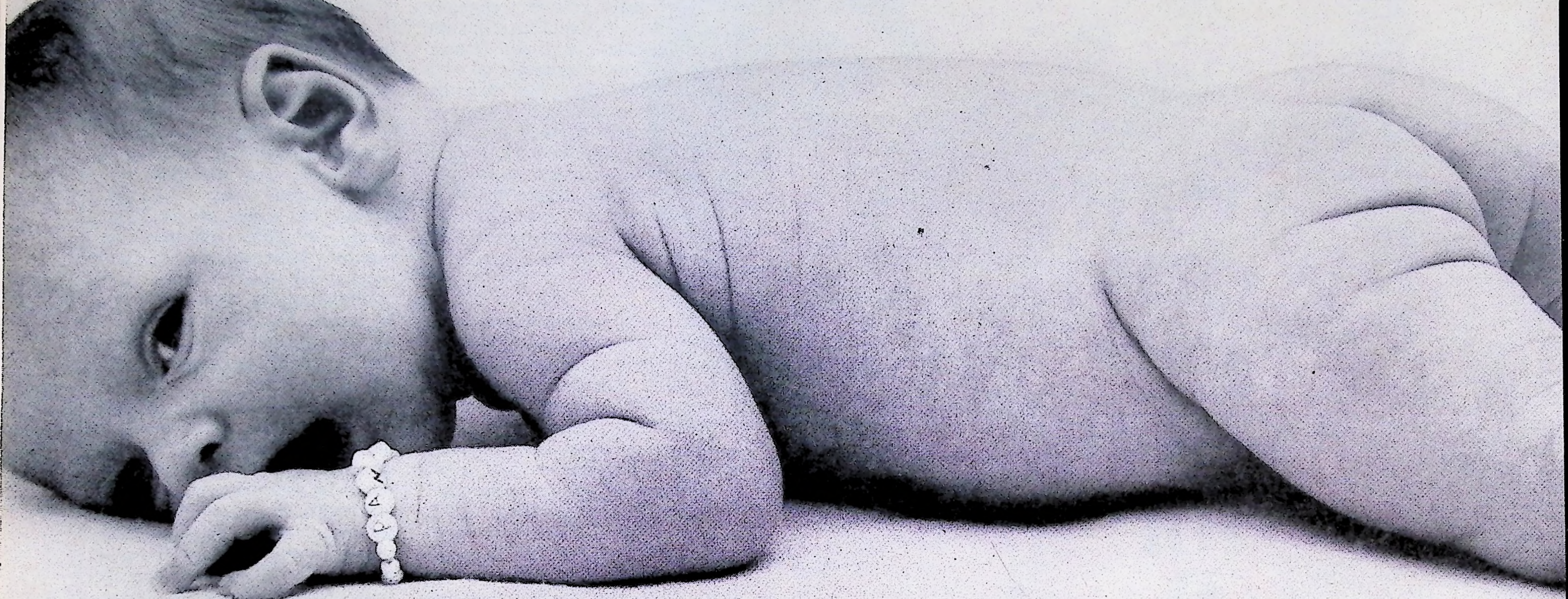

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Medicine Today

A miscarriage may not be the tragedy it so often seems to would-be parents. It is frequently nature's way of eliminating malformed babies, thus sparing the prospective parents future heartbreak.

New tissue culture techniques have made it possible to study the chromosomes of these fetuses. Chromosome abnormalities were found in 24 of 54 fetuses from miscarriages, according to a study at the University of Rochester. Since abnormal chromosomes are always associated with severe malformations and mental defects, it appears that the spontaneous loss of these fetuses during the early months of pregnancy may be a blessing.

Bed rest is no longer mandatory for the sick child, according to Dr. Hugh Jolly, a British physician. If Junior wants to play with his electric trains, even though he has a fever, it's all right, says Dr. Jolly. In the first place, it is impossible to keep him really quiet in bed (any mother will vouch for that). Secondly, studies show that children who were allowed to be up during illnesses if they wanted to were no sicker than those who were forced to stay in bed. (Children with bone or joint diseases who sometimes must be prohibited from weight-bearing are possible exceptions.)

Now that spring is here it is a good time to remember that there may be poisonous plants in your neighborhood that could endanger the lives of children. Youngsters are frequently attracted by the appearance of seeds and berries and will eat them, sometimes with harmful or even fatal results. It is a good idea to bear in mind when landscaping that wisteria, laurel, oleander, castor bean, poison hemlock and yews all are highly toxic.

Is breast-feeding becoming more popular? In 1946 only 38 percent of babies were breast-fed. In 1956 the number had dropped to 21 percent. But lately more mothers are trying it, especially educated middle-class mothers, according to two Pennsylvania State University professors.

Nutritionist Helen A. Guthrie and psychologist George M. Guthrie recently studied a group of new college-educated mothers and found that half had attempted breast-feeding; one-third continued for three months, and one-fourth beyond five months. Most of the mothers enjoyed the experience and said that they planned to nurse future children.

What determines whether a mother will be successful in breast-feeding? The experts say that nine out of 10 mothers can. First, she must be convinced of its real advantages: a warmer mother-baby relationship, the elimination of formula-mixing and bottle-warming, the fact that breast milk is more easily digested, and that there is less danger of infection for the baby. Then she needs lots of moral support from her doctor, the nurses in the hospital, and her family and friends.

In 1956 a group of Illinois women, who felt that not enough instruction and assistance on breast-feeding was available, formed La Leche League. The group has grown and now has branches throughout the U.S. that sponsor monthly meetings and publish literature. (You may write La Leche League International, 9616 Minneapolis Ave., Franklin Park, Ill. 60131 for more information.)

One of their most enthusiastic supporters was a mother I recently met in a well-baby clinic. She was determined to nurse even though her baby was born prematurely and had to remain in the hospital for two months. Despite that, this mother was actually successful in *beginning* breast-feeding when the baby was eight weeks old, and she continued for well over a year!

Ordinary aspirin may help to protect you from sunburn. Duke University dermatologists have just reported on a preliminary study in which 10 volunteers took "sun baths" with ultraviolet lamps after taking four aspirin tablets. For the day and a half following the ultraviolet exposure, they continued to take aspirin every three hours. Later they tried "sunbathing" without aspirin. All of them showed less inflammation when they were on aspirin. The researchers do not know how aspirin acts to minimize ultraviolet burn, but theorize that it has an effect on skin-tissue enzymes.

Being an animal lover, I dislike admitting that people can get diseases from pets, but I suppose I must face the facts. A recent report in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* tells of 22 dog lovers who contracted a form of scabies from their dogs. All of the dogs had itching, scaly skin and were losing hair because of mites. In many instances their owners developed itchy skins after bathing and treating their pets for "mange" according to instructions from their veterinarians (one victim *was* a veterinarian). Dermatologists believe that human cases of dog scabies may be quite common and are often misdiagnosed. The rash is usually on the trunk, is intensely

(continued)

By Phyllis Wright, M.D., with Victor Cohn

Meet Carter's "Purrr-Jamas"

They're for boys and girls who don't want to go to bed yet 'cause it's not even dark. Well Carter's fixed that! See? He's ready to catch a catfish just as soon as his eyes are shut. And she's dressed to dream of kittens when she drifts off to sleep. They're light enough to catch the wispiest summer breeze. They wear and wear because they're knit with the care that you've come to expect from Carter's. We think they're the cat's pajamas. Don't you?

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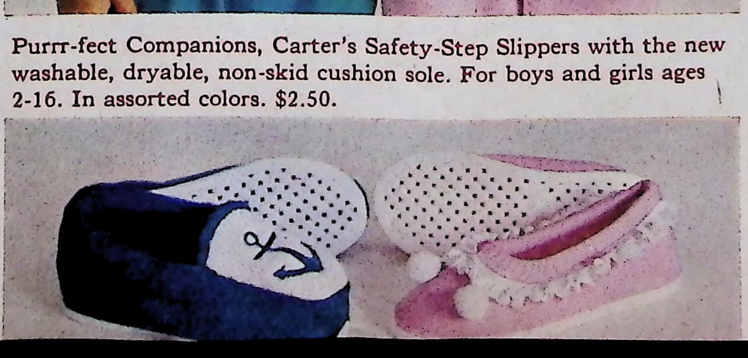

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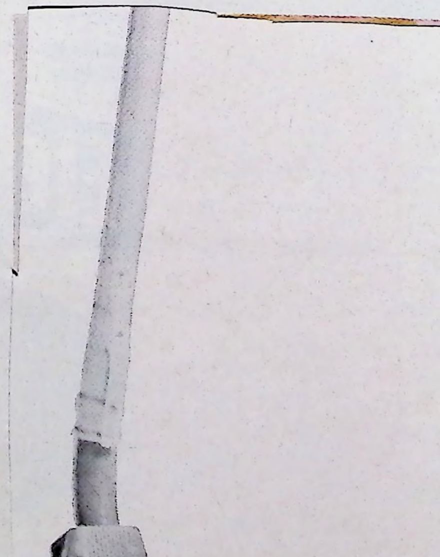

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itchy, and may be mistaken for chicken pox or allergy.

Freezing the lining of the nose is the latest way of stopping severe nosebleeds. Dr. Charles D. Bluestone of the University of Pittsburgh inserts a small, collapsed balloon into the bleeding nostril, inflates it with alcohol and, using a hypothermia machine, keeps the nose "frostbitten" for six minutes. In this short time patients whose serious nosebleeds were not helped by nasal packing have stopped bleeding. The new method is rapid and relatively painless. Most important, it eliminates the prolonged hospitalization for patients with severe hemorrhages.

A small drawing of a hand on a white card may help to protect preschoolers' eyesight. With this card parents can test their young children's eyes in their own homes. The child is asked to tell which way the fingers are pointing while the parent, standing three feet away, turns the card. The test is repeated at 12 feet, using both eyes and then each eye separately (covering the other eye with a paper cup). The mother writes the number of correct answers on a score card and mails it to the child's pediatrician for analysis.

In a recent pilot test sponsored by the American Academy of Pediatrics and the Illinois Department of Public Health several cases of eye-muscle imbalance and poor vision were uncovered by the parent and the pediatrician. The children were then referred to an ophthalmologist for treatment.

Three to 4 percent of U.S. children have imbalance of their eye muscles or poor vision in one eye and quickly learn to use only their better eye. The other eye, therefore, does not develop properly. If the imbalance condition remains undetected until the child reaches school age, the time of the first vision check for many of the children, sight in the unused eye may already be permanently impaired.

More information about various home tests of vision may be had by writing the National Association for the Prevention of Blindness, 16 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y.

Interest in sex education in the schools is growing all around the country. Parents of schoolchildren who were indifferent to the idea in the past are now putting pressure on school administrators to start courses in family life or to strengthen existing courses. Fear of teen-age pregnancies, venereal disease and the greater availability of contraceptives have awakened parents and school authorities to new responsibilities in a changing world, especially since more parents are beginning to concede that they are doing a less than perfect job with sex education in the home.

The U. S. Office of Education has let it be known that Federal funds for education may now be used to help schools develop sex and family-life courses. State education departments and state health departments are working out guidelines for more such programs, which should materialize before long.

One proponent of better family-life programs in the schools is Dr. James P. Semmens. Writing in the *Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, he outlined a medical man's idea of a good curriculum.

Sex education should really begin in the preschool years, says Dr. Semmens, often when a new baby is expected in the family or by friends.

He believes that the right names for sex organs should be taught at the kindergarten-first grade level "before concepts of obscenity and false modesty have been allowed to develop." He also suggests, as a class project perhaps, raising a family of mice or hamsters and stressing in discussions the sexuality of the *two* parents. (Have you ever noticed how many children's picture books depict only the *mother* and the baby animals?) Karl de Schweinitz's book, *Growing Up, How We Became Alive, Are Born and Grow*, has recently been revised and is suitable for this age group.

In the third and fourth grades a comparison of the human reproductive system to other body systems can be taught. A simple course in human reproduction can then be presented, with special emphasis on love as it relates to human reproduction. A good book for this age group is *A Baby Is Born* by Dr. Milton I. Levine and Jean Seligman.

Fifth- and sixth-graders are ready, says Dr. Semmens, for a study of reproductive physiology. Walt Disney's film *The Story of Menstruation* and the films *Boy to Man* and *Girl to Woman* might serve as a starting point for discussion groups. "We must remember that we are only a few years from the first drop-out level, and we have an educational responsibility to these students. As physicians we have seen enough pregnant girls who have conceived shortly after the first menstrual period to illustrate the need for earlier presentation of facts."

Through junior high school the students should learn about body changes brought about by endocrine glands. Individual differences in "biological time clocks" can be stressed and the students reassured that there are "early and late bloomers," both normal. Discussions of personal hygiene and emotional problems, including masturbation, begin at this age. Printed materials, *As Others See Us, Finding Yourself, Love and the Facts of Life* or *What Teen-agers Want to Know*, are excellent self-instruction and reference sources. Dr. Semmens also recommends the books *The Art of Dating, Tips for Teens* and *Why Wait Till Marriage?* A pamphlet, *Moving Into Adolescence—Your Child in His Preteens*, has just been published by the Children's Bureau and may be obtained by sending 25 cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., asking for Children's Bureau publication No. 431-1966.

By the time they enter high school, Dr. Semmens points out, the students are faced with making decisions about the use of tobacco and narcotics, as well as the temptation to explore their own sexuality. Special courses in social attitudes have been requested by many students themselves.

"A final aspect of social attitudes should be a frank discussion of the dangers of physical exposure, improper dress, teasing and petting. Rash behavior and dress may invite physical harm in the form of rape or assault. Adults should be reminded that to date the teen-agers have not taken up the 'topless.' This has been an adult game, truly a 'permissive example.'" Summing it up, Dr. Semmens feels that, unless we offer better instruction in family life, our youth will face an adult-created sexual revolution without moral standards and concepts that will enable them to compete in it. **END**

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PET NEWS

By JOYCE KUH

Does your parakeet have a pedigree? There are approximately 10 million pet parakeets in the United States, and some 100,000 of them are pedigreed. These elite birds enter shows, win ribbons and may be worth up to $500 a pair. The American Budgerigar Society has about 1,700 members, most of whom breed budgies for exhibition and would like to see more pedigreed birds as pets.

Budgies are originally from Australia (budgerigar means "good bird" in Bush language) and have been bred in England for 100 years, only 25 years in the United States. The original bird was green with a yellow head; now you can get him in such colors as cobalt blue, opaline yellow, gray and apple green—to name a few.

Pedigreed parakeets (called budgerigars by the professionals), like pedigreed dogs, cats and horses, must meet certain standards. Their heads are generally rounder, their beaks are smaller and tucked into the face, and the bird is slightly larger than his mongrel counterpart. The standards also include specifications for wing carriage, deportment, color and wing markings. Charles W. Schaefer, a judge on the American Budgerigar Society panel, says that even a layman can tell the difference between the pedigreed bird and the mongrel if he sees them side by side. The overall appearance of the aristocrat is a better balanced, better proportioned bird. Mr. Schaefer also thinks that the pedigreed bird is probably healthier.

You don't have to spend $500 for a pair of pedigrees; you can buy one for anywhere from $5 up to $125. The pedigreed bird always wears a band indicating his lineage.

Budgerigar shows are held all over the country by local clubs, and the All American Budgie Show rotates to a different area each year. Champions are flown in to compete for ribbons in the subclasses, and there is a general "best in show" award. Even if your budgie doesn't wear a band, he can still enter most shows in the open division contest.

Now that you have that poodle puppy (well over two million Americans own poodles), would you like to know more about him? Such as how clipping started, what American Kennel Club standards are for him, how much to feed him as he grows, and how to train him?

New paperback books from The Pet Library, Ltd., cover all these subjects, in addition to brief discussions of first aid, diseases and grooming—not only for poodles but for many other breeds as well. A book in the "Enjoy" series (*Enjoy Your Collie, Enjoy Your Boxer, Enjoy Your Great Dane,* etc.) costs about 40 cents and is ideal for a young child with a new pet. *Know Your German Shepherd, Know Your Dachshund, Know Your Beagle* (about $1) are some of the titles in the "Know" series. These books are about twice as long, contai more detailed information and mor color photographs.

There are 124 titles in all, includin not only dogs and cats but also hamsters, rabbits, turtles, goldfish, gerbil and others. The books are sold in pe shops and some bookshops. If you can't find your Borzoi listed in the series, be patient. More titles are on the way and they may get to him soon.

One of the most beautiful and informative cat books published recently is *The Compleat Cat* by Joseph R. Spies (Prentice-Hall, $9.95). This refreshing book covers the "private life of the cat from kittenhood to courtship" and is full of superb photographs taken by Dr. Spies. Dr. Spies, a research chemist by profession, was allured by cats and photography many years ago, and he calls his book "truly a labor of love."

One chapter on feline photography gives some excellent pointers, such as training your camera on a sleeping cat to catch him yawning when he wakes, or using tuna-fish oil on any object to get the cat to "kiss" it. Other chapters include a survey of feline breeds, with magnificent color photographs, how to care for and groom cats, and lists of local cat clubs throughout the country. Dr. Spies's labor of love is the perfect book for the true ailurophile.

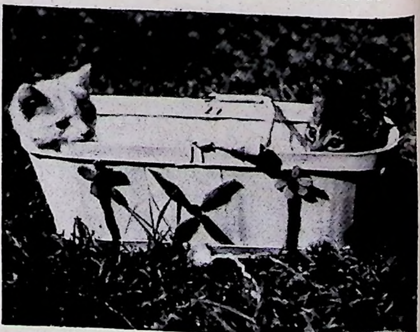
If Spot has been scratching, squirming and rolling on his back, seeming *too* itchy and out of sorts, he may have something besides ordinary fleas.

Dogs, like people, can suffer from allergies and skin diseases. Some breeds, such as collies and shelties, may be sensitive to sunlight. Long-hair dogs are more prone to moist dermatitis than short-hair dogs. And practically any dog can come up with an allergy that doesn't bother the rest of the dogs on the block; plastics, soaps and rugs all can cause itching. Veterinarians at the Morris Animal Foundation in Denver have found that some dogs even get hay fever from ragweed, just like their owners.

Frequent grooming, and bathing every three months, will help relieve Fido's itching from allergies. And your veterinarian may find that the skin problems can be helped by a change of diet.

Warning from the American Veterinary Medical Association: Half of the dogs that catch distemper will die of it. Lasting immunization is not guaranteed by the first shots, but the A.V.M.A. feels that *most* dogs could be protected against distemper by *yearly* vaccinations.

PET PHOTO OF THE MONTH



Fluffy and Mickey Finn relax. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Roden, Queens Village, N.Y.

(Do you have a favorite pet picture? We would like to see it. Send it to Pet News Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.)

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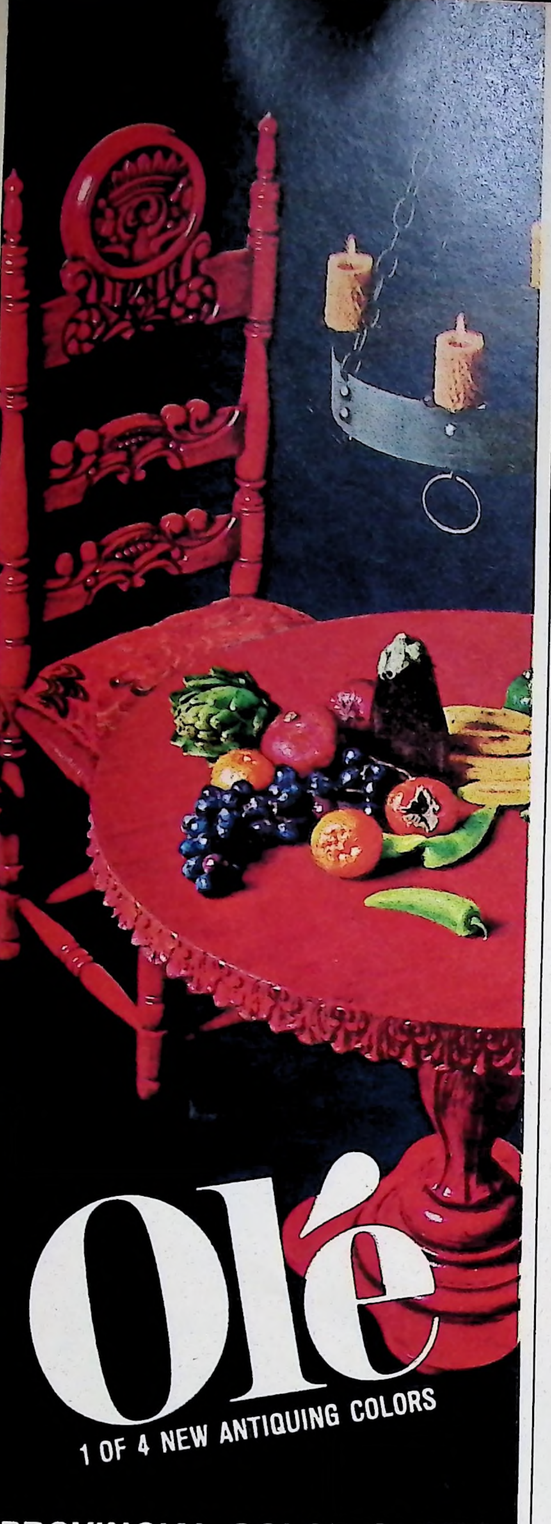

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AMY VANDERBILT

Wedding Gift Mishap

Q: My husband and I recently attended a wedding at which he was an usher. At the end of the evening, the ushers were carrying wedding gifts from the church to the car. In trying to balance the gifts and open the door, my husband dropped a box and the gift broke. He would like to reimburse the couple for the gift.

A: Your husband has no obligation to do this. But your question does bring up the problem of guests who take gifts to the church. Gifts should be sent to the bride at her home before the wedding. If this can't be done, the gift may be sent to the couple at their home after they are established. In rural areas, sometimes it is expedient and customary to take the gifts to the reception, where there will be someone to note the donors of the gifts. But, again, it is extremely unwise to have the gifts opened at the reception—cards are lost, things are broken and the bride and groom have no opportunity to express their appreciation at the time.

Wearing Gloves

Q: When do you wear gloves and when do you remove them? Do you wear gloves to a funeral? When do you wear white gloves?

A: Wear gloves with street clothes. Take them off when you are eating, drinking or smoking. In church they may be removed for turning the pages of a prayer book or hymnal, and must be removed in the receiving of communion when the wafer is taken in the hand. Gloves should be worn to a funeral, since you will be in street clothes and attending a religious ceremony. They are worn to formal teas, debuts, weddings and are kept on as you go through the receiving line. Gloves are not worn aboard ship except on deck in cold weather. They are not worn in resort hotels, which, like ships, are considered your home for the time being.

If you are a resident in a hotel in the city, you do not wear gloves into the dining room unless you are coming in from outdoors in street clothes. You do not wear gloves in your own home unless the occasion is highly formal—wedding, debut, formal tea or evening reception—where there is a receiving line.

Well-dressed women wear gloves on the street in sophisticated cities such as New York, Chicago, San Francisco. In small towns there is much more leeway in the matter, except for formal and church occasions. In cold weather anywhere, wear gloves.

Simple white cotton or nylon gloves are best worn in the spring, summer and fall. White kid or doeskin gloves are for formal year-round wear, although they are less often seen in the summer because there are fewer formal occasions then and because they are hot.

Adopting a Baby

Q: My brother and sister-in-law are adopting a newborn baby and I would like to give a baby shower soon after they bring him home. Is this proper? Is it proper for them to send out birth announcements?

A: A shower may be given for an adopted baby, but not by a relative. Perhaps someone else will take the initiative and you can help in the background. Birth announcements are sent for adopted babies. The age of the child is given, but not the actual birth date.

Response to Invitations

Q: What can I do about invited guests who don't RSVP promptly? May I call them, or send a reminder?

A: Sensible hostesses do one or the other. If you call, say, "Did you receive my invitation for the twentieth? I hadn't heard and I am trying to make my plans." If you write, a postcard will do. It could read, "Do let me know as soon as possible about my invitation for the 20th of May. Reminder—Dinner 7:15. Informal."

Dressing for the Wedding

Q: I am planning to be married and would like to know where the bride and bridesmaids should dress and from whose home we should leave for the church. I have my own apartment where we will be living after the wedding. My father maintains a small studio apartment in a nearby town, and my older brother has a home in the same town. I would rather leave from my own apartment, but I understand this would not be proper.

A: It is *not* improper, under the circumstances, for you to leave from your apartment and to have the bridesmaids dress there if necessary. Or, if you prefer, they might dress in their own homes, at a motel or hotel, or in the home of friends if they are from out of town.

Using the Telephone

Q: What can I do about discouraging long telephone conversations without hurting the caller's feelings?

A: Telephone conversations can usually be shortened if you make your replies brief and thus don't give the impression that you have all the time in the world to talk. If this doesn't work, wait for a pause in the conversation and then make a plausible excuse, such as, "I'd love to talk more now, but I have to get the children off to school. I'll try to call you back. When would be a good time?" Of course, you should make sure, first, that there is no urgent information that needs to be imparted.

It is a good idea for anybody making a purely social call to say to the other person, especially if you know her to be a busy mother or a busy career woman, "Is this a good time for you to talk?" If she says it isn't, arrange to call back or say quickly whatever is necessary.

Joint Informals

Q: When are informals engraved *Mr. and Mrs.* —— used?

A: Such joint informals are used for issuing invitations, or for inclusion in gifts with a little message. They should not be used for personal correspondence for either mates separately. They are unsuitable for thank-you notes, even from the couple, since they would then require an awkward joint signature.

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

The following booklets by Miss Vanderbilt are now available to JOURNAL *readers: "Teen Manners," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," "Table Manners" and "Office Etiquette." Send 25 cents in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn.*

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Every featured item on this page was dyed in Rit.

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Spending Your Money

By Sylvia Porter

Q: I made a stupid mistake in filing my income-tax return last year (I forgot to sign the return!), and I got into a lot of unnecessary trouble. This year I'll sign it, all right—but you may want to warn other *Ladies' Home Journal* readers to do this.

A: Your letter is in itself the warning. In addition, be sure that you:

- Attach all W-2 Forms showing the pay you and your spouse received from your employers;
- List your correct Social Security number and your complete address;
- Check the correct block stating whether you are single, married, filing a joint return, etc.;
- Check the correct blocks for your personal exemption and dependents;
- List each item of income or deduction on the right line;
- Double-check your arithmetic (to avoid overpaying as well as underpaying your taxes).

Q: As a strictly stay-at-home mother of two small children, I'm shocked at how many other mothers leave their children to go to work away from home. What are they trying to achieve?

A: Mainly economic security. Today, more than one third of the women in the U.S. labor force are mothers of children under 18. The total number comes to 9,700,000. But nearly all of them work because they are either the sole family breadwinners or because they must contribute toward the support of their families. About half of all working mothers with children under six years old have husbands with incomes of less than $5,000.

In short, the mothers of young children work because their families cannot manage without their earnings.

Q: How much money should a family with three young children have in the savings account before investing elsewhere?

A: The traditional rulebooks say that a family with your responsibilities should have a rainy-day fund amounting to six months' income in *cash or its equivalent* (e.g., funds in banks' savings and checking accounts, U.S. Savings Bonds). However, if you have ample hospitalization insurance and other means to meet sudden, unexpected expenses, you probably could afford to keep a smaller proportion of your savings in the form of cash on demand—and a greater proportion elsewhere.

Q: We want to invest some money in stocks or bonds to provide extra income for my father-and-mother-in-law, who have just retired. How do we choose the right investments?

A: To protect the capital you invest and provide a stable income for your parents-in-law, consider solid "income securities"—such as high-grade bonds at today's still attractive rates of interest return—or high-quality stocks paying a substantial, regular dividend. Avoid "long-term growth" stocks or speculative issues, because your objective is neither long-term growth nor speculation for capital gains.

Q: I am only a sophomore in high school, but I already have my heart set on an expensive Eastern women's college for the fall of 1969. Is there anything I can do now to improve my chances of getting a good part-time job to help pay the cost of my college education—wherever I am accepted?

A: Here are two things you can do—not only to boost your chances for a well-paying job, but also to start building toward a future career:

Decide on some specific salable skill that you can develop over the

next three years. Which one you choose will depend, of course, on your own interests and abilities, but areas in which there will be enormous demand when you plan to enter the part-time job market include computer programming, drafting, tutoring, secretarial work, almost every kind of hospital work and health service.

Take high-school courses in the field you choose and select your summer jobs (including volunteer jobs) with a view toward getting helpful on-the-job training in your skill.

Note: You should start saving for college well before you actually enter. Try to accumulate a big enough reserve *in advance* to see you through your first year.

Q: We are in our late 30's, but have always wanted to retire early and live on our cruising sailboat. We have accumulated a total of $100,000 in Government bonds, common stock, life insurance, a $2,500 annuity payable at 65—plus a $17,000 house, 2 cars and the sailboat valued at $30,000. We would plan on renting our home, and my husband—a self-employed consulting engineer—will probably want to continue working part time. Would you say we are in a position to retire?

A: It's your own choice—if after conservative calculations you are confident that your yearly income will be enough for you to live on without dipping into your capital. Also, your choice would definitely be in line with today's trend toward early retirement.

But ponder carefully one key fact of economic life today: because of the long-term uptrend in the cost of living, the buying power of your annual income will drop steadily over the years. Unless you find ways to increase that income, it almost surely will not be sufficient to support you a couple of decades from now when your husband may not be willing or able to continue working. Therefore, my advice to you is to keep building your nest egg throughout your early retirement years—by reinvesting your stock dividends, making your rent income earn money for you or by saving a portion of your husband's part-time earnings.

Q: We have seen a new house we'd like to buy in a fast-growing neighborhood. But we're not sure if it's worth the $45,000 price tag. What is the best way to find out the real value of a house?

A: A reputable real-estate dealer should be able to tell you whether the asking price is fair. An FHA appraisal is also a good index of its value. Or you can call in an independent appraiser—at a cost that could run between $25 and $75—to evaluate it for you.

Q: Two college friends and I would like to take a trip to Europe this summer—on the money we earned on our jobs last summer. But if we can manage the trip at all, it will have to be on a shoestring. Can you suggest any good ways to stretch our limited funds on our trip?

A: Here are five:

1. Find out if your college is sponsoring a charter flight to Europe. If you can get on such a flight, your round-trip cost could be as little as $200 to $300.

2. If you prefer to go by boat, arrange to go on a freighter or a special student sailing—at great savings over a luxury liner.

3. Take advantage of big discounts abroad for restaurants, concerts, hotels, trains, etc.—available to students equipped with International Student Identity Cards available from the U.S. National Student Association in New York.

4. Plan to stay in low-priced student hostels, youth hostels, or pensions—instead of regular hotels. They are modest, but you pay only $1 to $2 a night.

5. Eat in special university-run student restaurants abroad—at least part of the time—for as little as 25 cents a meal.

Q: We want to make a substantial investment in a 17th-century oil painting. But, as non-experts, we're not sure whether the price is fair, and we're even wondering whether the painting is as good as it's said to be. What should we do before we make the investment?

A: Here are the key guides to avoiding art frauds and misrepresentations—particularly when you are making a large investment:

1. Buy only from a reputable art dealer.

2. Seek the opinion of an outside expert on the authenticity of any high-priced work of art—a museum curator, university art professor or scholar, a major collector of the artist's works.

3. When you make the purchase, ask the seller for a detailed written statement describing the painting—its title, artist, year it was painted, medium, price you paid, amount of restoration, etc. A reputable dealer will make good on his claims and give you your money back if the painting turns out to have been misrepresented.

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.

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Last year's hostess outfit turns Turkish with Rit Old Rose. Color harem-y washable cushion covers to "make the scene". For undercover surprises, turn your grayed lingerie into new, glowing color right in the washer. (See top illustration.) Try Rit Kelly Green! And terry slippers to match.

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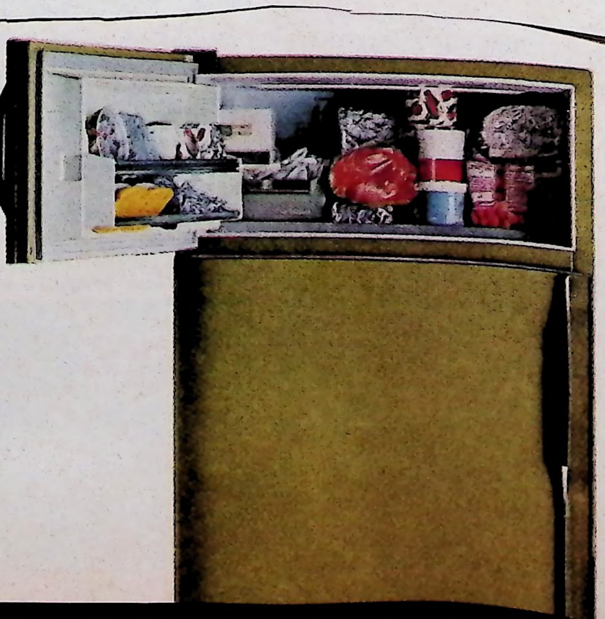
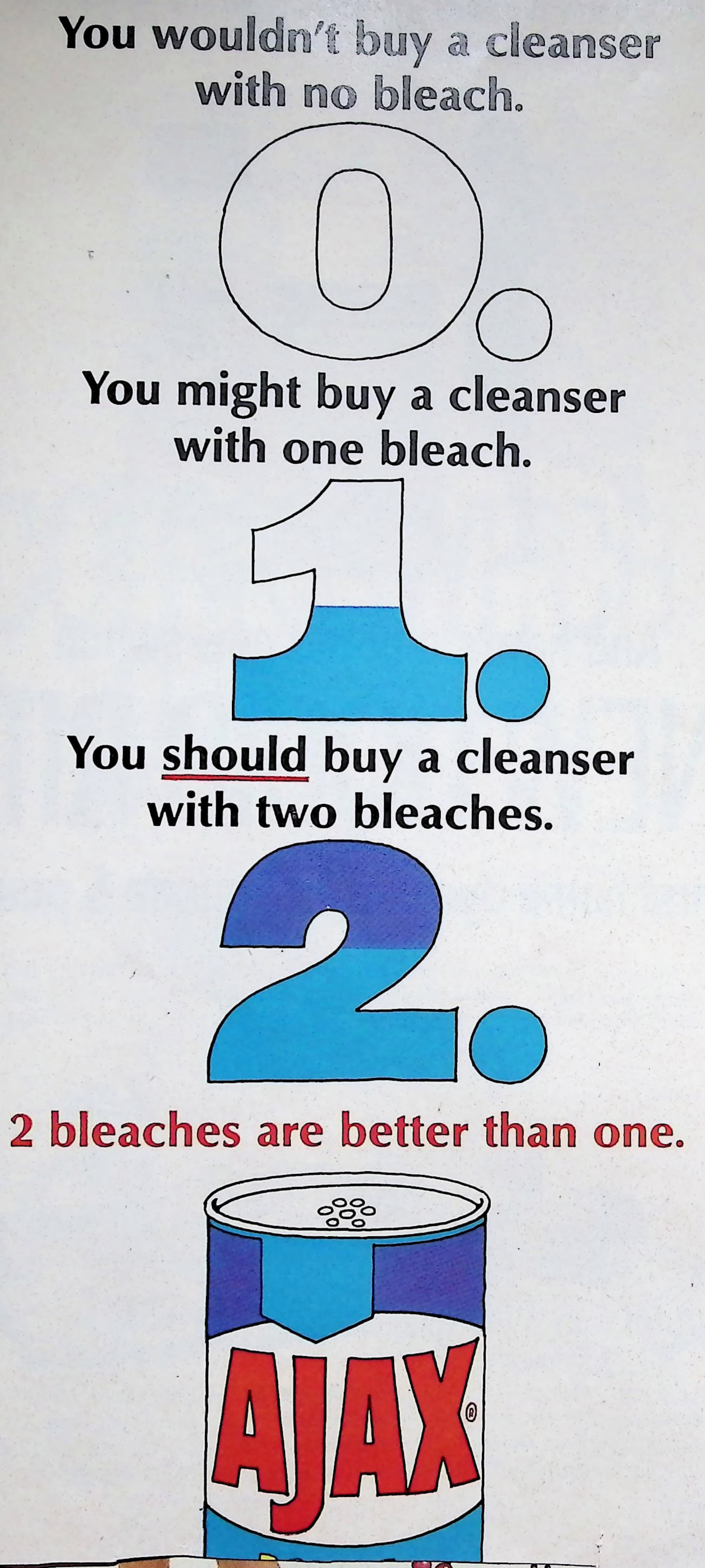


More irlpool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The Real Villains of the William Manchester Book

By Judith Crist, Critic-at-Large

With the publication of the Manchester book (and who outside the remotest igloo or jungle tree-house would have to be told that it's William Manchester's *Death of a President?*), there is further fuel for the fire of controversy, for the continuing debate on just who has been the villain in the case. Arguments and evidence and confidential information will fill the air:

Was the righteous author undone by the rich and powerful clansmen? Were the honorable noblemen victimized by a money-minded writer whom they trusted? Was the lovely lady, the grieving wife, betrayed in her deepest emotional confidences—or did she, regally and ruthlessly, gainsay herself? Has history been cheated? And, perhaps above all, has society—have *we*—been deprived of a single tear or sigh, a soupçon of sorrow, a moment of lost self-control or pressure-propelled self-revelation, a glimpse of blood from a scarce-healed wound re-opened? Have we, in effect, been cheated of our money's worth? And whodunit? Who is the villain in the case?

The answer to the last question has—or should have—been obvious from the beginning, as any aficionado of the mystery drama knows, simply because it must turn out to be the proverbial butler, the least-suspect character on the scene, the one outside the limelight but ever present.

We are the guilty. We, the public, are the villains. For there would have been no Manchester case, no ugly controversy, were we not always present with our demand for "instant history"—at any price.

"Price" seems to me the key word. Of course we have always had the right to know not only the fact of history but its coloration by the personality and character of the men and women who create these facts. But we are in an era of acceleration, where our demand for "fact" is immediate, and the demand, made with all the salivating impatience of the voyeur, is backed up with hard cash—to the tune of millions of dollars. The era of acceleration is also the era of inflation.

This impatience is a hallmark of our time, a time of super-communication media, of literacy supplemented by every imaginable audio-visual aid, a time unmatched in history in mass communication. Above all, and it is not easy to tell whether communication has fostered this or vice versa or whether they are concomitants, it is a time of voyeurism, when our appetite for the intimate detail has reached new heights—or, perhaps, new depths. We will no longer wait for the general or statesman, long in retirement, to ponder the old documents and write his memoir in perspective; we cannot let the historian think and re-think and write in objectivity, his judgments uninfluenced by the presence of flesh-and-blood characters with public reputations and private personalities that do not always match. We want "instant" history and if, say, the historian demands at very least a little breathing time, we'll lure the king's brother's butler's sister-in-law into writing an intimate view of the royal household (as viewed from the butler's pantry on alternate Thursdays).

Consider our creation of the Manchester case, which has been aptly described as one of the "monumental" controversies of literature. Minutes, literally, after and since the assassination of President Kennedy on Nov. 22, 1963, trillions of words have been published on the events preceding, during and immediately following the tragedy. Certainly there was need for an "authentic" history of this world-shaking event, one that would, of course, require the cooperation of those most deeply and personally involved. Within three months of the event, the Kennedys were deluged by requests for such cooperation; the family decided to have "a single, authorized and authentic" version; William Manchester, an established reporter and author, was chosen. And one would have thought that in five—or more—years we would have had as "authentic" a history as a man can construct within his own time; that the manuscript would be read and pondered, the perspective current events require would grow, the definitive truth would emerge.

But the public appetite must be served. Suddenly the inevitable and understandable private controversy erupted into the open—because suddenly millions of dollars were involved, the "any price" the public will pay for "instant" history. And so private and public images and idols teeter and/or topple; personal anguish is unlimited; characters are destroyed and suspicions created; questions are raised that cannot be answered to everyone's satisfaction.

One question can be answered, however, hopefully to our complete dissatisfaction with ourselves. The villains? Time to plead guilty, I suspect. **END**

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When you're having a party and you haven't invited your neighbors, it's embarrassing to borrow their ice cubes.

Neighbor, your borrowing days are over.

We have an ice cube factory for you—a refrigerator that will automatically put hundreds of ice cubes at your disposal any time of the day or night. Now, life can be one long party.

But maybe you only throw a few parties a year. It hardly seems worth it to buy a factory.

On the contrary, don't you need ice cubes for yourself and your family, for neighbors who "just" drop in, for the kids' sodas and your aunt's iced teas? Now, you can just open the freezer and take out the ice cubes.

Because these ice cubes don't stick. They come ready to use in anything from a morning tomato juice to a 5 o'clock pick-me-up to a late-at-night ice pack.

You'll never again have to fill a tray or spill a tray or pry an ice cube loose with a crowbar or melt it down to half its size getting it out with hot water.

But since everybody's needs are different, our ice cube factory comes in 10 different refrigerator models, from a little over 12 cubic feet to a little over 21 cubic feet.

One last thing.

Don't worry that your ice cube factory will attract all the neighborhood ice borrowers.

You may be the last in your neighborhood to have one. (Whirlpool has sold over a million of them already.)

Whirlpool

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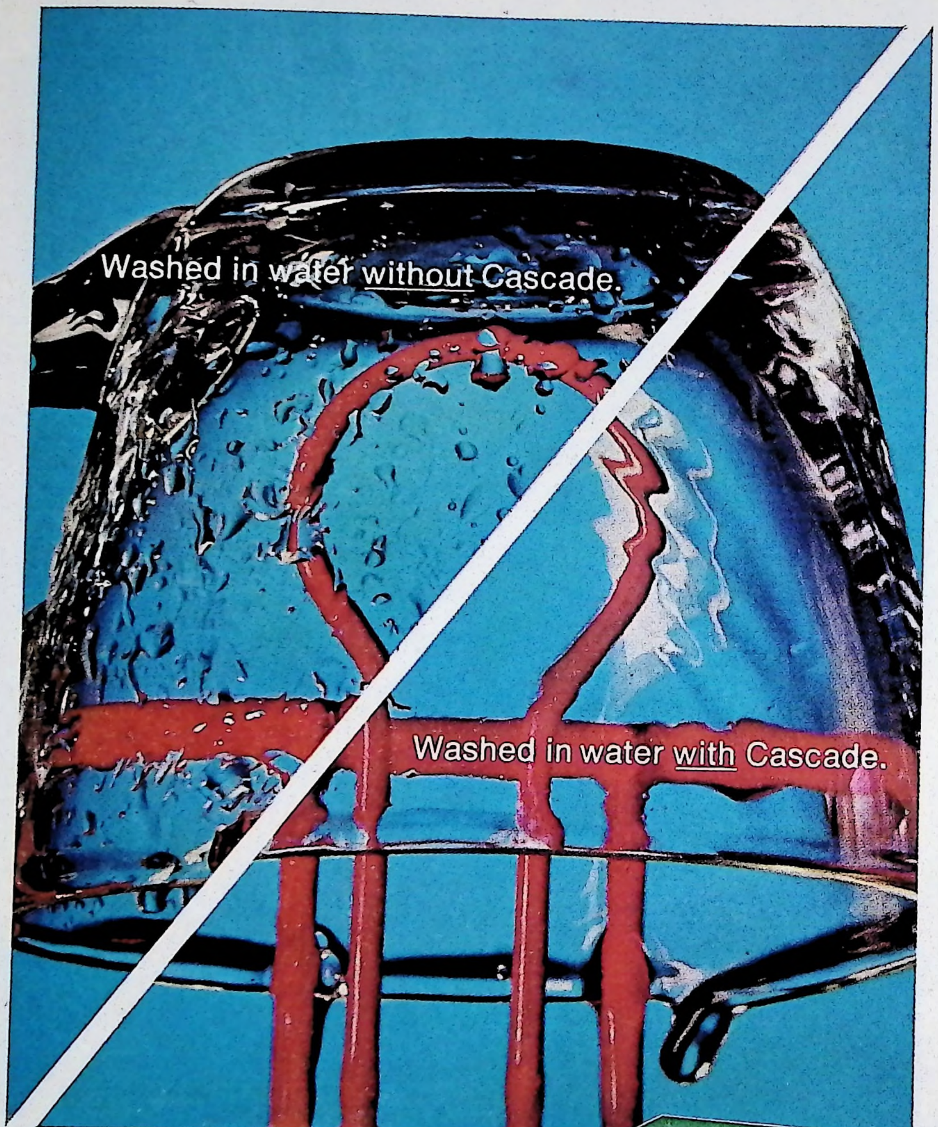
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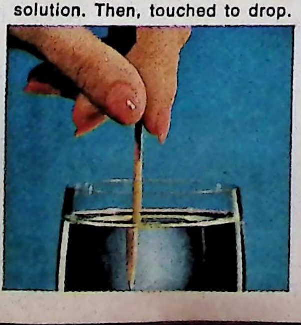
Try this toothpick test yourself to see how Cascade with Chlorosheen works:

A toothpick can't pry a water drop from a glass. Drop holds tight.

Toothpick is dipped into Cascade solution. Then, touched to drop.



Poof! Cascade with Chlorosheen makes the drop lose its grip!

Confessions of an Early Riser

By Barbara Walters, of N.B.C.'s *Today* Show

At 5 A.M. each weekday, a long, black limousine pulls up in front of a quiet residential building in midtown Manhattan. From the shadows of the canopied doorway, the lone figure of a woman emerges. Her hair is covered by a large kerchief, her eyes hidden by sunglasses. Quickly, she climbs into the car and it streaks off into the early-morning smog.

Where is she going, off by herself while the world sleeps? Is she meeting a lover? Smuggling diamond dust onto a waiting freighter? Attending a secret meeting of the Doris Day Look-alike Contest Winners?

No, she is riding to the N.B.C. Television Studios, because at that hour she's afraid to walk alone. And, furthermore, under the lights of television that so-exotic lady turns out to be just ordinary, everyday me, and I am Barbara Walters, also known as "the female regular" of the *Today* show and on view every day from 7 to 9 A.M.

Since few women have the dubious distinction of beginning their business day willy-nilly at 5 A.M., I have become a bit of a novelty. Oddly, however, not many people want to know my views on television after 12 years of work in the industry. Nary a soul asks me about my reportorial assignment in India with Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy. Nor what I think of Princess Grace, Richard Nixon or Dr. Sam Sheppard, all of whom I have interviewed during the past year. Alas, what seems to be most compelling about me is that I keep the same hours as my milkman. Three questions I am asked (rather repeatedly)—none of which is even "How are you?" They are:

1. What time do you get up in the morning?

2. What do those crazy hours do to your marriage?

3. Wouldn't you rather stay home than work?

I would like the opportunity to answer these questions one by one, and possibly for all time.

1. I arise every weekday at 4:30 A.M. I have not ever gotten used to the hours, but, on the other hand, I have never overslept. (Knock wood.) I dress in the dark, in clothes I have laid out the night before so as not to awaken my husband. (It is true love when you continue to care for a man who sleeps while you go off to work.)

Every morning before I leave the house, I wash my hair because I want it to look shiny on camera. I also put on a bit of makeup for the sake of our cameramen, who have been in the studio since 2 A.M.

Commercials are rehearsed in the studio, but features and interviews are not, so there's an hour for my hairdresser and makeup artist to transform me from a droopy-eyed, wet-haired lump to a vision of early-morning freshness. By the way, I have a few beauty secrets to pass on:

Short hair looks younger on camera and also in real life.

Mascara is more important than lipstick.

White cream under the eyes to cover shadows is more important than mascara.

Wigs are more trouble than they're worth. However, most people will think you are wearing a wig if your hair looks good every day.

Legs look prettier uncrossed and close together.

Too much smiling or smiling for no reason looks goofy.

2. What do those crazy hours do to marriage?

They make it more precious. As there are fewer hours to share, the time spent together becomes more important.

I am Mrs. Lee Guber, the wife of a theatrical producer, and I am convinced that marriage to me would be quite difficult if my husband were not extremely happy in his own work. His success allows him to enjoy sharing mine. Furthermore, there is no doubt that he is the breadwinner. We eat dinner late in the evening because Lee works late. He in turn lets me sleep until noon on weekends and doesn't fret when I can't accompany him to the theater at night.

In short, we both give to each other just a little beyond our limit, and we have made our marriage into, I think, a very special one. But it would not be everyone's cup of tea.

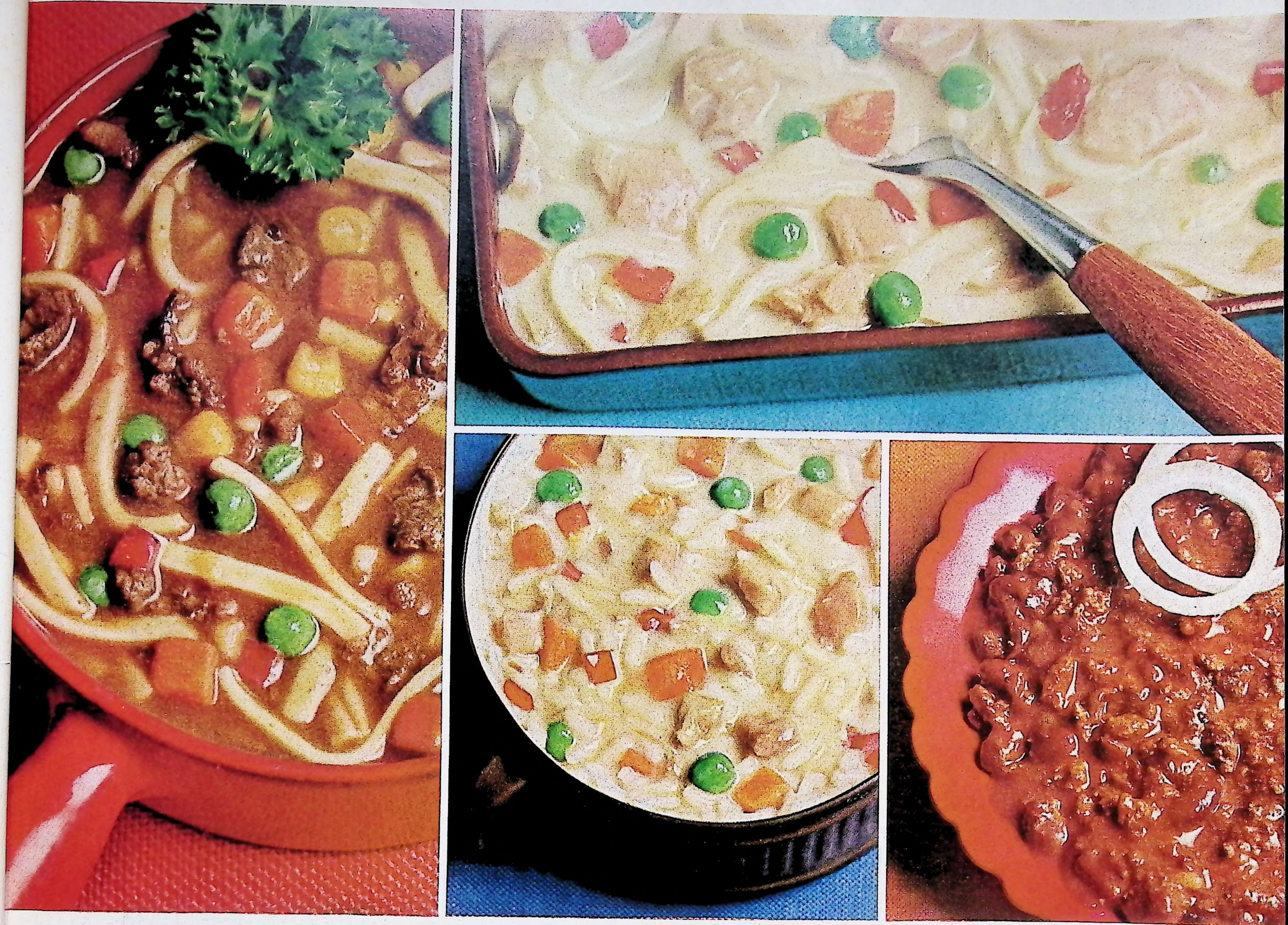
3. Would I rather stay home than work?

I think so, but then no one is twisting my arm. I love to talk on the phone, to spend time with my mother, visit with the "girls" and, most of all, to sleep late. But my job is one in a million. I never cease to be grateful for it. I used to say I would do it for nothing, but my business manager has told me I am foolhardy, if not downright stupid, to admit it.

But, look, of course there are times when the job does become too much . . . when I am so tired that I feel ill, when I long to be with family or friends without its being a special occasion. Then, too, there are days when I'm so busy reading books, editing scripts for my daily radio show, or writing special features that I seem to have more homework than in college days. But nothing wonderful happens without some sacrifice, and these are the choices I made.

Now then, isn't there anyone who wants to know what I think of Dr. Sam Sheppard? END

Dream come true for dieters...



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LH

10¢ **10¢**

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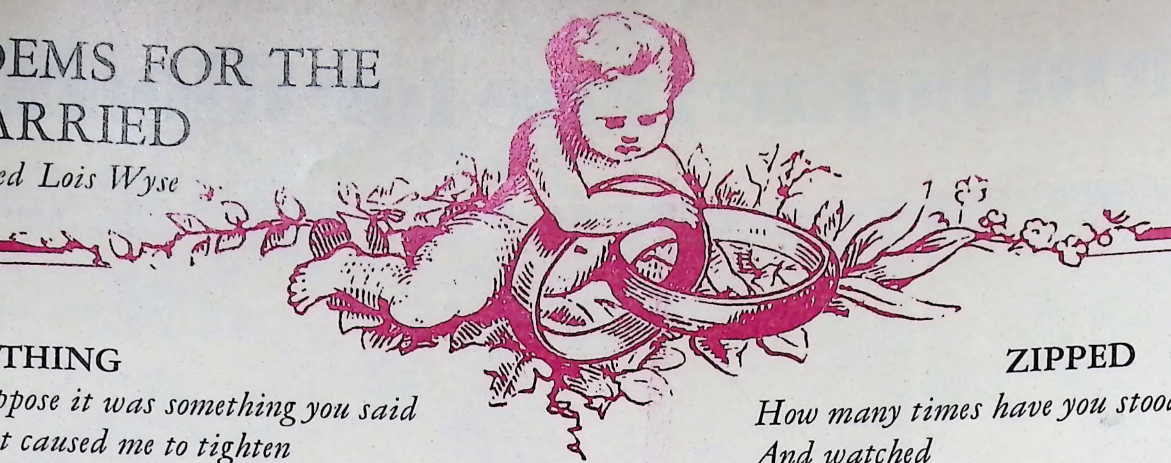
LOVE POEMS FOR THE VERY MARRIED

By the very married Lois Wyse



NOTHING

I suppose it was something you said
That caused me to tighten
And pull away.
And when you asked,
"What is it?"
I, of course, said,
"Nothing."

Whenever I say, "Nothing,"
You may be very certain there is something.
The something is a cold, hard lump of
Nothing.

SUNDAY

Sometimes
When we talk
I get the distinct feeling
You are not glad
You are you
I am me
And
We are we.

I detect a detached chill.

It used to worry me
Until I realized
That only a man
Who can be very attached
Can also be very detached.
And though at times I still detect detachment
I can weather it.
For I have come to learn that
You and I, my love,
Do not live in a temperate zone.

I JUST TALKED TO YOU ON THE TELEPHONE

There is a certain tone
That creeps into your voice
From time to time.

Not demanding
Or impatient.
Insistent is the word,
I think.

A combination of
Male assertiveness
And possessiveness.

And I like it.

ZIPPED

How many times have you stood in the doorway
And watched
While I
Zipped,
Gartered,
Fastened,
Buttoned,
Combed,
Mascaraed,
Tugged and pulled at
Me?

I do not know, my love.
I do not know how many times.
But please, my sweet, don't ever turn your head.

HALF-SQUEEZED

Somewhere in the
Half-squeezed tube of toothpaste,
In the comb of mine
You use,
In the TV shows we lie and watch . . .
Somewhere in all of this
We sink our roots.

We draw our strength
In such strange ways.
We build our life
On toothpaste, combs, and
Television shows with highly predictable endings.

A COZY HEART

Once I thought that love was
Tempestuous,
Tumultuous,
"Kiss me quick."

I was wrong

Love is usually a very comfortable way of life,
A cozy heart,
Kisses on the cheek,
"Wear your rubbers and blow your nose."

What keeps a love so cozy?
The fact that every so often love is
Tempestuous,
Tumultuous . . .
"Kiss me quick."

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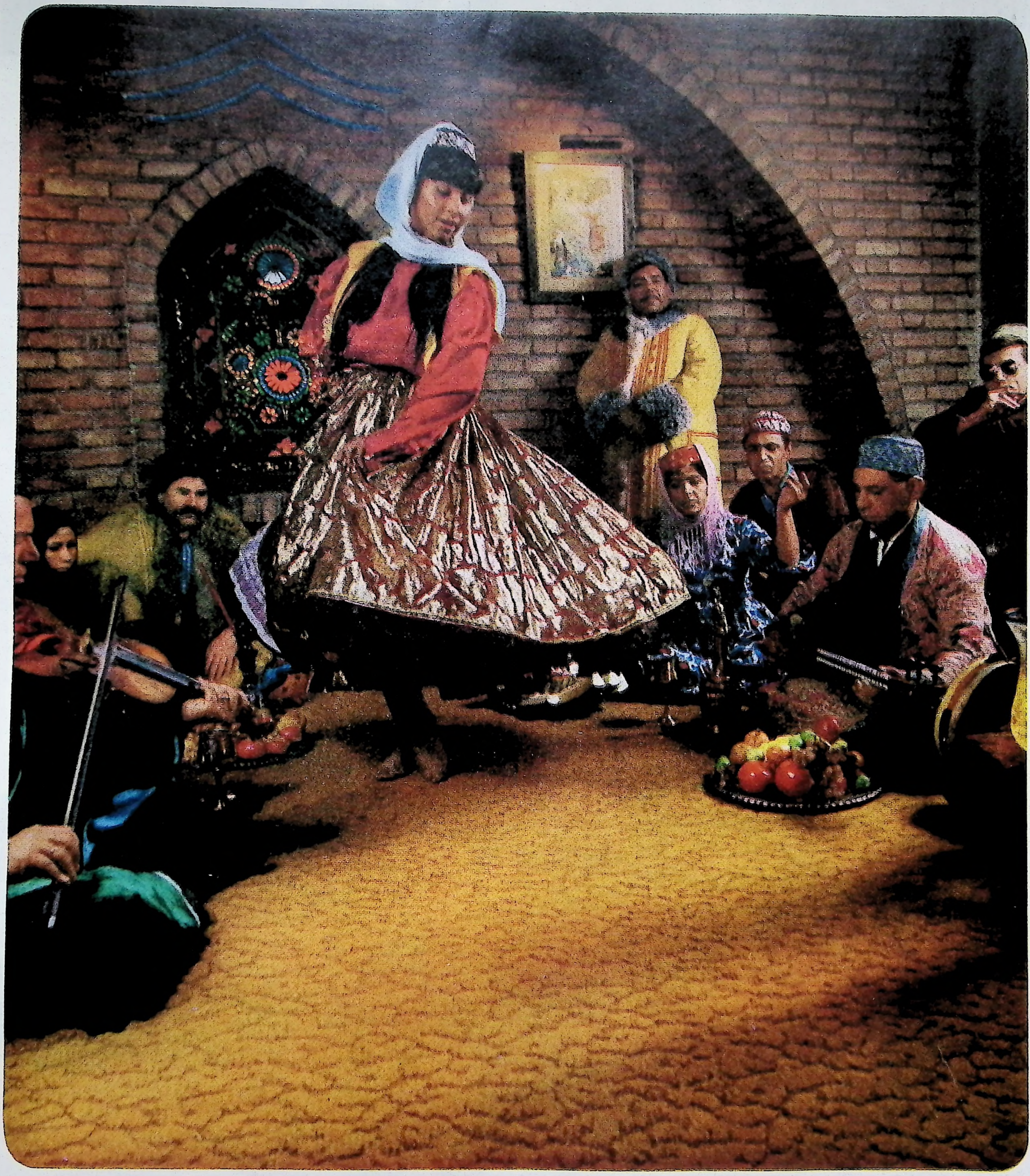
Polycrest®. The carpet fiber tested in Persia.



Magee's "Color Flair" carpet pile is 100% Polycrest olefin fiber.

"Dancing on this carpet is like dancing on a cloud," said Sonia.

The Persians have been making fine carpets for 3,000 years, but when they saw Polycrest olefin, they were impressed.

Sonia had never seen a carpet with such deep, springy pile. "I could have danced all night," she said.

The Persians were quite surprised to learn that this soft, luxurious carpet was made with the most stain- and wear-resistant carpet fiber in the world.

"I have seen America's miraculous fibers before," said one rug merchant, "but nothing so lovely as this."

Nobody knows more about fine carpets than the Persians.

They were impressed.

You will be, too.

Magee's "Color Flair" photographed at the Colbeh in Teheran.

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Scotties
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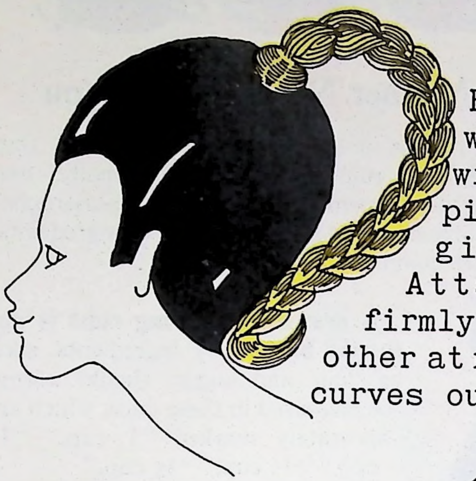
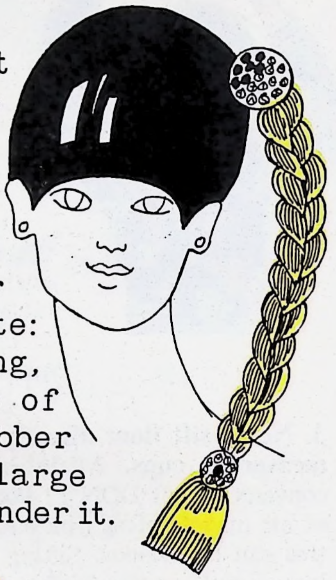
Yello

PROJECT: YOU

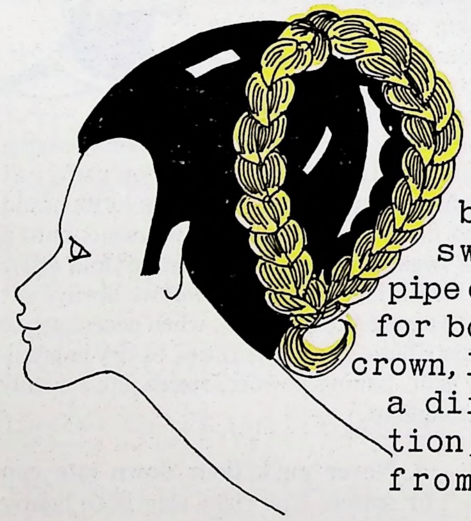
Braided switches—10 to 24 inches long, real synthetic—are versatile, fun to work with. Here, four looks to switch on.



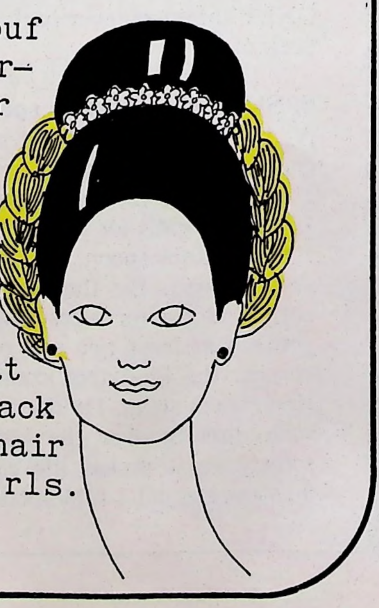
Braid switch with a piece of wire or bright pipe cleaners to give it body. Attach one end firmly at crown, the other at nape, so braid curves out from head.



Attach a braid firmly at crown, bring to one side and clip with a pretty jeweled pin or bow. Toss braid over one shoulder and finish it off with a smaller matching pin or bow. Note: If your own hair is long, pull it all up to top of crown, fasten with rubber band and twist into a large pin curl. Attach braid under it.



For a loop-de-loop effect: braid several switches with pipe cleaners or wire for body. Attach at crown, looping each in a different direction, out and away from head. Join, attach at nape.



First comb hair into a pouf at crown (or use a hairpiece; comb your own hair over it). Center 2 braids directly in front of pouf and attach small flowers with eyelash glue. Loop ends of braid behind ears to back of head, bend up to meet at crown. Fasten. Finish back with loopy curls—if hair is short, add fake curls.

Illustrations by Richard Giglio

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COOKING WITH Kellogg's

Oven Crusty Fish

Crisp with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs
. . . bright with Tabasco® pepper sauce

- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon water
- ¾ teaspoon Tabasco brand pepper sauce
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ pounds fish fillets, fresh or thawed frozen (flounder, cod, haddock, etc.)
- 1 cup Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or vegetable oil
- lemon wedges
- finely chopped parsley

1. Combine egg, water, Tabasco and salt; beat until blended.

2. Drain fish fillets, if necessary; then dip in egg mixture. Coat generously with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs. Place on foil-lined baking sheet. Drizzle with melted butter.

3. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 to 30 minutes, or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Serve with cut lemon wedges dipped in finely chopped parsley.

Yield: 6 servings

© 1967 by Kellogg Company

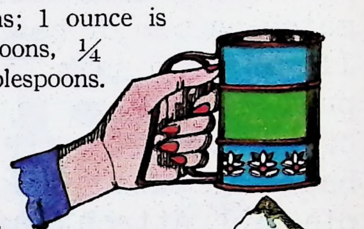
Common Measuring Mistakes

Things Your Mother Never Taught You

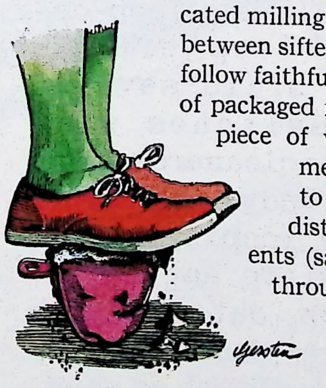
Usually our *Journal* recipes are so easy, so fail-proof, that even the most reckless can't ruin them. But occasionally—and especially in the baking department—readers report catastrophe! Most of the time the problem is muddled measuring of ingredients. Here are some of the most common danger spots:

1. A nest of measuring cups is not for the birds. Dry ingredients, such as flour and sugar, should *always* be measured in these cups, which are accurately marked "1 cup," "½ cup," "⅓ cup," "¼ cup."

2. Cockeyed measuring of liquid ingredients can be disastrous. Always measure *at eye level* (not overhead or on the table) in a glass measuring cup—the type with room at the top. For small amounts you may prefer to use a tablespoon. Worth memorizing: an 8-oz. measuring cup equals 16 tablespoons; 1 ounce is 2 tablespoons, ¼ cup is 4 tablespoons.

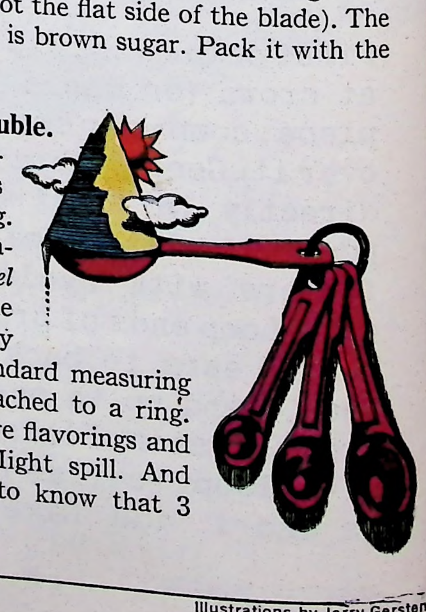


3. Never sift flour directly into measuring cups. Might sound convenient, but DON'T! Pockets of air may form as you sift, and this can be ruinous. Sifting is not to "get the lumps out" or "make flour finer and fluffier," as some people think. Might have been true years ago or abroad. But not any more with our sophisticated milling. Now there's a wild controversy raging between sifters and non-sifters. If you don't sift, just follow faithfully the directions of your favorite brand of packaged flour. If you do sift, always sift onto a piece of waxed paper or aluminum foil *before* measuring. At the *Journal* we always sift to aerate the flour and, when necessary, to distribute small quantities of dry ingredients (salt, baking powder, spices, etc.) evenly throughout.



4. Never pack flour down into cup or spoon. The right way is to lightly spoon or scoop into the cup. Level off the top with the edge of a straight-edged knife or spatula (not the flat side of the blade). The ONLY thing you ever pack down is brown sugar. Pack it with the back of a spoon.

5. Sky-high spoonfuls spell trouble. A too-heaping spoonful, especially of salt or baking powder, is guaranteed to mess up everything. If a recipe calls for a heaping teaspoon or tablespoon, use *two level* ones instead. By the way, table cutlery is not for measuring. Buy yourself at least two sets of standard measuring spoons. the kind that come attached to a ring. Keep them clean. Do not measure flavorings and such directly over the bowl. Might spill. And sometimes it makes life easier to know that 3 teaspoons equal 1 tablespoon.



Illustrations by Jerry Gersten

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Chiffon is more than just a soft margarine. Much more.

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For the man whose wife doesn't have a maid:

The ugliest household chore is cleaning the oven. One product makes it almost easy. Jifoam. Tell her about it. Better yet, get her some. Better still, offer to clean the oven yourself. You don't even have to dirty your hands. Jifoam sprays on, uses the oven's own heat to dissolve burned-on dirt and grease. Five minutes later, wipe with a damp cloth or paper toweling and the oven will come clean. Once she discovers how great it is she'll be stuck on Jifoam for good. Stuck on you, too.

Ask your wife if she'd like a 15¢ coupon toward her next purchase of Jifoam and a booklet on how to use aerosol products correctly. She can just send her name and address to Shelco, Dept. L, Wellesley Hills, Mass. 02181.

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Jifoam Spray Oven Cleaner

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Don't Let Probate Take Your Money Away

By Norman Dacey,
Author of
"How to Avoid Probate"

The letter on my desk is from a widow—a lonely, bewildered woman unable to cope with a system likely to deprive her of a substantial part of the financial security that she and her late husband had scrimped to accumulate.

If the writer had not given her name and address, it would have been impossible to identify her, because the letter could have been written by any one of several million widows in America. I have heard from thousands of them as a result of my book, *How to Avoid Probate*. During the past nine months, more than 600,000 copies have been sold. I was gratified, but also surprised. Why should a book with such a dreary title enjoy such an enormous sale? The answer must be that it touched a nerve. Everywhere in this country there must exist resentment against the scandal that widows and children pay ransom to obtain what is rightfully theirs when husbands and fathers are gone. If you want to avoid paying the same ransom, you'd better do something about it now.

Let me tell you why and how.

Nearly everywhere in America a special court deals with the administration of estates. Its most common name is "probate" court, though it is sometimes called "orphans," "chancery" or surrogate court.

When your husband dies, you will probably be the one to take his will into court and ask that it be accepted for probate. The probate judge will examine it to determine that it was drawn with due regard for the legal requirements. Satisfied, he will direct the "executor" named by your husband to proceed with the distribution of the estate.

If your husband has died intestate—that is, having left no will—the state will write his will for him, and the judge will appoint an "administrator" to do what the executor would have done had your husband left a will. In other words, in the case of a person who dies having made no will, the estate is distributed in accordance with the laws of the state in which he lived. In this event, it is quite possible that the distribution of your husband's estate might not be exactly what you and he had intended. For example, in some states a childless widow automatically gets the first $5,000 of her intestate husband's estate—and splits the rest equally with his parents.

Remember, though, that under the present system it is almost certain that your husband's estate will need to be probated whether he leaves a will or not. The will is just a scrap of paper until it is carried into the probate court and accepted.

What will probate mean to *you?*

It can mean that your husband's estate will be subjected to large fees for the lawyer, executor or administrator, appraisers and probate court.

It can mean that the estate will be tied up for an average of two to five years—and during that time, if you're lucky, you may be able to draw a small "widow's allowance."

Finally, if your husband was at all known in the community, chances are the local paper will tell all your business—what he left, who's going to get it, etc.

The costs of probate are high, principally because in most areas everyone, or nearly everyone, connected with the probate process works on commission—that is, their compensation is a percentage of the total estate. In most states the *minimum* fee is prescribed by law, but not the *maximum*. In most areas, the actual lawyer's fee for probating an estate is set not by

(*continued on page 72*)

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your wash sparkles
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Color Highlight Shampoo
by Max Factor

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statute but by a private organization—the local, county or state bar association. On small estates of $10,000–$20,000, the fees can run up to 20 percent of the total estate. On estates of, say, $100,000, the costs run to 10 percent. On larger estates, they will be a smaller percentage.

In this country we have a graduated system of taxes on incomes and estates. The larger the income or estate, the higher the percentage of tax levied against it. In probate, we have a graduated tax, too. It is graduated the other way, though: the burden falls heaviest on those who can least afford it.

If a man dies leaving $10 million, and loses one million of it in probate, his family has enough to get along on. But the bite is still felt.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's estate was $1,940,000. The probate costs ran to 11 percent—over $200,000.

Gertrude Strong Achilles, whose family helped finance the Eastman Kodak Company, died in Morgan Hill, Calif., leaving $11 million. The probate system siphoned off 11 percent of her estate, too.

Robert Sterling Clark died in New York leaving $84 million. The administration expenses were $856,747, the executor's fee was $2,965,683, and the lawyer got $1 million!

The highest-paid judges in America are the probate judges, particularly where they receive a percentage of the estate. In some states probate judges earn more than the governor.

Among lawyers, probate practice is regarded as simple and lucrative. Western Reserve University, in a study among a large number of lawyers specializing in that field, noted that most agreed the work was largely a matter of making out the right forms. Many acknowledged that their office clerks did most of that. *The New York Times* quoted a prominent probate attorney as saying that, while legal fees for drawing wills are small, "the real money is in handling the estate after the death of the principal." Not long ago, Senator Robert Kennedy observed that "the probate court is shot through with scandal, scandal which has been documented over the years," and cited the case of an attorney who received a fee of $1,000 from a $1,400 estate.

In most areas appraisers are appointed by the probate court to appraise the value of estates, and this is a favorite source of political patronage. Appraiserships are also used to take care of relatives and friends. In Cincinnati the probate judge recently appointed his brother-in-law as an appraiser of numerous estates. His fee on one was $36,000. One son-in-law got a fee of $6,584, another drew down $1,700. The judge's golf partner, an attorney, collected $3,400. Another friend collected $7,000 on one appraisership, $36,000 on another. The wives of three probate court employees turned up as the appraisers whom the judge appointed on still another estate.

Some states have official state appraisers. In California this political plum pays up to $60,000 per year, and the appraisers are not even professionals. If the estate includes antiques or other items that are not routine, the official appraisers call in professionals to do the job—and their services are paid for by the estate in addition to those of the political appraisers.

Court-appointed administrators are another source of woe to heirs. These are generally local lawyers or politicians appointed under the patronage system.

In a Chicago probate case that recently came to my attention, the deceased was a man who died, as he had lived: quietly. In his furnished room he left behind a few worn clothes and six books. He also left $12,000 in a savings-bank account. There was no will, and his sole legal heir was a niece in New York. The probate judge appointed a local lawyer as administrator. He immediately hired a second lawyer to advise him. A few weeks later, he hired a third lawyer to help with legal problems. They sold the six books for $1.79, but first they paid one of their friends $27 to "appraise" them. The niece in New York wrote 11 letters to the administrator. None was answered. Finally, this undisputed heir went to a lawyer in New York and asked what she should do to collect the estate. He wrote to still another lawyer in Chicago and asked him to write to the administrator. Finally five lawyers were involved, and they collected 15 percent of the estate in fees. Yet they could not even pay the Illinois state taxes on time, so the estate (that is, the heir) was charged an extra $350 in penalty and interest.

In Chicago one weekend to debate the probate system with legal specialists, I described this case on two radio and two television programs. On Wednesday, the niece in New York received a check for what was left of the estate—*5½ years after her uncle had died!*

The appointment of "special guardians" can be another shocking aspect of the probate system. A Westchester County man described to me how his two children had each received a $1,000 bequest in the will of their maternal grandmother. The probate judge refused to allow the executor to pay the money to the parents. Instead, he named two local lawyers as "special guardians" of the children. The executor delivered a check for $1,000 to each of the lawyers. Each deducted a $250 fee and handed the $750 balance to the parents. Neither performed any service whatever.

In Manhattan, there are two probate judges. Recently, one named the 30-year-old lawyer son of the other as special guardian for 35 infants who were beneficiaries of a multimillion-dollar trust. When newspapermen suggested that the appointment might be subject to criticism and asked him why he'd made it, he reported he'd done it as a wedding present for the young man.

Not long ago the newspapers told of the plight of a woman in Utah who had applied to the county welfare board for aid because she was down to her last 35 cents. Five years ago, her father died and left her $546,000. She hadn't been able to lay her hands on a penny of it, and it looked as if it might be another five years before anything was available.

Within the legal profession the abuses of probate are being increasingly recognized. Professor William J. Pierce, of the University of Michigan Law School, says: "Sooner or later some of your own family's money will be involved. It's time we found out just what part of the billions going through those courts sticks to the fingers of politicians and court appointees. Then we must find a way to put an end to this legal extortion."

As a professional estate planner, I became aware some years ago of the injustices of the system and of the existence of a simple legal device that would avoid them. The device is called the *inter vivos* or "living" trust.

Many persons are familiar with the "testamentary" trust, which can be created through a will. A man directs, for example, that after his death his estate is to be delivered to the XYZ Trust Company, which is to pay his widow an income as long as she lives and then distribute the estate among his children. The only trouble with this arrangement is that it doesn't begin to function until the will has cleared probate.

The *inter vivos* or "living" trust comes into being while the individual is still alive. He can serve as his own trustee, with the beneficiary named as successor trustee, or he can name a bank as trustee. The arrangement is completely outside the jurisdiction of the probate court. Some years ago, I began telling people about it.

Two years ago, the Grievance Committee of the Fairfield County (Conn.) Bar Association went into Superior Court and obtained an injunction requiring me to stop telling people how to avoid probate. I felt that this was an abridgment of my constitutional right of free speech and of the public's right to know. I decided that if I couldn't *tell* people how to avoid probate, I could write a book that they could read and thus learn about it.

Quite naturally, the book has the bar up in arms. For one thing, many lawyers don't understand exactly what an *inter vivos* trust is or how it works. More will learn, however. The American Bar Association is distributing a training film, narrated by A. James Casner, dean of the Harvard Law School, to local bar associations to educate members on the advantages and mechanics of the trust.

The reaction of banks to the book has been mixed. The *inter vivos* trust forms, which it supplies, provide for the beneficiary to serve as successor trustee. This arrangement doesn't require a will or an executor—and banks that provide such services are miffed.

So be it.

My purpose here has been to make you aware of the dangers to you and your security that may lie ahead.

If you are married, leave no stone unturned to persuade your husband to explore immediately the steps he should take to insure that you will not become the probate system's victim. Let no one persuade you that the *inter vivos* trust isn't "legal" in your state. It's legal everywhere. Don't let anyone claim that it isn't "suitable" for you. There are several forms of living trust, and one of them—unless you own absolutely nothing—can be suitable. Search until you find an attorney who will draw one for you, and be wary of opinions from any person who might lose an executor's fee if you have a living trust.

If you're a widow, it's too late for you to do anything about your husband's estate—but you can make sure that it doesn't happen all over again to your own estate.

Finally, if you are a single woman, let me warn you that my own experience with the probate system suggests that the estates of single persons are specially victimized, both while they are here and after they are gone.

Married, widowed or single, then, you'd better beware.

Have I frightened you? I hope that I have. It's a frightening subject. But you can do something about it. END

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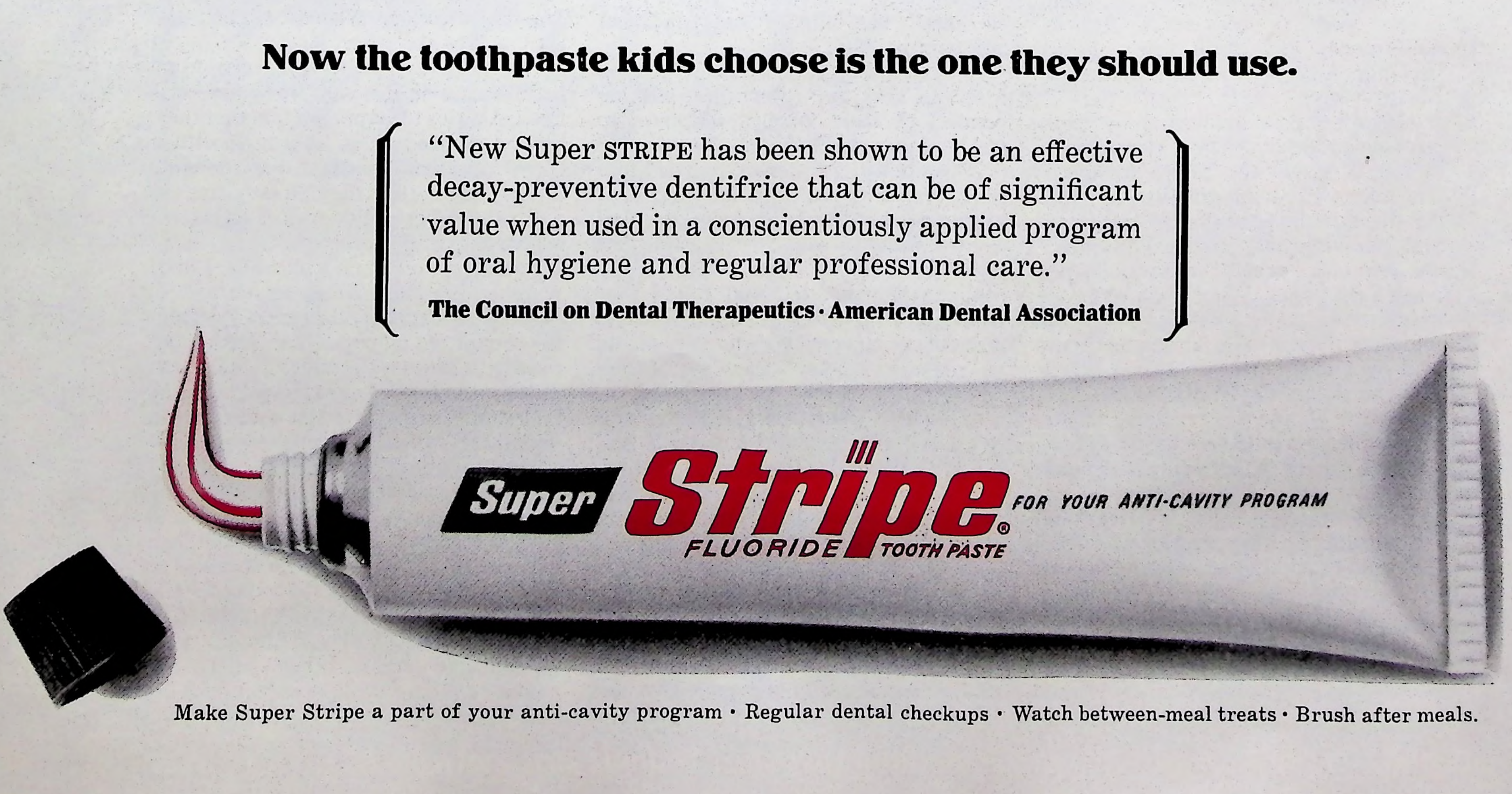
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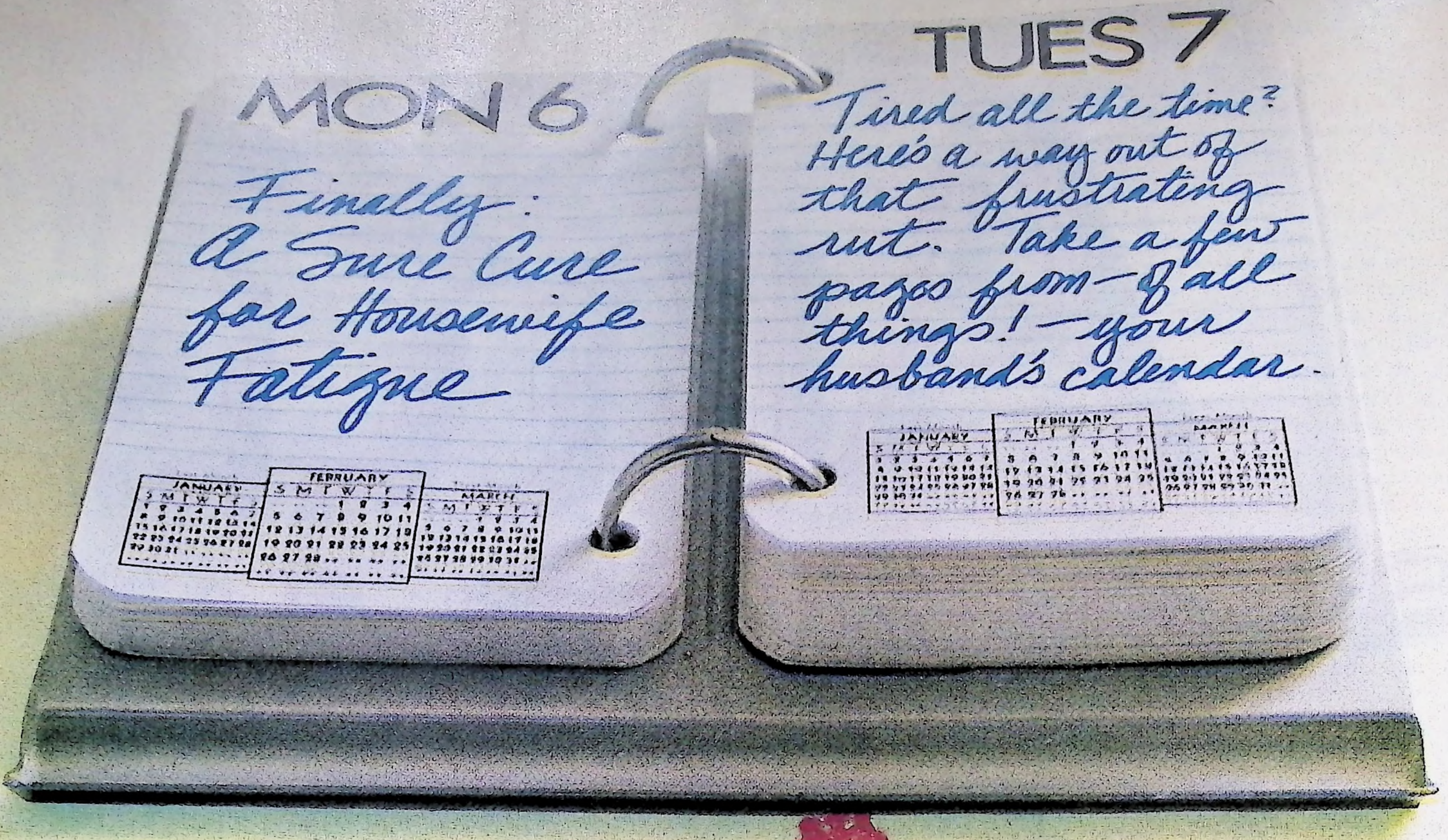


Finally: A Sure Cure for Housewife Fatigue

Tired all the time? Here's a way out of that frustrating rut. Take a few pages from—of all things!—your husband's calendar.

By Walter E. O'Donnell, M.D.

The young housewife sat hunched in a chair in my office. Her head was supported by her hand—almost as if it wouldn't stay upright by itself. Her voice was small, low and monotonous. She was 30 years old, looked 45, and acted like 65.

"Oh, Doctor," she said, "I don't know what's the matter with me." A deep, deep sigh, then: "I'm so tired."

The diagnosis was obvious from her face, the dispirited way in which she heaved herself into the chair in my office, the tone of her voice. She would, of course, have a complete physical examination and a few laboratory tests, but there was little doubt about her major problem.

She was suffering from psychogenic fatigue, sometimes called nervous exhaustion, or "the tired housewife syndrome."

Why? Why does the American housewife feel so tired—sitting at her kitchen table at mid-morning, toying with her cup of coffee, surrounded by her push-button world of labor-saving devices, with money and credit cards in her pocketbook, and her own car parked in the driveway?

"I don't understand," says one vigorous woman in her thirties. "I can be up at four A.M., get the family organized, and take a two-hour drive to ski country. We drive home at the end of the day, and I'm still going strong. I'll admit," she says with a grin, "I'm pretty pooped when I get to bed. But I wake up in the morning feeling marvelous—until the middle of the morning. After a few hours of doing things that aren't one-tenth as tiring as skiing, I'm exhausted."

Another housewife explains, "You know when I really feel good? During spring cleaning! I can really let myself go then. I have a woman come in and help me for a few days. We clean and scrub, rearrange furniture, change curtains and generally tear the house apart. When we're done," she says blissfully, "you'd hardly know the house!"

As these two women point out, fatigue under certain circumstances can be a pleasant experience and, after a good night's sleep, can have a renewing, invigorating effect.

But most of the tired women who pass through my office seldom notice the discrepancy between the fatigue from their ordinary day's work and the totally different fatigue that follows doing something they really enjoy.

As if this pervasive fatigue were not bad enough, our tired housewife is distressed by other considerations. First, she feels isolated and peculiar. It is hard for her to believe that anybody else could have anything like this. "You mean other women feel as bad as I do?" she asks incredulously. Secondly, the housewife's fatigue may be accompanied by other symptoms. She may suffer from headaches, dizziness, indigestion, backache, or bowel disorders. Thirdly, the tired housewife is usually in a state of great anxiety, almost panic.

"You can't tell me there isn't something wrong with me," she exclaims defiantly. "Nobody could feel as bad as I do and not have something serious the matter." The emphasis is on the word "serious." The implied but unspoken adjective is "fatal."

Are you one of these women, dragging from one gray day to another, pushing yourself by sheer force of willpower to do the things you know you have to do?

If you're a tired woman, married to a tired man, and you're in the process of raising tired children, you may not find what I have to say very helpful. But psychogenic or emotional fatigue is less common among men. And I find that pointing this out to women, and analyzing some of the reasons why this should be true, may help pull them out of their doldrums.

Often this discrepancy between how wives feel and act, and how their husbands feel and act is one of the things that bring women to the doctor. Indeed it is one of their major laments: "Why can't I feel the way my husband does? I'm beginning to get him down. I'm no fun anymore, he says. Never want to go anywhere or do anything."

I don't mean to imply that fatigue isn't a problem with men. Some of the tiredest specimens of humanity I've ever seen were men. But it is a less frequent problem. Let's consider why this is true.

Men live under the pressure of an inflexible schedule. From the time they get behind the wheel of their car, catch the 8:05, or join their car pool they are on this timetable. They have to be at work at a certain time. There are appointments, conferences, phone calls and interviews, all on a busy schedule.

Aside from the first frantic hour or two of their day that is devoted to getting their husbands and children off to work and school, most women have no genuine schedule, no framework in which to accomplish their considerable work load. A generation or two ago tradition decreed one day for washing, one for ironing, another for cleaning, a fourth for baking, and so on. Nowadays, most women's days are marked by a kind of aimless improvisation. Impulse and inclination replace scheduling. A man may think he would like to work this way, too. But he is bound by the routines and schedules of others. A woman is a free agent. She knows that she can postpone Tuesday's work to Wednesday, and nobody will be the wiser.

The tired housewife *can* learn from her husband on this one. But when confronted with a recommendation that they live on a schedule, most women either throw up their hands at the thought, or they insist that they already live on a schedule. Very seldom does either reaction reflect the facts.

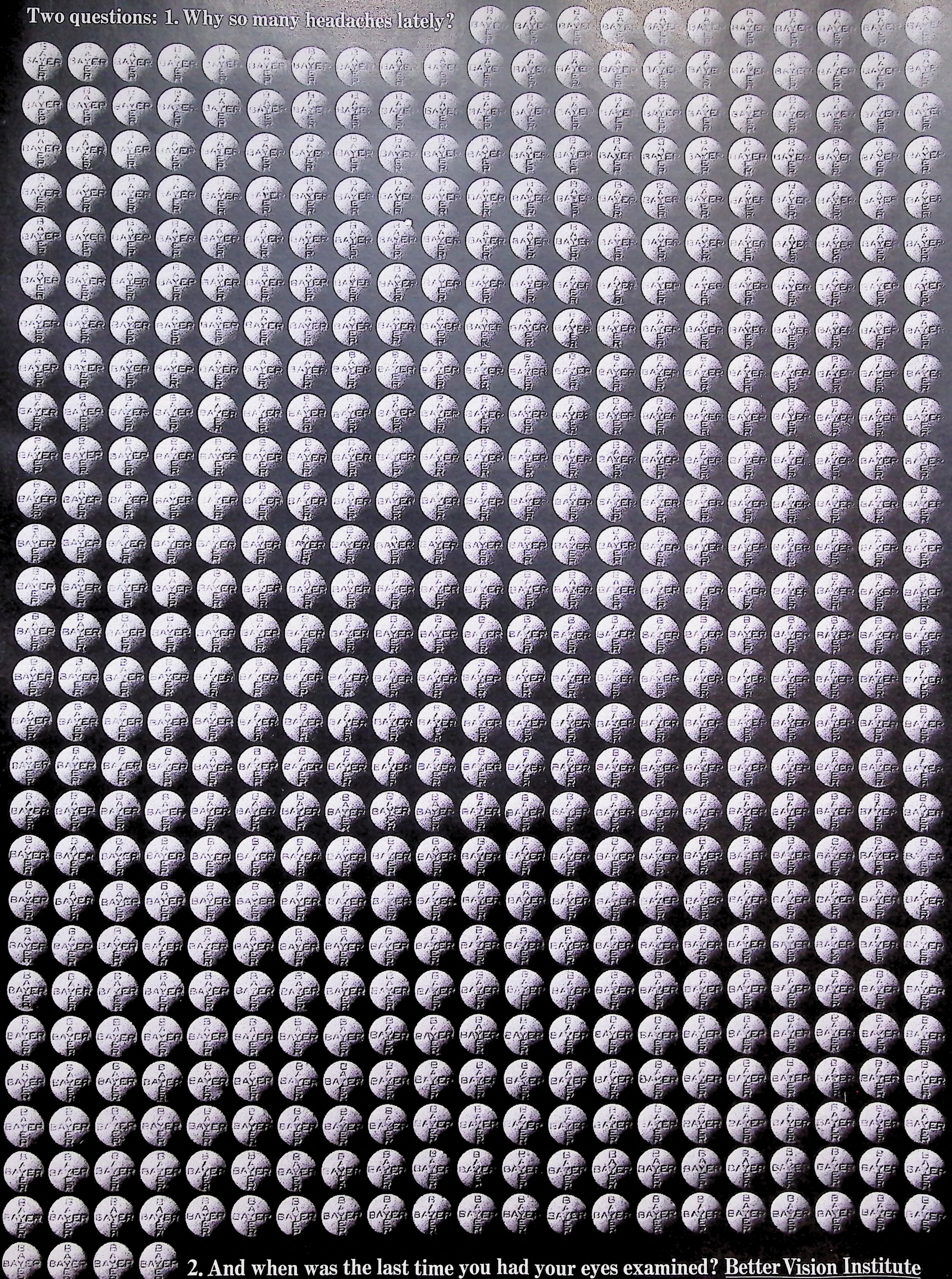
Putting a woman on a schedule, I find, is something like putting her on a diet. One of the real keys to success is getting her committed on paper. Yet, getting her to write it down is the one thing she most resists. "I'd feel silly having to check the bulletin board every time I wanted to do something," protests one housewife.

I will only say that the most defeating, depressing and fatiguing time of the day for the woman who has no schedule is that moment when she sits in her kitchen over her second cup of coffee and says to herself, "What shall I do today?" The possibilities are literally endless. The day yawns before her. Without a plan or schedule she is licked before she starts.

(*continued on page 76*)

Photograph by Irving Elkin

Two questions: 1. Why so many headaches lately?



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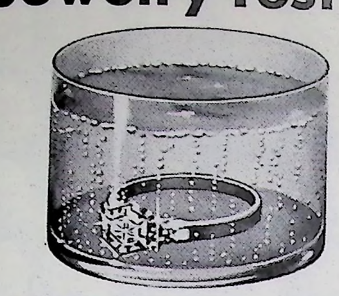
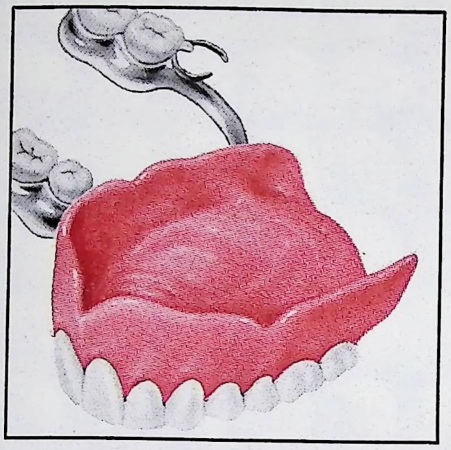


Shows How To Clean Dentures



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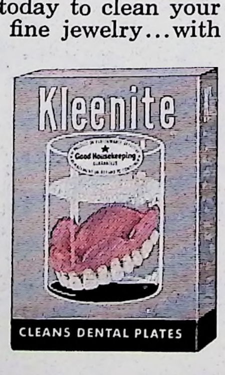
Dentists have discovered that just soaking your dentures in KLEENITE beats even the hardest brushing with any ordinary dentifrice. So start today to clean your costly dentures like fine jewelry...with KLEENITE. Now at all drug counters.



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Actually, there should be several schedules. A plan for weekdays, another for Saturday and Sunday, a plan of the week, and one for the month.

The basic plan of the day for weekdays must make room for basic things: getting the children up and off to school; planning, preparing and serving meals and cleaning up afterward; checking children's homework or just plain spending some time with them; a period devoted to talking the day over with your husband; and, of course, a slot of time for you to have to yourself.

The plan for Saturdays and Sundays is a highly personal thing, peculiar to each family. For the housewife there are the usual "musts" on this schedule, but it is different because the children and husband are home.

A plan of the week could designate times for shopping, laundry, Scout meetings, piano lessons, and so on.

I well remember the reaction of one young housewife to whom I suggested a schedule. For one thing, it made her drop her mask of lethargy. She shot me a you've-got-to-be-kidding look and animatedly began to list reasons why the idea would never work. Nobody ever agreed more reluctantly to give something a try than she did.

Two weeks later she came in displaying some enthusiasm for the scheme. "We have it posted in the kitchen," she said, "and now my husband and the kids keep an eye on it, and give me a hard time if I try to do anything out of order," she said with a laugh.

The important thing about a schedule is that the housewife has to walk a fine line between living on a schedule and becoming a prisoner of it. It is supposed to solve problems, not create them. It must be flexible and reflect your needs.

Men have bosses, deadlines and quotas. Most men have somebody to whom they are accountable for what kind of job they do. A better source of stimulation, motivation and momentum has never been devised. A woman, aside from obvious standards such as satisfactory meals, house in halfway decent condition and children more or less in hand, has no specific criteria to go by. Even more important, there is no one to apply them. She is accountable only to herself. Most women I know set impossibly high standards, and never succeed in living up to them. And woe betide the husband who takes it upon himself to act as enforcer and evaluator.

A housewife can simulate the technique of the business world. She can be her own boss, set her own deadlines, assign her own quotas, and expect many of the same benefits. It takes a bit of doing, but it is worth the effort.

It boils down to two procedures: first, live on a schedule, and then, assign a set of realistic priorities to the tasks that really have to be done.

You must face the fact that you can set up an almost unlimited number of tasks, yet there is only a limited time for performing them. Obviously, decisions have to be made on what comes first, what comes next, and what gets done only if and when there is time.

Few women assign realistic priorities. They treat their day like a gigantic grab bag; they reach in blindly and pull out a job at random. They work furiously at this until they just can't spare any more time on it. Then they leave it, perhaps half-done, and move on to something else. At the day's end they find themselves with some jobs done, some half-done, and some poorly done or not done at all. These are then carried over as a source of guilt and frustration.

Obviously, cleaning the kitchen cabinets, taking the children to see grandmother, turning the mattresses, doing the laundry, putting photographs in the family album, pruning the rose bushes, organizing a cake sale for the church, cannot all enjoy the same priority (although, of course, mixing in a few unessential but pleasant tasks in the day's assignments spices things up and should not be overlooked).

"You know," said one patient, "I'm much more realistic now. I concentrate on what I really think I can and should do in the amount of time I have available—and I do my best to forget the rest. If one item keeps popping up on my list and never seems to get done, I take a good hard look at it. Then I either do that job or cross it off my list so it won't nag at me anymore."

Men have to start off their day clean and properly dressed. Public opinion demands that when a man goes out to face the world he look the part for his job, whatever it is.

One young housewife told me how she took a tip from her husband: "One morning I was saying good-bye to Bill at the door and I was thinking how nice he looked in the shirt I'd ironed. Then I looked at myself, still in my nightgown, slippers and old housecoat. What a pair we made! I made up my mind I was going to start my day looking as presentable as he. I have ever since, and it's done wonders for my morale."

The lesson is obvious. Take a tip from this housewife who took a tip from her husband.

Men live in at least two worlds. Usually they have 16 hours daily and two days weekly away from their jobs. They are in contact with the outside world as well as with home and family. The two worlds make for a nice balance. One is a refuge from the other. The change of scenery, characters and script can be like a tonic. When the going gets rough at work, there is always an end point when he will head home to his other world. Next morning, if everything is going wrong, the kids are impossible, and his wife is threatening to go home to mother, the man can in good conscience flee this scene of anarchy because "somebody's got to go out and bring home the money to support all of this." He knows from experience that, when he returns, order will somehow have been brought out of chaos, and harmony restored.

The lesson to be learned is so obvious that I am sometimes reluctant to point it out to patients. Furthermore, it arouses hostility in some women. "Here I am without an extra minute," they say, "and you're suggesting that I get out more and develop outside interests! If I were to do that, I'd fall so far behind I'd never catch up!"

I remember once getting exasperated with a young mother I will call Betty. Week after week she complained how tired she felt and how her work was never done. She was a woman with average responsibilities and problems, but she was super-conscientious and never accomplished everything the way she thought it should be done. Worse, she was a victim of an "indispensable-woman complex"—nobody could do it right but herself.

I finally gave her a choice: "Betty, either you get out of that house for at least half a day a week or I am going to send you to a psychiatrist who, after taking a year to get to know you as well as I do, will undoubtedly recommend the same thing. Take a course in modern art or interior decorating. I know it will cost you a few dollars in tuition, transportation, and baby-sitting fees—but you'll find it a bargain compared to a psychiatrist."

Betty took my advice, and then, though she was still occasionally tired, her friends found that her conversation was a lot more interesting than it had been when she had only two topics—home and family.

Men can—or at least think they can—change jobs if they want to. Such an option may in reality be a complete fantasy. The man in question may be middle-aged, possessed of modest talent, with nothing to offer but 20 years' experience checking invoices. He's really stuck where he is until that farewell party when he gets the gold watch. But that doesn't stop him from conjuring up grandiose moments of self-assertion and decision: "One of these days I'm going to chuck this job and start out on my own," he says.

This is just so much ventilating. But it is theoretically within the realm of possibility. It serves a useful purpose by providing an outlet for anger, frustration and resentment. But women can indulge in no such fantasy. They are frozen in their jobs for the duration, and they know it. They may recall Harry Truman's famous dictum, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen," but they know this alternative is not available to them.

Well, if women can't get out of the kitchen, they can be happier if they stop fighting it. As the famous psychologist, William James, once noted: "To give up pretensions is as blessed a relief as to get them gratified."

A doctor plays many roles in dealing with his patients. One of the ones that he least enjoys is being a philosopher about other people's troubles. I remember one sad-eyed young housewife who found herself climbing wearily uphill through life. I pointed out that most of her worries were simple problems of everyday living, which we all have. "That's life," as the old cliché has it, and no amount of complaining or wishful thinking is likely to change it.

A few weeks later she came back to see me. "After our little talk I went home and sat down and talked to myself—inside, you know," she said. "Finally I said to myself, 'This is the way it's going to be and you might as well make the best of it, stop feeling sorry for yourself, and count your blessings.' That's all there was to it. I sort of knew that was my trouble all along, but I guess I never really faced up to it."

A man's problems in the business world tend to be more clear-cut and soluble. At least they are out in the open, where they can be seen. The boss wants something done, and so he tells the employee what and when. A salesman has so many customers to call on. The factory worker has so many hours to work or so many items to turn out. It is all reasonably well defined. But the housewife's problems tend to be less clearly defined.

The lesson from the male world is not always easy to apply. It comes down to a question of isolating,

(continued)

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WELLA

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identifying and analyzing the fatigue-producing factors in your life.

I recall one woman who came in complaining of frustrating fatigue among other things. I asked her if any particular situation was bothering her. She said no. The next time I saw her she looked much improved. "You know, a funny thing happened after my last visit here," she said. "The next day I got out my broom and mop and stood there, halfway between the kitchen and the living room, and tried to decide where to begin. The plumber was on his hands and knees in the kitchen, trying once again to get our sink going. I looked at that shabby wallpaper in the living room and those draperies that I've never really liked. I stood there with my chin resting on my broom and I realized that there *was* something very particular bothering me. My house is a mess." Having identified her problem, she went to work on it.

One of my patients came up with a good way of measuring progress in time. "Twice a year—once around New Year's and again around the end of the school year—I sit down with pencil and paper," she told me. "I make a list of all the things that bother me, then I take out the list I made up about six months before. It always amazes me to see how many of the old problems have been solved or at least improved and how many have just sort of disappeared."

Recognizing and defining the problem does not always lead to an immediate solution, but it does tend to reduce it to more manageable proportions.

Men have less time for introspection and self-analysis. As George Bernard Shaw once said, "The secret of being miserable is to have leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not." Men generally live in the world of people and action. No time to daydream; there is work to be done.

Not that women have an oversupply of leisure time, but the nature of a woman's life and work certainly lends itself more to introspection. She is often by herself for hours, or else she is an adult alone in a children's world. Many of her tasks tend to be repetitive, monotonous and not mentally demanding—the kind that she can daydream her way through. By and large, excessive introspection is nothing more than a bad habit, but it is a tough one to break. Merely telling a person to "think cheerful thoughts" is not likely to help.

Here again, scheduling the day *can* help. By alternating pleasant with unpleasant jobs and solitary with social tasks, one can provide for diversity and avoid boredom. Even so, women tell me that their minds keep drifting back to the same problems they have turned over in their minds a thousand times.

When this is the case I tell my patients they must, by an act of real will-power, turn their thoughts to other subjects forcibly—much in the way they would crank the dial of the TV set to another station. It helps, too, of course, to fill up your mind with thoughts of other things—a new book just read, a new adult-education course that you are taking, or any topic carrying a positive rather than a negative emotional charge.

I remember one chronic fretter whom I put on a program of "worry sessions" three times daily. She was under strict orders to sit down three times and for five minutes devote herself wholeheartedly to worrying as much as she could over as many problems as she could squeeze in. When her five minutes were up, she had to get up, go back to work, and postpone any further worrying until the next regularly scheduled "worry break." "After a while," she conceded, "I found that it was mostly the same old stuff each time, and it began to dawn on me how unhappy I was making myself over things that would never happen or that I couldn't change."

Men's work at home is different from women's. If you talked only to the husband you'd wonder why he wasn't exhausted. He rushes home after a hard day's work, has a quick meal, and then perhaps works until bedtime. But here is what his wife says: "Sure, Charlie works hard, but he's doing what he really likes. He loves to work with his hands. He moaned and groaned about building the recreation room in the basement, but he really enjoyed every minute of it. When he's all done, he really has something to show for it. Everybody who visits our house admires his recreation room."

For the woman, the results of her labors are seldom so visible, and rarely, if ever, is she accorded such recognition and approval. Yet she can learn the wisdom of Thoreau's advice: "If a dog runs at you, whistle for him."

Making the best of things, however, can carry one only so far. If one part of your world is almost intolerable, see if you can't farm out the job to somebody else. As one woman confided to me, "I hate to admit it, but the one thing about housework that took more out of me than anything else was cleaning my bathrooms. I found myself postponing the job, always thinking of something else to do first. Finally I got a woman to come in for a few hours a week, and, you guessed it, her first job is the bathrooms. I get such a lift out of knowing I don't have to do them that I'm willing to cut back other expenses to pay her."

Men are generally more reticent about fatigue. If they are actually tired, they tend to talk about it less, at least in front of other men. Somehow or other, they do not consider it a manly complaint, and may even regard it as a sign of decreasing virility. Many women seem to have no such inhibitions. They seem to derive satisfaction and strength when they hear from somebody who's almost as tired as they are.

One formerly tired housewife rather shamefacedly admitted, "The most important thing I did toward getting rid of that tired feeling was to eliminate my morning coffee break with my next-door neighbor. I thought I was relaxing. Instead, as I look back on it now, I realize that by listening to her tell how tired she was I was exposing myself to a contagious disease. I caught her tiredness the way you catch a cold."

So my number-one admonition to tired housewives is: Don't talk about it. The more you talk about it, the more tired you will make yourself feel. The more you open up on the subject, the more you will get as a playback from tired friends. If you keep your feelings to yourself and think and talk energetically, it's surprising how well your real self will go along.

Not all of these generalizations apply to your husband—or to you—of course, but probably the majority do. Can you learn from your not-so-tired spouse? It's worth a try.

END

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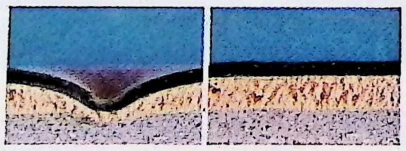

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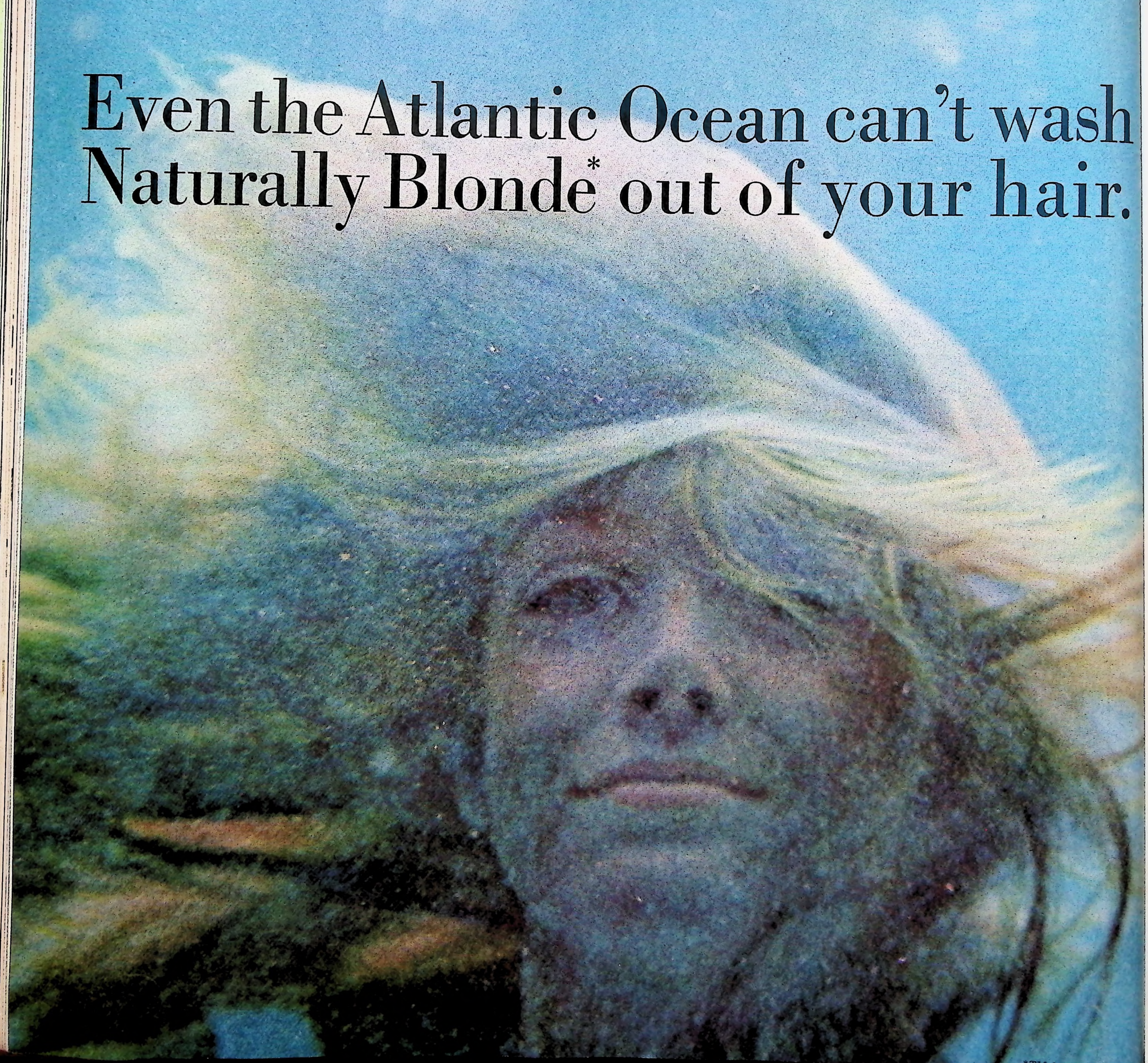

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Ladies' Home Journal • April, 1967

The Dream

By H. A. HARTWICK

Appealing to the heart and mind, as Anne Morrow Lindbergh did in her memorable book, "Gift from the Sea," a thoughtful writer points the way to a happiness and peace so rare today. You may need to read this twice.

The world we live in, though an illusion, was surely intended to be so. It was meant to be exactly what it is, a realm of relativity and unreality. For man, as he is constituted, could not live in a real world, which would consist entirely of absolutes.

Take, for instance, absolute knowledge. Knowledge in our world is incomplete, a fact that causes much of our pain and fear. But without this blindfold of ignorance, we could not exist. None of us could endure unless we were, in some degree, shielded from full, total knowledge of ourselves and the world around us.

No man is allowed to see his own birth; he would be scarred for life by the memory. Life, in its wise way, also hides from us the date and details of our death. And what torture if we were even to see our own face all the time—as if in a mirror—while we act and talk with others. All day long we would read there what others see, realizing the disparity between how we look and how we think, and knowing the insincerity that hides behind our most honest moments.

Furthermore, some degree of ignorance is necessary to keep us from spreading our attention so thin that we fall into confusion and, by knowing all, know nothing.

Even absolute knowledge of our future here on earth would be insupportable. If you were told you would be struck by an automobile three days from now, and by staying indoors you avoided it, the prediction would thus have been proved untrue, and no prediction. If the prediction were correct, then you could not avoid the fate if you tried, so knowing it would be of no use to you. If you really knew the future absolutely, you would know something you couldn't elude, and in most instances this knowledge would be harrowing.

We must live in uncertainty in order to live at all. Something known about the future has, in a way, already happened. If, for example, you knew you were going to die *(continued on page 147)*

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Illustration by Gervasio Gallardo

The Nuns That Quit

A rebellion—quiet but significant—is raging in America's convents. Nuns are leaving in record numbers, 3,600 last year alone. In this unprecedented report, these women speak frankly about why they left, and what has happened to them since then.

By Robert Blair Kaiser

"I knew that I wanted to be a wife and mother," says Mary McElroy (below), "and I saw that God had given me these feelings." Now she's married and has two baby daughters.

She is a trim, small woman with a vibrant face and expressive dark eyes. She does an imaginative job of running Webster College, one of the nation's leading liberal arts schools for women. She helped organize the poverty program's Operation Headstart, and took part in the civil-rights march on Selma, Ala. Meeting her, it is impossible to guess that she has just passed through one of the most overwhelming personal and spiritual crises that a woman can undergo.

Early this year, however, after nearly 20 years in the Sisters of Loretto, 40-year-old nun Jacqueline Grennan relinquished her canonical vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience and left the Roman Catholic order. The press erroneously termed her departure a "defection," a word properly applied only to those nuns who literally run away. But Jacqueline Grennan did not run. She made the decision with the blessings of everyone from Pope Paul VI to her own parents—and she retained her post as president of Webster College. But even so, forsaking her religious vows! That caused a mighty stir. Good sisters just don't do this.

Don't they? Last year, thousands of other sisters did exactly the same thing. According to reliable estimates, at least 3,600 professed sisters left their convents for good. These were not uncertain novices or postulants, but mature women who had taken their vows and served the Church for years. Most importantly, they did not leave because they did not want to be "religious" any longer—but because they did.

For the *Journal*, I have just talked to dozens of former sisters from coast to coast. Reluctantly at first, then ardently, they unburdened their innermost thoughts—many of them speaking for the first time of their personal ordeal and the bright promise ahead. These frank conversations are the most provocative I have ever had. They gave me the opportunity to record for the first time the words and emotions of devout women reborn and revitalized, energetic women burning with a renewed sense of purpose, buoyant women whose faith remains unshaken despite what they have been through; intelligent women who now see their lives in a way they had never dreamed possible. Here are some of the things they told me:

- "I just thought I'd be more of a Christian if I left. Instead of saying that I want what Christ wants, I began to feel that the good things I want might be the same as what Christ wants."
- "I left to be free, to be able to live my own rhythm. Now life is new. It's like being a newborn baby in a fifty-year-old body. Before, I didn't know what it meant to be a citizen of the United States."
- "I had to leave the convent to do what I entered it to do—live for others."
- "Being a sister is great when you are young. But once you start observing the older sisters, you begin to see where it all leads. I started to wonder how long it would take me to become as bitter as some of them."

The alarming rise in the number of nuns leaving their orders is a little-known and poorly understood aspect of the revolution now sweeping world Catholicism, for only recently have the winds of change begun to drift through American convents. Then, too, nuns have been shrouded in a seemingly impenetrable mystique for centuries. "We are," says one American sister, with exasperation, "the last symbol of the everlastingness of things." A rebellion by these patient, dedicated, selfless women once seemed impossible. Yet that is precisely what is happening.

It began in the winter of 1962–63, when the spark of the Second Vatican Council caught fire around the world, when, in his memorable encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, Pope John XXIII preached a modern revolution of truth, justice, freedom and love. That same winter, a remarkable book appeared, called *The Nun in the World*. Written by Belgium's Cardinal Suenens, considered one of the Church's leading progressives, it called upon nuns everywhere to emerge from their convents and play a more active role in easing the tensions and problems not only of the Roman Catholic Church, but of all mankind.

"A community of nuns often gives the impression of being a fortress whose drawbridge is only furtively and fearfully lowered," wrote Cardinal Suenens. "Her world shrinks, and, if she is not careful, will end up no more than a few square yards in size. . . . The religious of today appears to the faithful to be out of touch with the world as it is, an anachronism."

Cardinal Suenens' book swiftly became, according to the Catholic scholars Edward Wakin and Father Joseph F. Scheuer, "a manifesto for progressive-thinking nuns in America." More and more, these sisters had grown restive struggling to lower the drawbridges of their nunnery-fortresses. They began to ask sharp questions. Sister Charles Borromeo Muckenhirn, a leader in the fight for reform, wondered whether nuns' lives could be made "as human as marriage, as relevant as civil rights and as mobile as jet travel," or if they would turn out to be "a wasted shelving of human energy, talent and capacity for love."

"At first I was afraid to walk the streets alone," says Nancy Miller (above). Now she attends a predominantly Negro college and works in the civil rights movement.

When satisfactory answers to their questions were not forthcoming from ecclesiastical authorities, discontented nuns experienced a crisis of conscience.

They wanted to attack the problems of the urban poor, to work for integration, to reorganize the Church's system of higher education for women. But many concluded that they could not do so under the archaic restriction of Mother Church; they could not wait for the necessary reforms to seep down. In growing numbers, they submitted their resignations.

Many former nuns are highly individualistic and independent women. Their greatest sense of release comes from abandoning what they consider the false asceticism of the religious life. In many orders, for example, a sister is taught "the custody of the eyes"—that is, not to look at or take pleasure in anything that might interrupt her concentration on God. Joan Carswell, a former nun who now teaches in a large Eastern university, says it took her a while to be able to walk downtown and look around her without a sense of guilt. "Just to be able to look in a store window!" she exclaims. "Exhilaration takes hold of me when I realize I am free to enjoy the world. Under the convent discipline, I couldn't heed my own senses. I couldn't allow myself to appreciate color, odors, textures."

"I just thought I'd be more of a Christian if I left," explains blond Nancy Hiatt, 25 (below). "And it wasn't a question of turning my back on Christ. I simply had to have the freedom to make mistakes."

At first, fresh out of the convent, Joan Carswell found it hard even to begin to express her emotions. "I had difficulty being human enough to get angry," she says. Then, last summer, she attended a meeting in Chicago of university people, none of whom knew that she had once been a nun. At the conference, several psychologists conducted a public experiment in psychodrama, with individuals acting out real-life problems.

In a moment of abandon, Joan offered herself as a "patient." She told the psychologist that she had trouble expressing anger. He promptly set up a psychodramatic situation right on the stage of the auditorium. First he introduced Joan to a man who would be her father-figure and attempted to goad her to anger. Joan was encouraged to fight back. As the psychodrama proceeded, three other psychologists imitated Joan's reactions, so that she could in a sense "see herself." They exaggerated her posture, her facial expressions, her voice. "Louder!" demanded one psychologist when Joan responded timidly. "Shout! Scream!"

Somehow, Joan began to respond—slowly, then fully. Her anger came through so clearly that onlookers

(*continued on page 136*)

As I Was Saying to a Geranium

I had to put a philodendron to death last week, and I still feel terrible about it. Actually, it was a perfectly nice little plant when I bought it two years ago for 75 cents. And in the beginning it seemed to thrive on the coffee table, where it put out shiny, fat leaves in a responsible fashion.

But, like so many of us, that plant didn't know when to stop, and it grew and it grew until it spread out all over the table and down the sides. When you picked it up to dust the table, you had to hold the pot in one hand and throw a great train of greenery over your shoulder. Now, I would have put up with that. The real problem was that the leaves had become smaller and smaller and limper and limper, and had moved so far away from their source that, in effect, what you were looking at was a pot full of dirt with a few brownish-looking legs sticking out of it. I am told that if I had "cut it back" at the proper moment this would never have happened. But I never know when to cut back. When the proper moment comes, we seem to be out to dinner or something.

In any case, it was clear that that plant had to go. But how? Where? I have known terrible people who disposed of unwanted cats by letting them out of the car in a strange neighborhood. But you couldn't do that with a plant, and, in any case, in this vicinity there is a $50 fine for littering. I thought of drowning it, but that seemed impractical, and, of course, it wouldn't burn. Finally, I gathered it up in my arms and, feeling like a Herod loosed upon the innocents, I walked out into the driveway and dumped it into the trash can. After the deed was done I made myself a stiff drink, but I felt shaky for several hours.

I suppose I did neglect that plant. On the other hand, it would appear that some plants, like some children, require a little neglect. Two years ago a friend sent us a magnificent orange tree that was planted in a handsome Italian ceramic crock. It took two men to deliver it, and they were so patently exhausted by the time they got it from the truck to the door that I told them just to leave it there in the front hallway. As it turned out, that was the perfect place for it—against the bare brick archway. I watered it whenever it crossed my mind and, as the weeks passed, it grew even more beautiful and the tiny oranges turned golden. I would say that I found true happiness with that orange tree. I never went through the hall without stopping to admire it.

Months later, another friend, who is widely consulted as an amateur gardener, came to dinner. Roger took one look at my orange tree and recoiled in horror. "Good heavens!" he said, "You can't leave this tree here!" "Why not?" I asked. "Well, for one thing, it's too cold here. And every time that door opens the tree is in a draft. Furthermore, the light's wrong. That's a north light. And *feel* that dirt. It's too dry!"

He couldn't have sounded more accusing if he had discovered one of the children starving and chained to a bedpost. I agreed, naturally, that the tree must be rescued at once. Thereupon three of us hauled it, huffing and puffing, into a safe, sunny spot in the living room.

That tree never had another well day. Almost immediately it developed that clammy look that children get just before they come down with the sniffles. Then the leaves started to curl. Pretty soon you couldn't read in the living room for the plop, plop, plop of oranges as they dropped like ping-pong balls to the floor. We called in our friendly florist for advice. We gave it special plant food. We gave it more water, less water. Nothing availed. Too late we thought of returning it to the

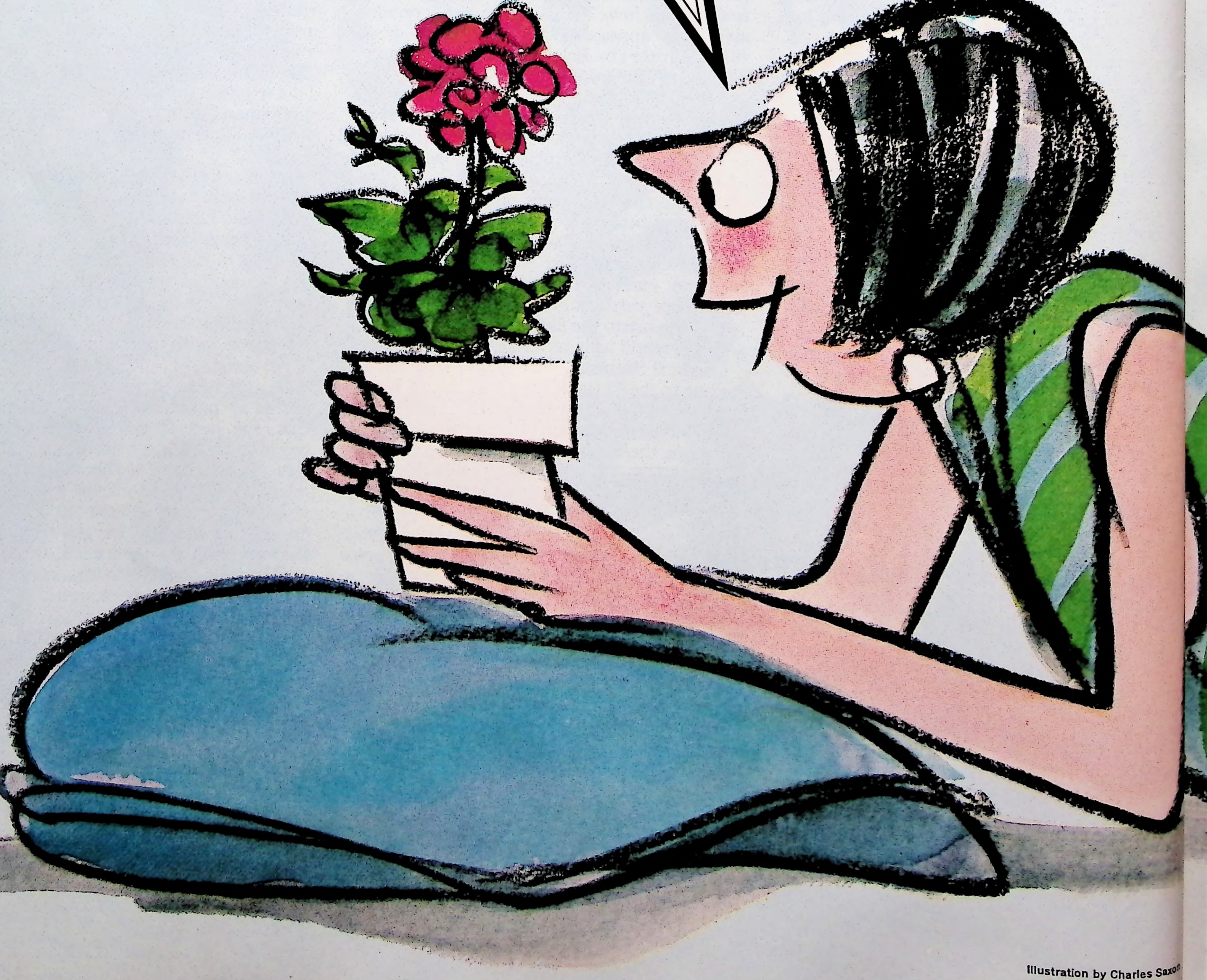


Illustration by Charles Saxon

hallway. The orange tree had slipped away.

For this reason I pay no attention to Roger on the subject of my tulips. I planted them in the backyard 10 years ago, and they've been there ever since. According to my friend Roger, this is a sorry state of affairs. Every fall he keeps telling me that those tulips should not be out there in that border, they should be in the house "resting." (Presumably upstairs in the twin beds. And resting from *what?*)

I don't feel that way at all. Next year I don't want to have to hunt all over the house for those tulips. I want to know exactly where they are. And, anyway, even if you were going to give them a winter vacation, *when* would you dig them up? Certainly not while they're blooming. And after they've stopped blooming you can't find them.

For the record, I will confess that our tulips are no longer the proud, pristine chalices that once they were. Indeed, they have a faintly tipsy air about them. But they are still bright and cheery, and they come back faithfully, which is all I ask of a tulip—or of anybody else, for that matter.

You have no idea what foolish theories some people have about plants. My next-door neighbor believes in an afterlife for poinsettias. According to her, when the blossoms have wilted you must pinch them off. Next you place the pot containing the remains in a warm, dark place in the attic, where you water it every five days. Then in May you take it out and plant it in the garden. In September you dig up the shoots and move them to a sunny window indoors. Eventually, if you have been constant in your ministrations, the plant should bloom again.

Listen, I would do all that for a friend, but not for a $3 poinsettia. Furthermore, if you kept *all* the poinsettias you get, you wouldn't have room in that attic for the trunks. Actually, what I like best about a big, healthy poinsettia is that it lasts about 2½ weeks, which is enough, and then it goes out when the Christmas ornaments come down. Anything else upsets the natural order of things. For instance, two years ago we received a beautiful white poinsettia, and it bloomed on, not losing a leaf, after all of the red ones were gone. We were charmed when it was still there on St. Valentine's Day. It was even amusing that it survived until Easter. But by July first there was something downright sinister about the whole thing, and people visiting us would say, "That *can't* be a poinsettia, can it?" I think they were bracing themselves to find a trimmed Christmas tree in the next room and learn that we were celebrating early because we didn't expect to live until the feast proper. And when that plant died (a natural death) in August, there was much relief.

It boils down to this: If you're going to live to be 110, you're going to be in the way.

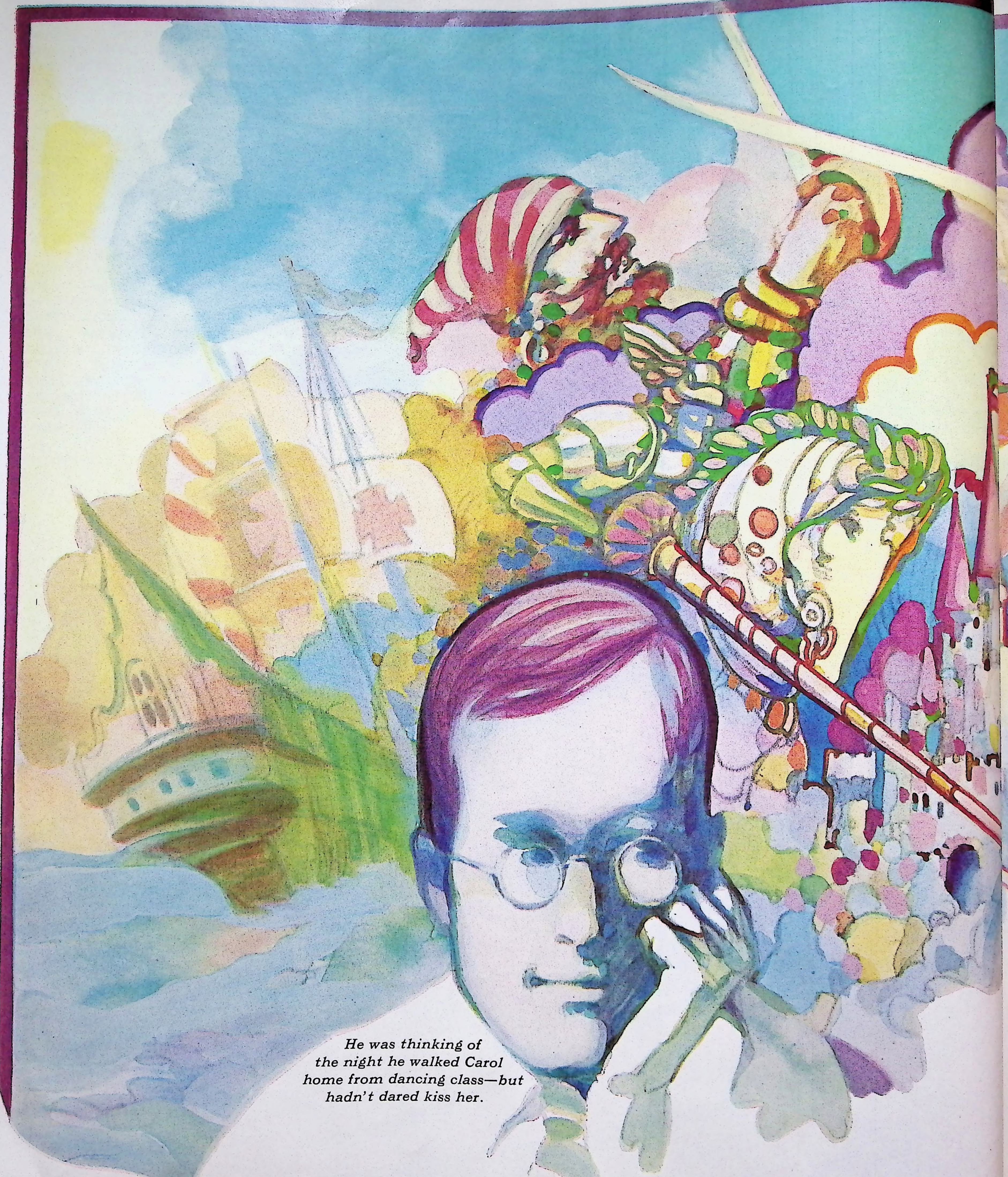
There was a time when I supposed that I knew, at least in theory, how plants grew. However, it now appears that plants need more than sunlight and water. They need conversation. Author Alan Jay Lerner, who had been doing some research on extrasensory perception, explained the matter in the *Times* a while back. "Anybody can make flowers grow by talking to them," he said. "It's a fact. Take two flower pots with the same soil, the same seeds, the same amount of water, and talk to one of the pots. You'll see for yourself."

I don't doubt this for a minute. But it does present certain problems. To begin with, what do you *say* to the pot? OK, you can start off with something simple like "Hello, Ivy, how's every little thing? What kind of a night did you have?" But it seems to me that after that the conversation would sort of bog down. The truth is, I'm not any good at small talk. And how could talk get smaller? The next thing: If you were conducting a controlled experiment with two different plants, would you have to keep the plant you weren't speaking to in a separate room? I mean, you wouldn't want it overhearing you. Maybe it would be enough if you simply made yourself clear on the subject. After a brief chat with the ivy, you could say out loud, "As for the fern on the piano, I have *nothing* to say to you."

No, no. It's too complicated. I have enough trouble talking to the children. **END**

Plants can sometimes be awfully confusing. Pamper them, and they wither. Neglect them, and they thrive. Really, how is a woman to know what a plant wants from her? Now the word is out that you're supposed to *talk* to plants. Actually. But what should you say? And what if you're absolutely no good at small talk?

By Jean Kerr



He was thinking of the night he walked Carol home from dancing class—but hadn't dared kiss her.

Man In The Mirror

What sort of face looks back at a man out of the looking glass depends on a number of variables—his own self-doubts, what his boss said to him last Thursday, and whether his wife thinks he's absolutely perfect. By Robert Knowlton.

For a long while now, I haven't been a secret agent. The time is past when I was the deadliest swordsman in all France, or the scourge of the underworld, or a debonair lover leaving a trail of broken hearts behind me. Nowadays my name is Charles Madden, and I'm a copywriter with Detweiler and Company, Advertising. There's nothing like marriage for planting a man's feet firmly on the ground.

Yet sometimes when I see a looking glass the years when I was all these heroes come rushing back to me. Tonight, for instance. Carol and I were supposed to be dining with the Detweilers at eight; and ten minutes before the hour, waiting for her to finish dressing, I caught sight of my reflection in the hall mirror. Instinctively I turned up my coat collar, pulled on my gloves and turned my hat brim down all the way around. "Synchronize your watches, chaps," I whispered. "Zero hour is eight o'clock. And if any of us don't return . . ."

Here my voice caught. "I want you to know you're the finest group of men I ever led."

Straightening my shoulders, I snapped a salute. "Death or glory, chaps," I said; but I was thinking not of that imaginary crew in the looking glass but of those dead and glorious days when I first knew Carol, the days when I was D'Artagnan, Romeo and Galahad rolled into one. Then, as now, I had big feet and jug ears, and my coordination could never have been called graceful. Yet I remembered myself, toothbrush in hand, lunging at the bathroom mirror, shouting, "Parry! Riposte! Dog who would besmirch the honor of our Queen!" And I remembered even more clearly the evening when, in the role of Lothario, I walked Carol home from dancing class.

The only way to make those classes bearable was to *(continued on page 145)*

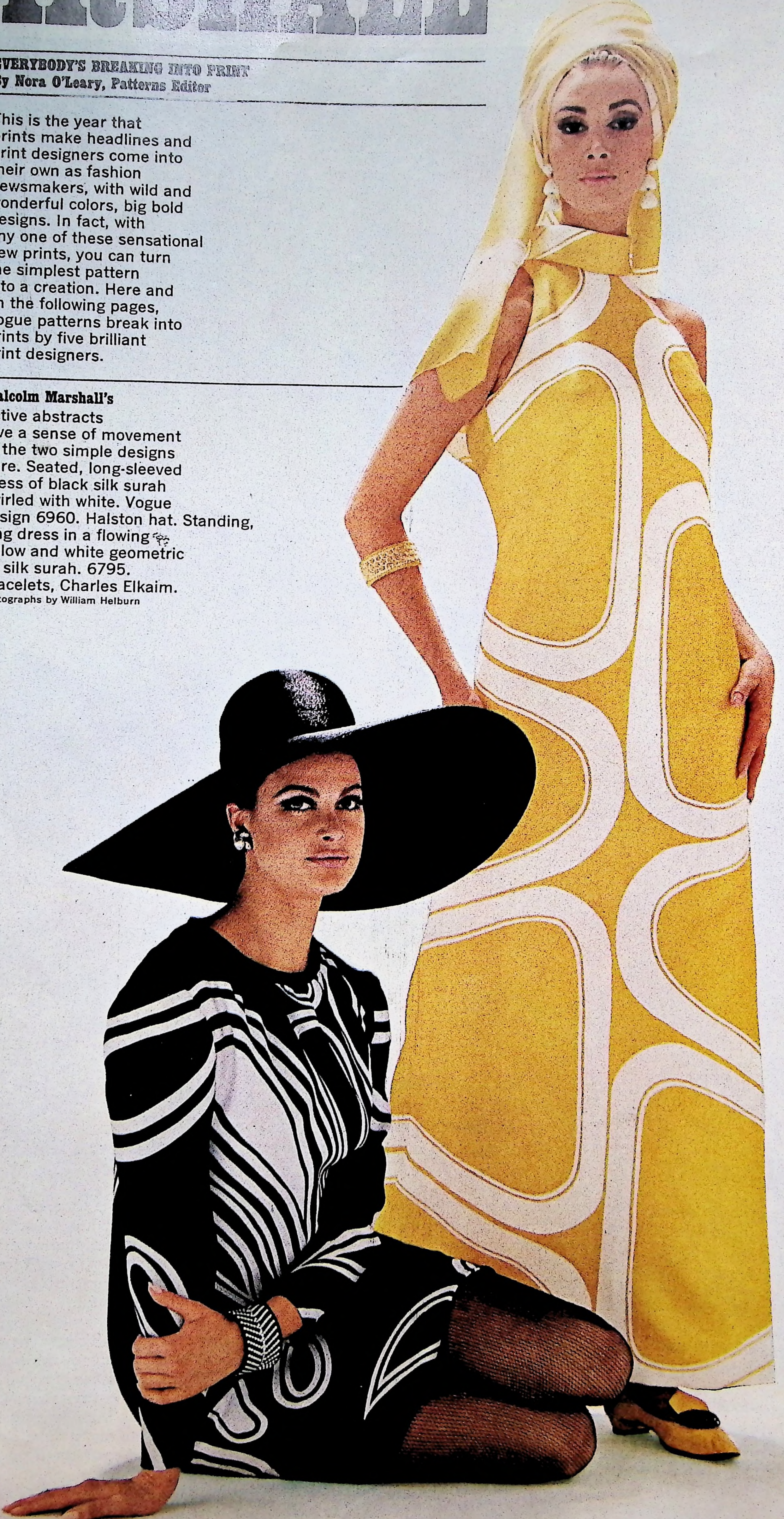
Illustration by Tom Daly

MALCOLM MARSHALL

EVERYBODY'S BREAKING INTO PRINT

By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor

This is the year that prints make headlines and print designers come into their own as fashion newsmakers, with wild and wonderful colors, big bold designs. In fact, with any one of these sensational new prints, you can turn the simplest pattern into a creation. Here and on the following pages, Vogue patterns break into prints by five brilliant print designers.

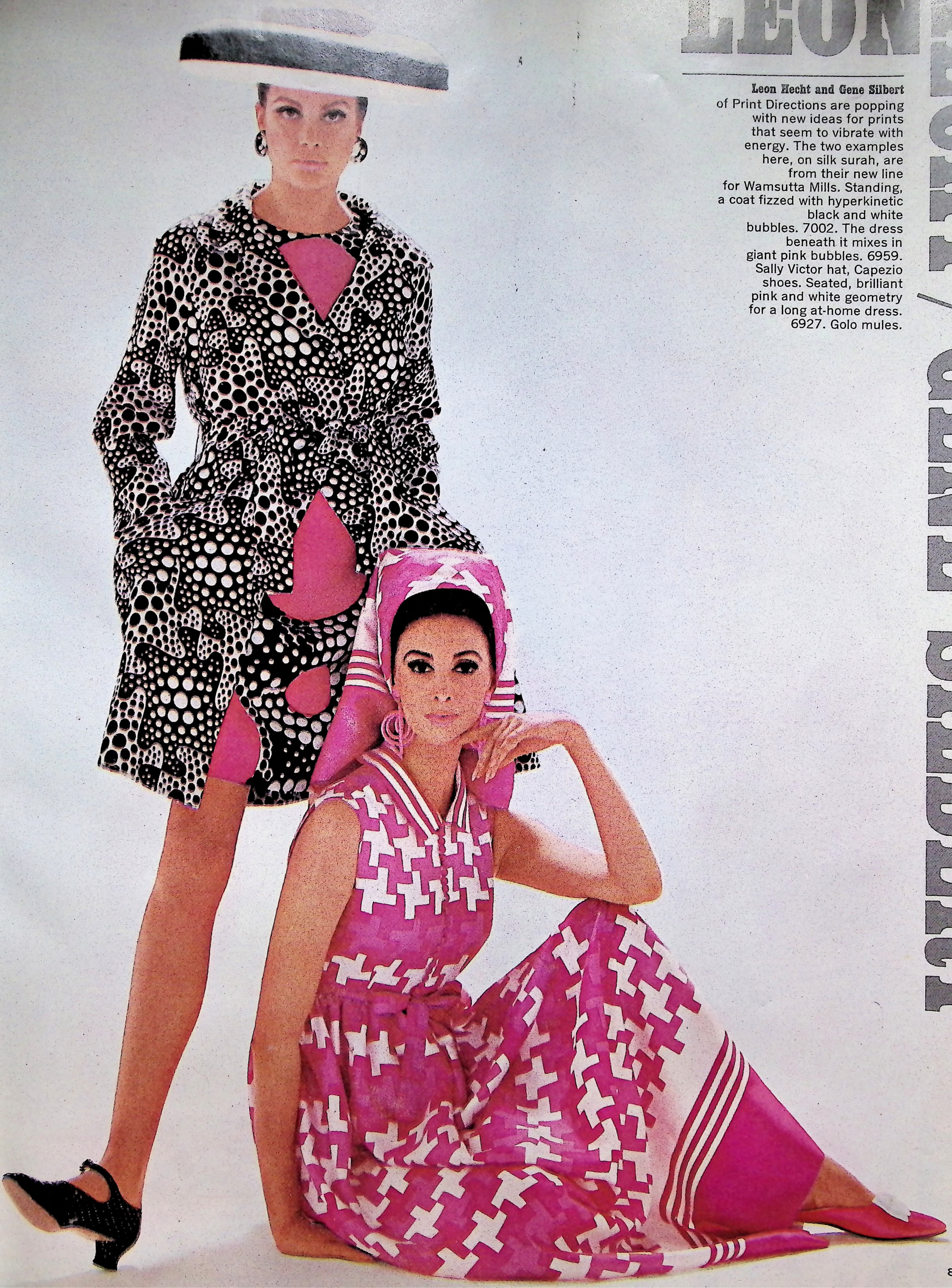


Malcolm Marshall's active abstracts give a sense of movement to the two simple designs here. Seated, long-sleeved dress of black silk surah swirled with white. Vogue design 6960. Halston hat. Standing, long dress in a flowing yellow and white geometric on silk surah. 6795. Bracelets, Charles Elkaim.

Photographs by William Helburn

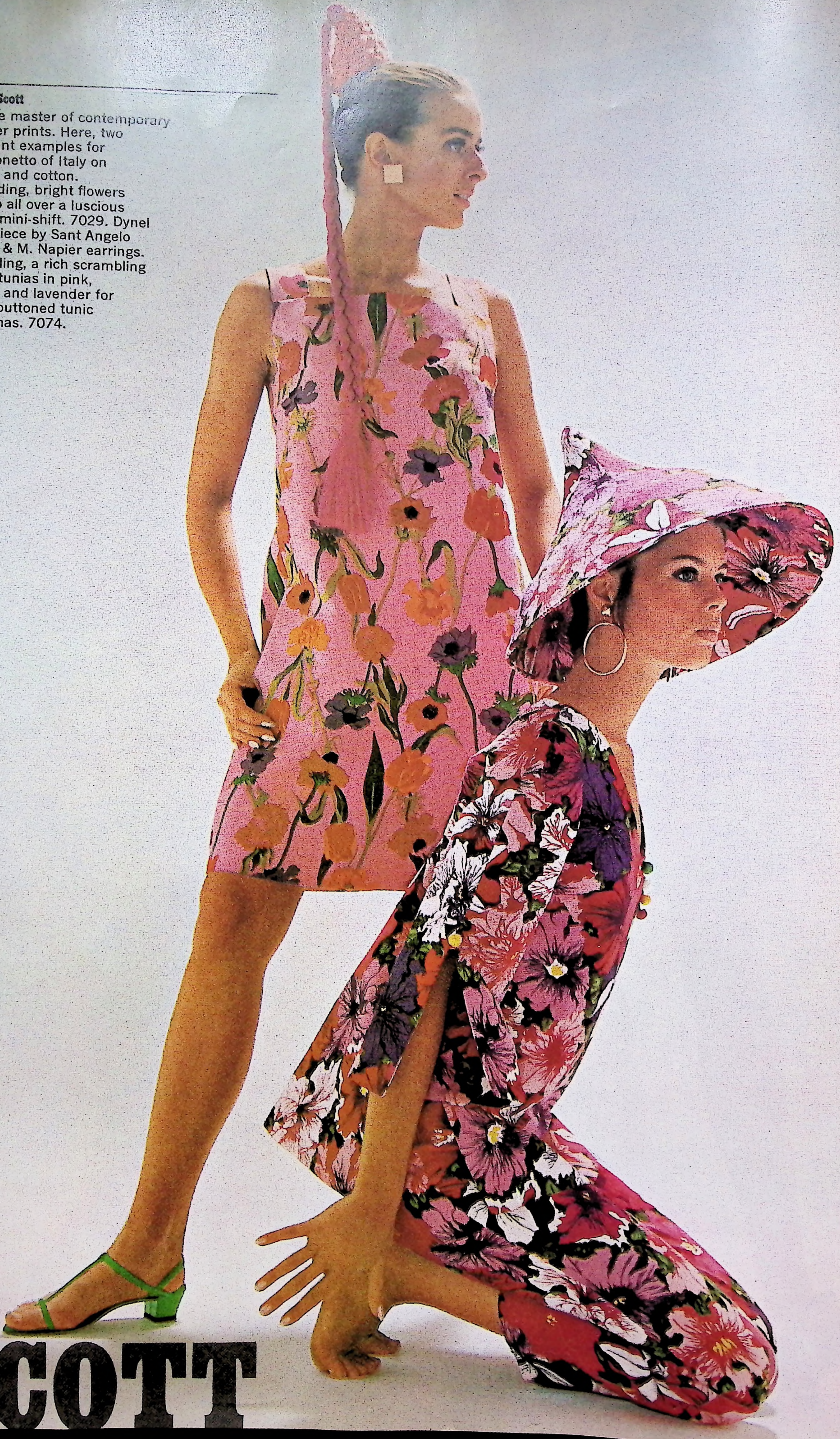
LEON HECHT/GENE SILBERT

Leon Hecht and Gene Silbert of Print Directions are popping with new ideas for prints that seem to vibrate with energy. The two examples here, on silk surah, are from their new line for Wamsutta Mills. Standing, a coat fizzed with hyperkinetic black and white bubbles. 7002. The dress beneath it mixes in giant pink bubbles. 6959. Sally Victor hat, Capezio shoes. Seated, brilliant pink and white geometry for a long at-home dress. 6927. Golo mules.

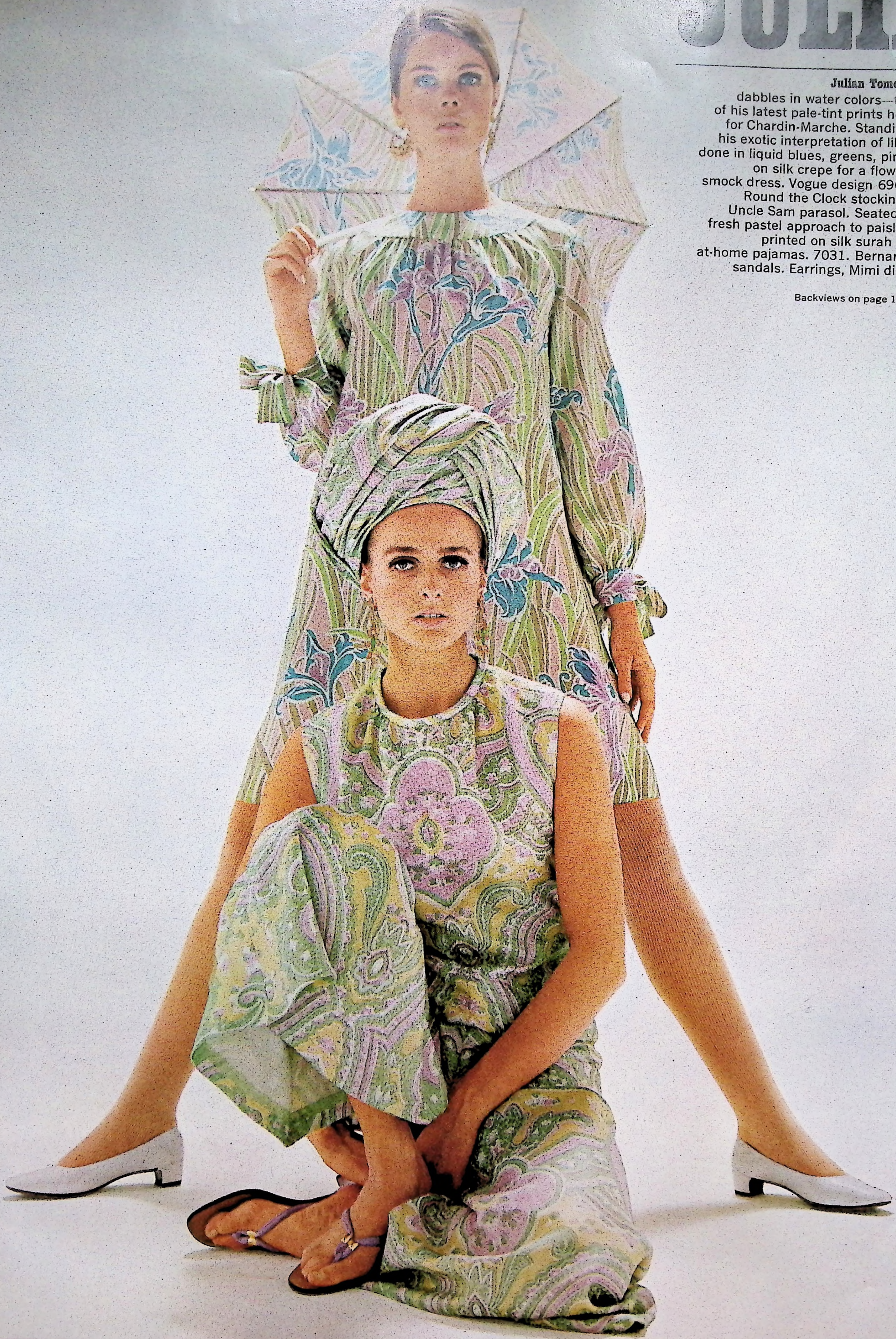


KEN SCOTT

Ken Scott
is the master of contemporary flower prints. Here, two vibrant examples for Falconetto of Italy on linen and cotton. Standing, bright flowers climb all over a luscious pink mini-shift. 7029. Dynel hairpiece by Sant Angelo for R & M. Napier earrings. Kneeling, a rich scrambling of petunias in pink, white and lavender for side-buttoned tunic pajamas. 7074.

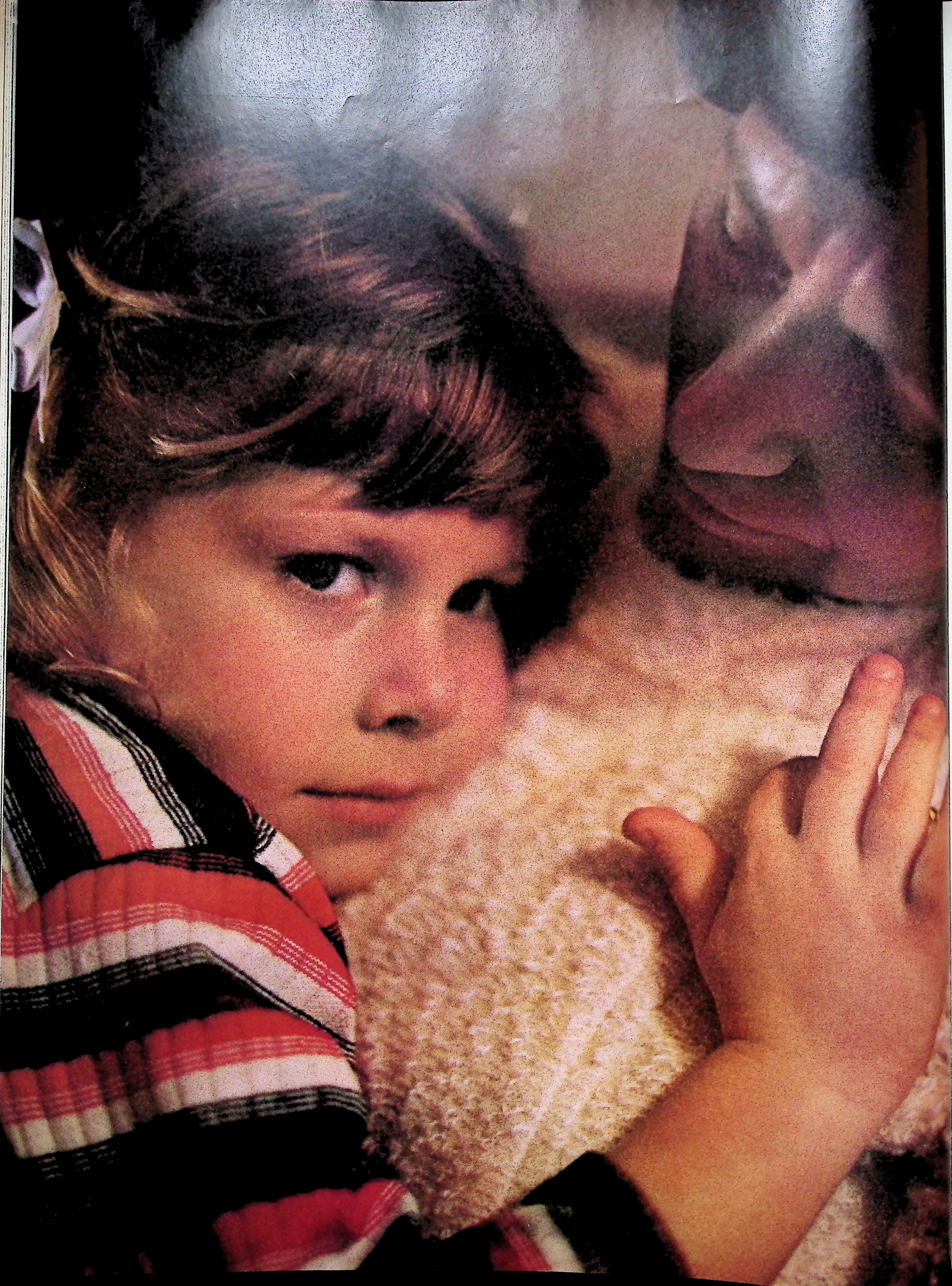


JULIAN TOMCHIN



Julian Tomchin
dabbles in water colors—two of his latest pale-tint prints here for Chardin-Marche. Standing, his exotic interpretation of lilies done in liquid blues, greens, pinks on silk crepe for a flowing smock dress. Vogue design 6967. Round the Clock stockings, Uncle Sam parasol. Seated, a fresh pastel approach to paisley, printed on silk surah for at-home pajamas. 7031. Bernardo sandals. Earrings, Mimi di N.

Backviews on page 140.



What would you do if the law tried to take away a foster child you loved as your very own? Read the inside story of the headline-making fight for Beth Liuni, by the woman who lived it: her mother.

"They asked us to give up our child"

By Mary Liuni

Did you ever wake up out of a bad dream with the nagging feeling that something very important and close to you has been taken away? It's a nightmare many people have. I suffered through it for 10 months—but for me and my family, the nightmare was agonizingly real; there was no way we could make it go away in the morning.

By now millions of people have heard about that bad dream—our struggle to keep our foster daughter, Beth Liuni; to prevent the Welfare Department of upstate New York's Ulster County from taking her away from us. Now that struggle is over. But as I look back, I remember so many heartbreaking things.

Most of all I remember how the long, painful fight for her custody affected Beth. I remember how she would have bad dreams and wake up screaming in the night, "I don't want to leave!" I remember how my husband, Mike, finally took Beth aside.

"A man wants to take you away from us," he said quietly, cuddling her on his lap, "but we won't give you up. You're a foster child, Beth. We didn't have to fight for your brothers and sisters, but you're special. So we must fight for you."

If you're a mother, or even if you're not, you can imagine how it hurt to hear my husband have to say this to a child we had come to love as our very own.

Elizabeth came to us in 1962 as the result of a television commercial. For months Mike and I had believed that I was going to have a baby. Actually, I had a false pregnancy caused by a fibroid tumor of the uterus.

I underwent an operation, and after that I could never bear a child again.

One night on TV we saw pictures of beautiful children appear on the screen. "If you have room in your home, if you have room in your heart," the announcer said, "take one of these foster babies." We already had three children, Alberta, 14, Michael, 10, and Joseph, 9, but if any family had room in its heart for a baby, it was ours. We applied for a foster child through the Ulster County Welfare Department.

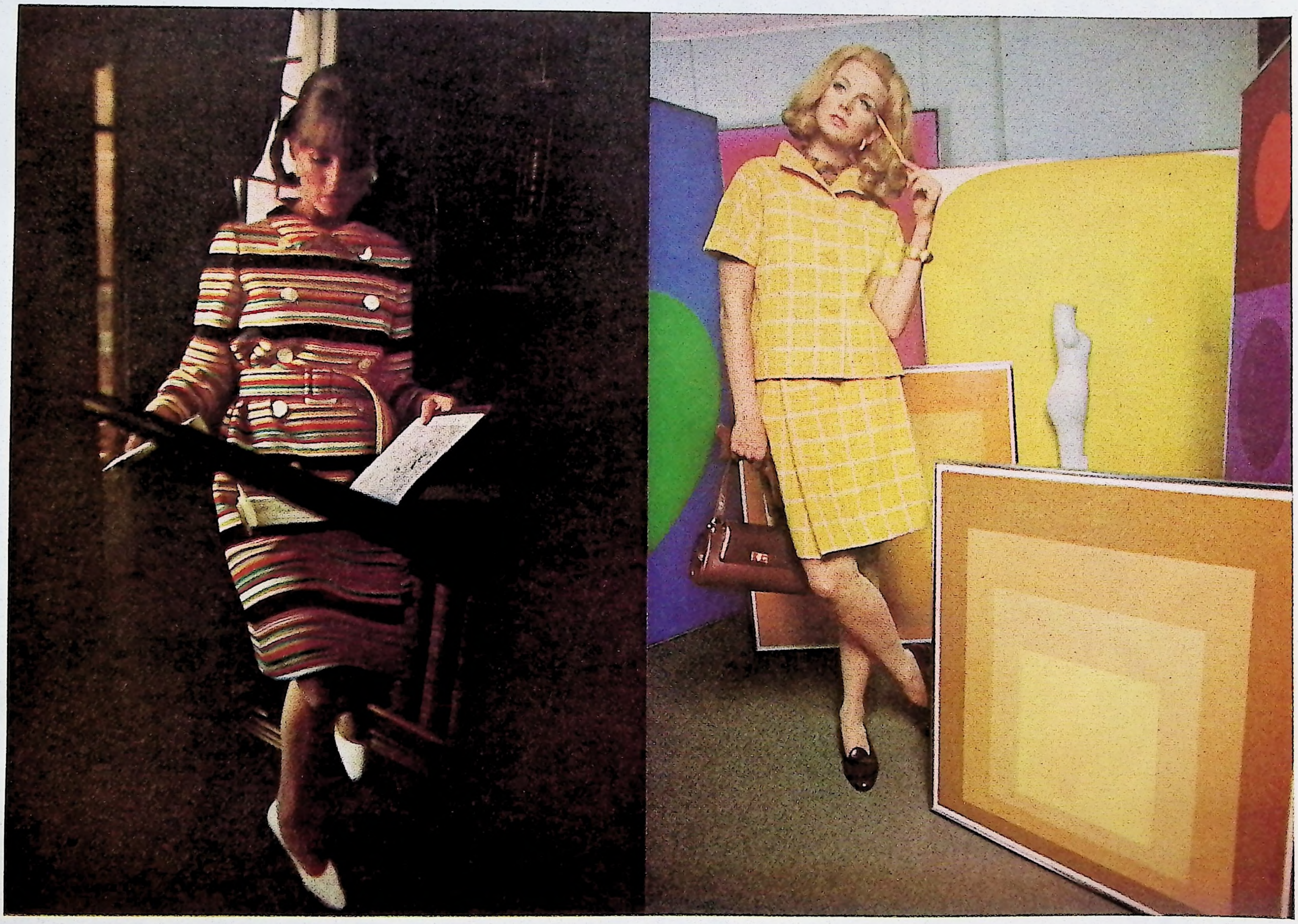
It seemed ages before the formalities could be cleared away, but then Welfare called. "I have a little baby here," the lady said. That baby was Beth. She arrived in our home on July 9, 1962, when she was only (*continued on page 142*)

Michael Liuni (shown in church with Beth) felt God had sent her to replace the baby he and his wife could never again have. Then bureaucrats cited objections that would have "disqualified the parents of Jesus."

Here and on the following pages, six of America's leading fashion designers express their interpretations of fashion now and tomorrow. Their clothes are "collected" like first editions or fine paintings—an investment not only in news-making fashion but also in the finest fabric and the best workmanship that money can buy. By TRUDY OWETT, Fashion Editor

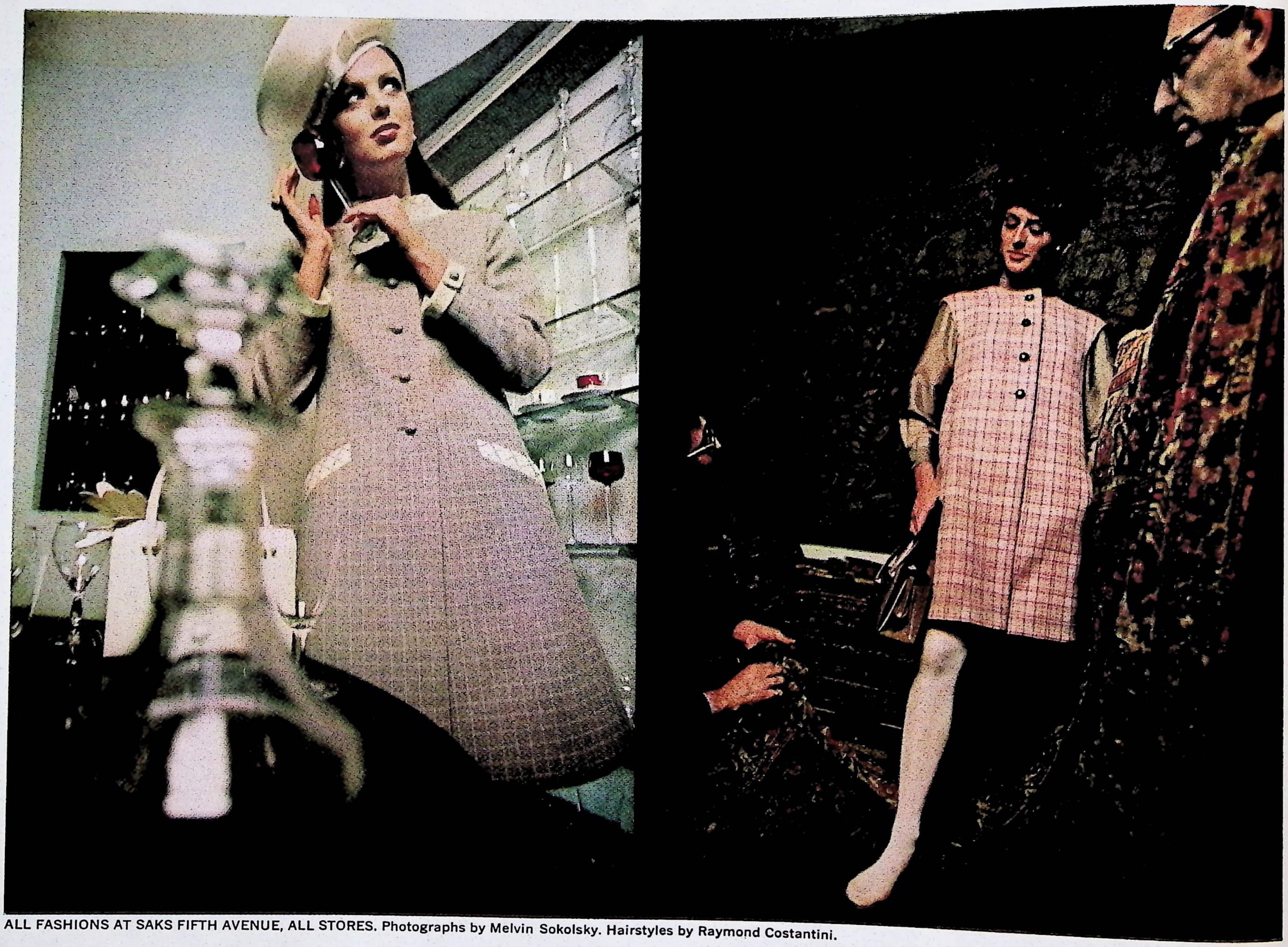
AMERICA'S BEST:

Fashion at the Top



NORMAN NORELL is America's foremost designer. Women who can afford to collect his clothes, love to show off their "first edition" Norells. Above, left, Norell makes the return of the belt official, buckles it tightly just above the waist on a double-breasted coat of Roman-stripe wool gabardine. **BILL BLASS**, always contemporary, always young, believes in the wonderful freedom and ease of the short-sleeved suit. His artful interpretation, above right, (for Maurice Rentner) meets Arp and Albers at the Sidney Janis Gallery. Jacket is lined in silk paisley to match its sleeveless blouse. Easy skirt has pleated front panel. Suit of polyester and wool gabardine. **DONALD BROOKS'** name is synonymous with elegance and simplicity. His newest look, opposite, shown at Cartier's: the brief, close-fitted jacket with skinny sleeves over a full-blown skirt. White silk crepe sleeveless blouse repeats detail on jacket, is attached to skirt at high-rising waist. Suit of wool tweed.

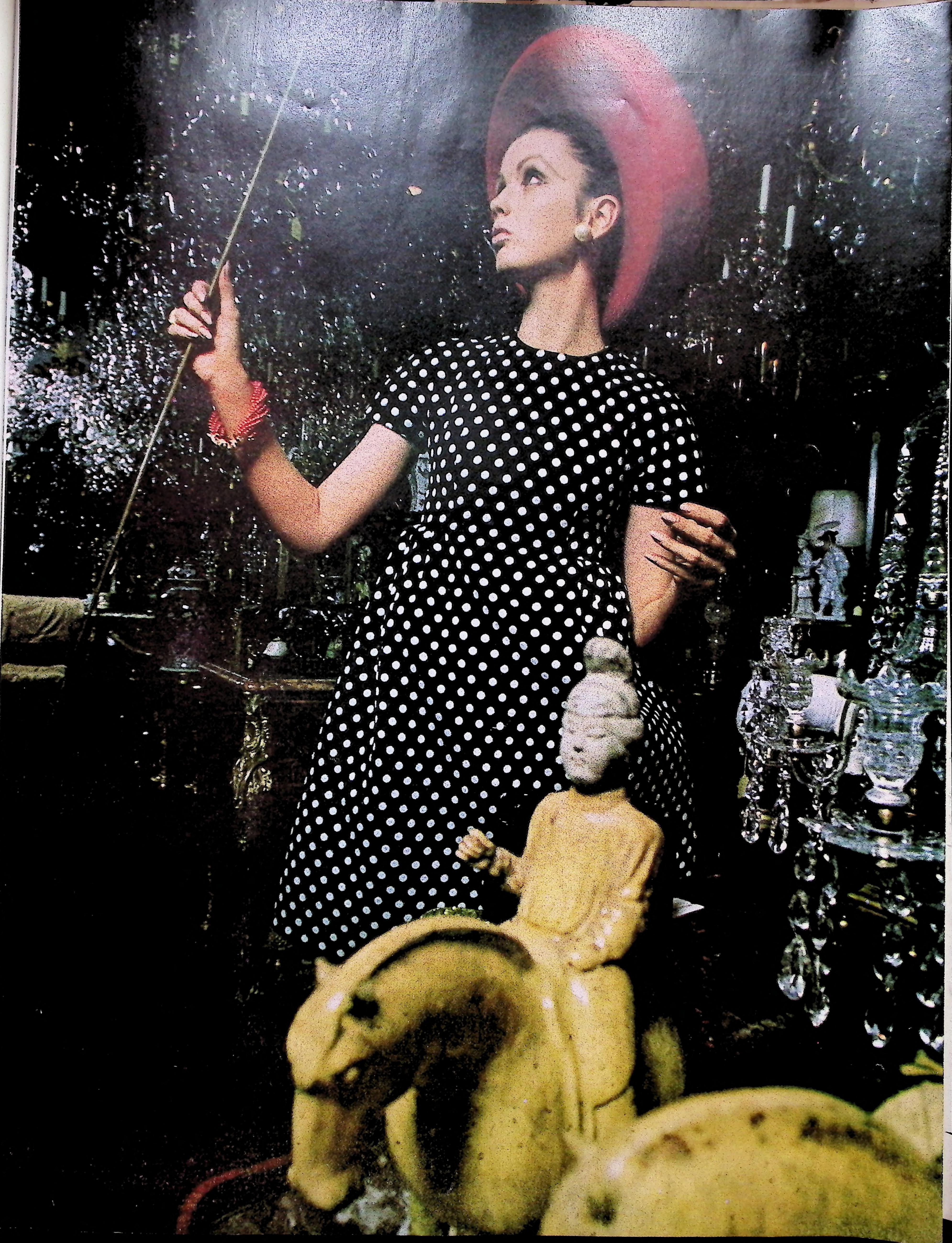
Accessories: Opposite, Cartier jewelry, Lucille handbag. Above, KJL earrings, Belgian shoes and handbag, Cadoro bracelet.



ALL FASHIONS AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, ALL STORES. Photographs by Melvin Sokolsky. Hairstyles by Raymond Costantini.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA projects, above left, his newest thinking on the coat costume (for Jane Derby): gray-and-white checks reversing to white and gray at collar, cuffs, pockets, for a body-skimming coat ending with a flair. The sleeveless gray dress underneath it has side pleats with matching check inserts. Coat of wool-and-silk twill, dress of wool basketweave. Photographed at Baccarat. **JACQUES TIFFEAU** looks to the future. His newest prediction (for Tiffeau & Busch), above right: the perfect warm-climate combination—a sleeveless coat over a long-sleeved dress; the coat is of double-faced diagonal-weave wool, the dress of silk shantung. Photographed at Mayorkas. **GEOFFREY BEENE**, a master of proportion, gracefully raises the waist, opposite, accenting a taut top and a puffy skirt. The cotton-twill dress, dotted dazzling white on black, was photographed against a flashing background of crystal and quartz chandeliers at Charles Winston.

Accessories: Hat, above left, Lilly Daché; stockings, above right, Hanes; both handbags, Koret. Opposite, Emme hat, KJL earrings and bracelet.



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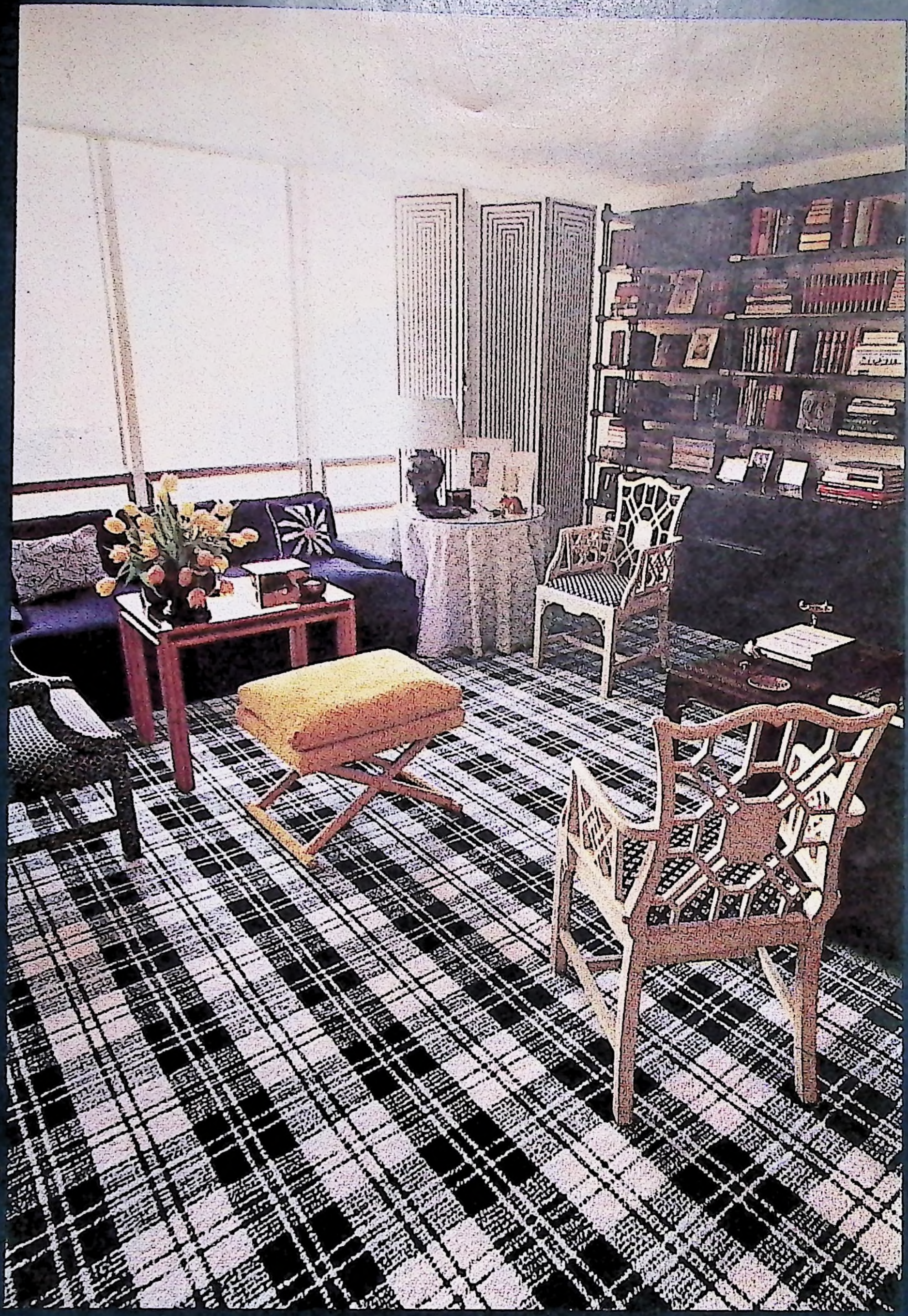
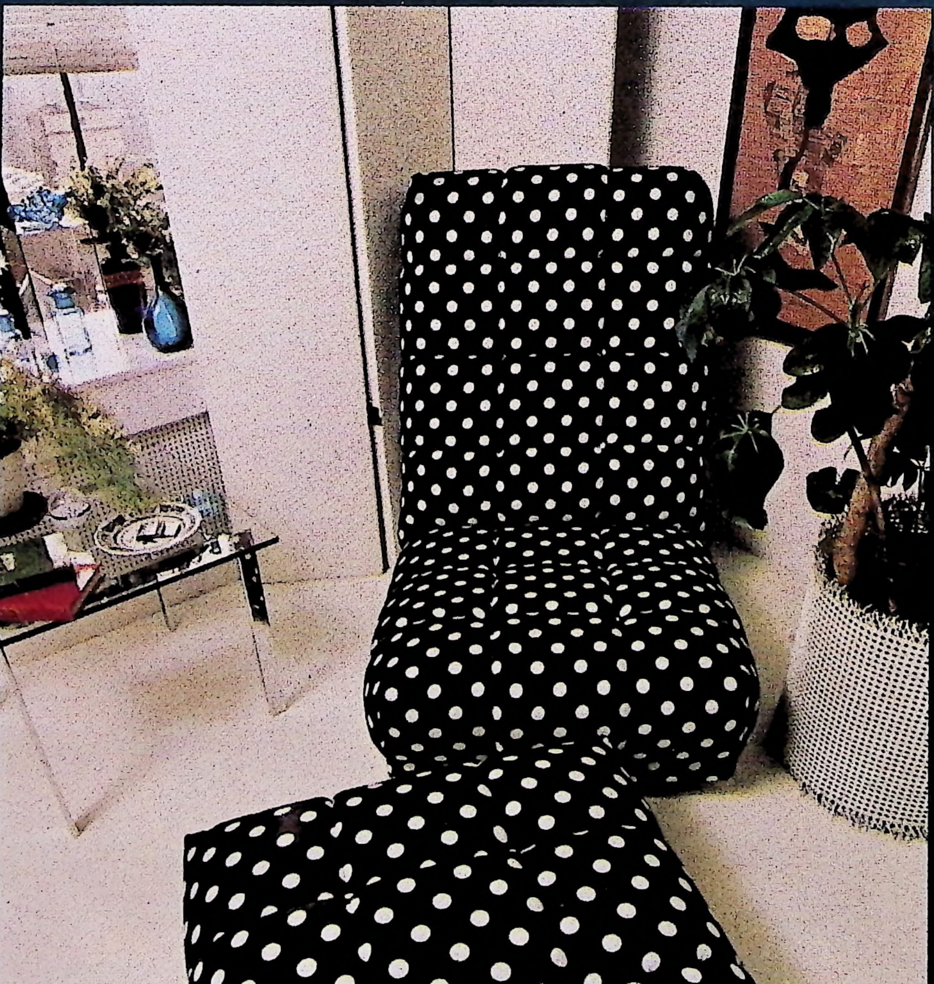




Photographs by Mike Cuesta

The Punch of Black & White

Take the punch of black-and-white pattern. Play it off against more black and white. Then add the pep of one bright accent, and you've got the freshest, crispest color scheme going. One of the most versatile, too, as a glance at the three rooms, left, will show. A word about mixing patterns: be sure they vary in scale and design (it's the "push and pull" of pattern against pattern that creates the sought-for excitement). By MARGARET WHITE, Decorating Editor

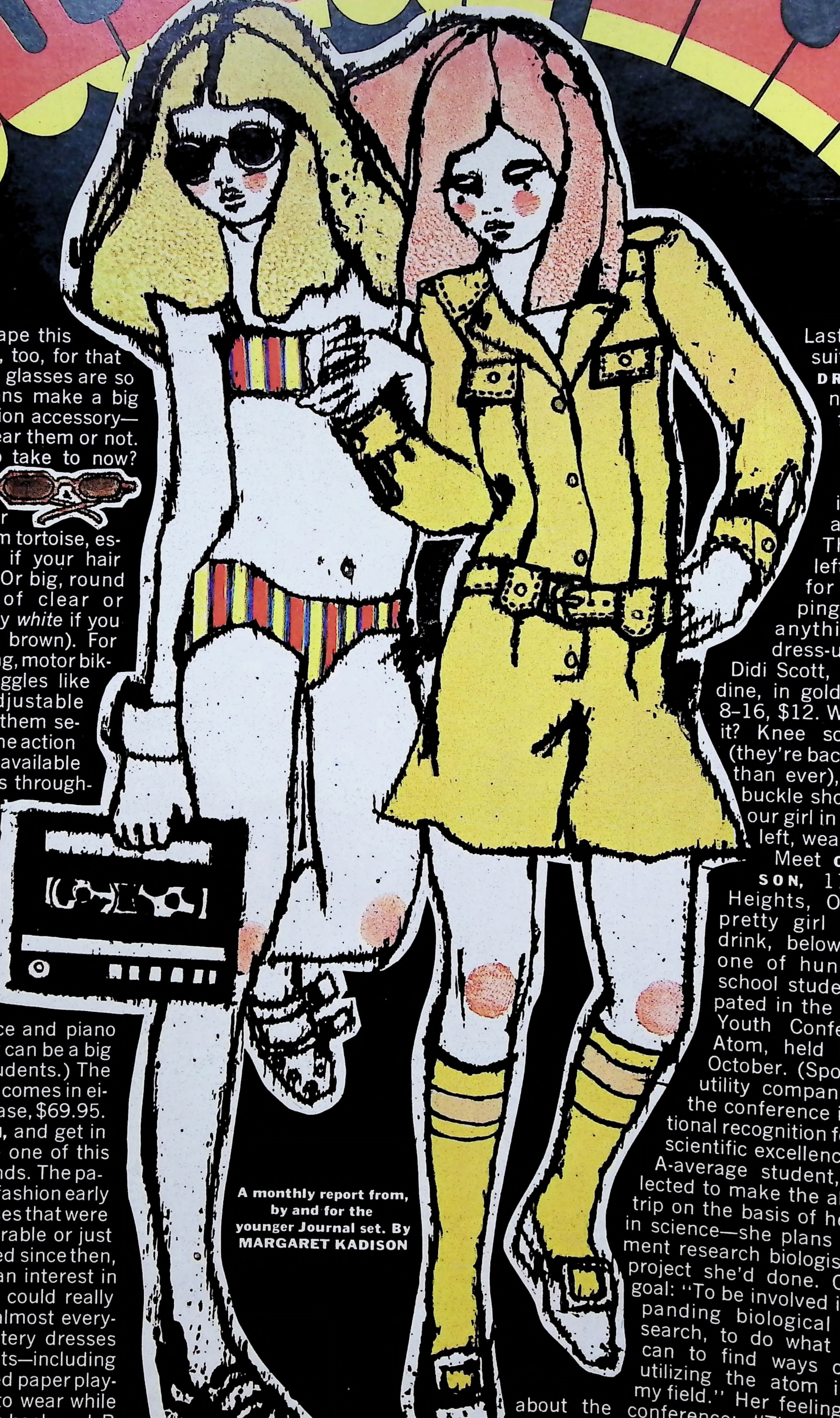
Bold approach to a tiny kitchen, opposite: Four (count them) different black-and-white patterns, from inlaid vinyl floor to vinyl-papered walls and ceiling, to cupboards, doors and drawers covered in Glen-plaid vinyl (applied with special vinyl glue). The accents: red Formica counter, tip-tilted red-and-black painting. Owned and decorated by Richard Ohrbach.

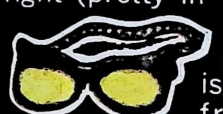
Traditional family living room, left top, takes the punch of black-and-white-plaid wool rug, a tall white lacquer screen with black Op design. Round table is covered in quilted dress fabric; sofa in practical Greek-key-patterned black cotton. The accent: a brilliant-yellow velvet-covered folding stool. Decorated by Stephen Mallory of Mallory-Tillis.

A variation on the black-and-white theme, left below: an all-white room punctuated with a splash of black-and-white pattern—an oversized chair and ottoman covered in polka-dot cotton. The additional accent: a collection of blue bottles. Chair and glass table from the "In Group" by Kroehler Furniture.

Journal Miss

A monthly report from, by and for the younger Journal set. By MARGARET KADISON





SHADES are in great shape this spring—regular glasses, too, for that matter. In fact, the new glasses are so good-looking, many teens make a big point of them as a fashion accessory—whether they need to wear them or not. Some of the shapes to take to now? Hexagonal "granny" glasses like those, right (pretty in black or medium tortoise, especially if your hair is dark). Or big, round frames of clear or pastel-colored plastic (try *white* if you tan to a toasty, golden brown). For active sports—water skiing, motor biking—try big, bug-eye goggles like those above. Their adjustable elasticized strap keeps them securely in place whatever the action is. Both frame styles available at House of Vision stores throughout the country or your oculist can order from them at 137 North Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

It's a **PORTABLE RADIO.** A portable tape recorder. It's both! Play the Radiocorder, right, as a radio. Hear something you'd like to hear again? Just flip a switch and tape it. This goes for voice and piano lessons, too. (We're told it can be a big help to serious music students.) The Radiocorder, by Concord, comes in either black or blue plastic case, $69.95.

Join the **PAPER REVOLUTION,** and get in step with what looks like one of this year's biggest fashion trends. The paper bit started out as gag fashion early last year, with paper dresses that were mostly "ugh" and unwearable or just so-so. Things have changed since then, though. Designers took an interest in paper as a "fabric" they could really work with. Now we have almost everything in paper, from glittery dresses to paper raincoats and hats—including the brief little bright-striped paper playsuit, right, that's perfect to wear while soaking up sun in your own backyard. By Formfit Rogers, bra, panties and matching lounge coat, not shown, P-S-M, $5.

Last year, the pantssuit, now the **PANTS-DRESS,** another new-this-spring fashion that, we think, is destined to go on into summer, and on into fall, and on and on and on. The pants-dress, left, is just the thing for cycling, shopping, casual dates, anything short of a dress-up occasion. By Didi Scott, of cotton gabardine, in gold or bone white, 8–16, $12. What to wear with it? Knee socks, of course (they're back again, stronger than ever), and flat-heeled buckle shoes like the ones our girl in the pants-dress, left, wears.

Meet **CARLA JAN HELLEKSON,** 17, of Shaker Heights, Ohio (she's the pretty girl sipping a soft drink, below). Carla is just one of hundreds of high-school students who participated in the annual National Youth Conference on the Atom, held in Chicago last October. (Sponsored by local utility companies, the aim of the conference is to provide national recognition for academic and scientific excellence.) Currently an A-average student, Carla was selected to make the all-expenses-paid trip on the basis of her keen interest in science—she plans to be a government research biologist—and a school project she'd done. Carla's goal: "To be involved in expanding biological research, to do what I can to find ways of utilizing the atom in my field." Her feelings about the conference: "The lectures, field trips, discussion groups—they made me really want to get to work and do something important."

Illustration by Anne Marie Barden

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Ever since the memorable *Cluny Brown*, Journal readers have cherished this novelist for her deft wit. Now she tells the story of lovable Mrs. Prelude—maybe a widow and maybe not, depending on whether a most serious error was or wasn't made. A fantastic state of (love) affairs! Condensed before book publication. By MARGERY SHARP

IN PIOUS MEMORY

After some thirty years of marriage Mrs. Prelude's sole manifestation of independence was always, when traveling by plane, to sit in the tail. She and her husband flew a good deal; he was an authority on international banking, much in demand wherever his European colleagues gathered in conference, and he invariably took Mrs. Prelude along to look after him. He suffered from asthma. His giant intellect was housed in but an average body—all the more startling, therefore, was the effect when on the platform he rose to his feet and let his intellect loose like a lion from a mousetrap. Mrs. Prelude never witnessed this transformation herself, she was always in the hotel bedroom sterilizing his inhaling apparatus; but other wives told her about it. "Honey, you should have been *there!*" once cried Mrs. van Hoyt—an impetuous American whom Mrs. Prelude met on circuit. "He just *slayed* even the French!"

"Arthur likes to find me waiting for him."

"I guess it's a privilege," said Corinna van Hoyt, "to have a man of genius so dependent on you."

"Indeed it is," said Mrs. Prelude.

Besides the inhaling apparatus, the Preludes' luggage regularly included two special anti-asthma pillows and a supply of special yogurt. What with Arthur's equally indispensable dinner jacket and tails there would have been excess baggage to pay, if Mrs. Prelude had put in evening dress and wrap. Fortunately she didn't need to; one thin silk dress (for Rome) or of lightweight wool (Stockholm) sufficed, and Arthur was very understanding when Mrs. Prelude once had to buy an umbrella at The Hague.

Many another giant intellect (such as Mr. van Hoyt, whose wife always referred to him as The Prof) greatly envied Arthur Prelude. He had, in fact, married recklessly early, and even after the birth of William, Elizabeth and Lydia, he never had cause to doubt where his wife's true allegiance lay.

All the same, whenever they traveled by plane, Mrs. Prelude sat in the tail, even if Arthur couldn't find a place beside her. She'd read somewhere that it was safer, and events proved her right. When the jet taking them back from Geneva crashed into an Alp, Mrs. Prelude, in the tail, was but shocked and bruised, whereas of her husband there remained but the remains.

The death of such a man as Arthur Prelude naturally caused some stir. His obituary in *The Times* measured five and a half inches; telegrams and floral tributes flowed in from heads of banks all over the world. There were fewer personal condolences; he had led too dedicated a life to have much time for private relationships; accordingly, few mourners were expected at the funeral. The table in the dining room was spread with only a dozen plates of ham and tongue, and one of mousli for a vegetarian executor.

"Thirteen," said Elizabeth uneasily.

"Take one away," said William. "In fact, take two away. The Wilfreds won't come—not on Toby's last Fourth."

The Wilfreds—the Wilfred Preludes—were Arthur Prelude's brother and sister-in-law, whose son Toby would leave Eton at the end of that term. There had never been any expectation of Toby's attending his uncle's funeral, and William's guess that his parents wouldn't either was immediately confirmed by the arrival of a telegram.

" 'Terribly distressed but quite impossible. All love and sympathy,' " read William.

"Tell Mother," said Elizabeth.

William hesitated. "She's still crying . . ."

"Well, of course," said Elizabeth. "She behaved quite marvelously, after the crash, and if she's been crying ever since it's only natural."

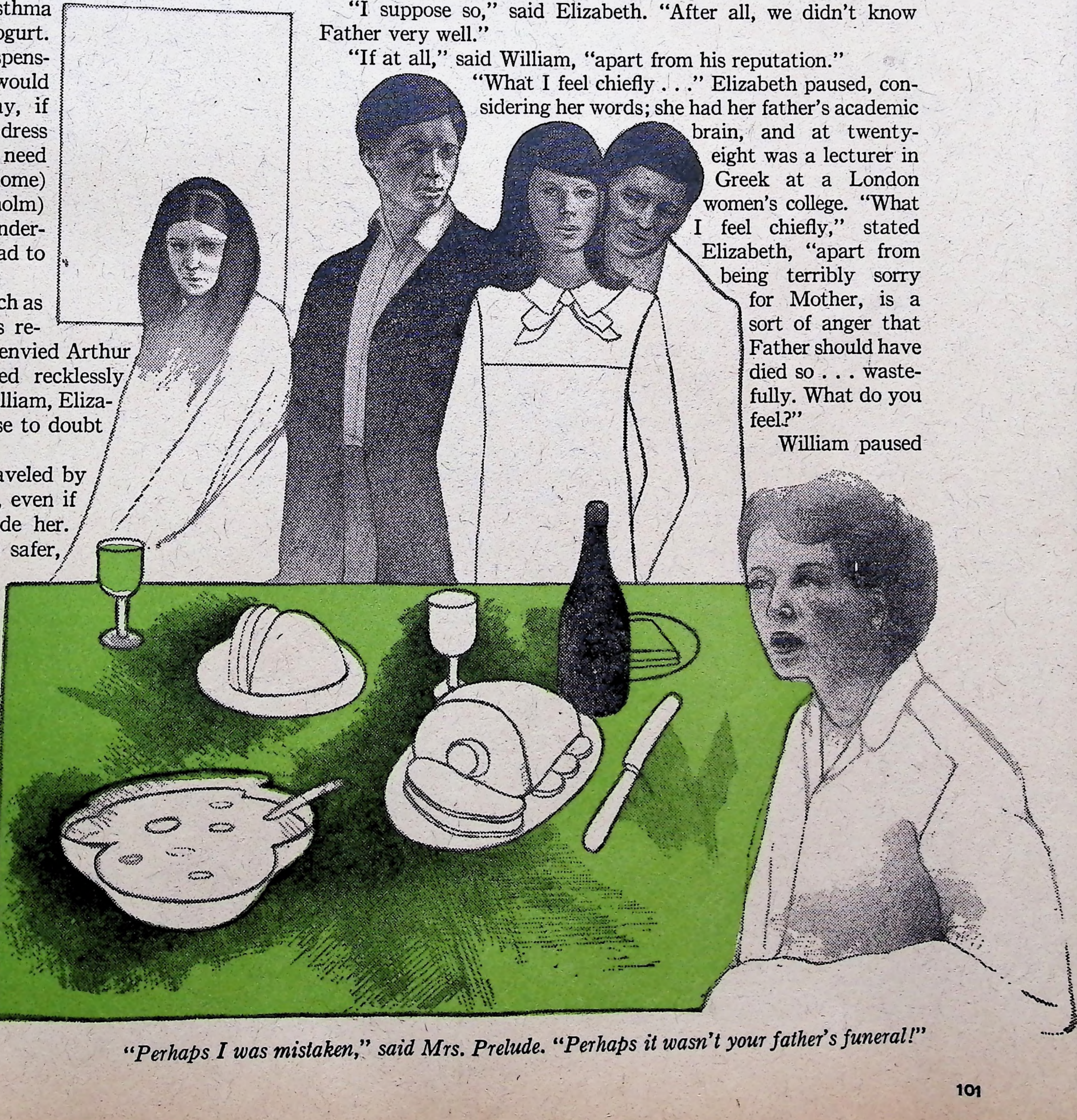
"As it's natural for us to remain dry-eyed?"

"I suppose so," said Elizabeth. "After all, we didn't know Father very well."

"If at all," said William, "apart from his reputation."

"What I feel chiefly . . ." Elizabeth paused, considering her words; she had her father's academic brain, and at twenty-eight was a lecturer in Greek at a London women's college. "What I feel chiefly," stated Elizabeth, "apart from being terribly sorry for Mother, is a sort of anger that Father should have died so . . . wastefully. What do you feel?"

William paused



"Perhaps I was mistaken," said Mrs. Prelude. "Perhaps it wasn't your father's funeral!"

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in turn. In him, too, the academic tradition was strong; though in the antiques trade, he was engaged to the daughter of his tutor at Oxford.

"Very much the same," he said finally. "Lydia, on the other hand, *has* been crying."

"Lydia is sixteen, and dramatizes," said Elizabeth, rather sharply. "Is Mother crying very much?"

"Passionately," said Lydia, from the stairs.

She descended with a slow and solemn step; but still looked young enough to slide down the banisters. "How odd everything looks," added Lydia, "with the blinds down! It feels like being in a haunted house."

"Hush," said Elizabeth. "Here's Mother."

Mrs. Prelude had indeed at last emerged from her room. She wore a black silk dress (Rome) under a black woolen jacket (Stockholm), and a small black international hat. But no crepe-bordered Victorian weeds could have made her state of widowhood more explicit; it was explicit in her face, puffy from weeping.

"Are you sure, Mother, you ought to come?" asked Elizabeth anxiously. "Even though it's Father's funeral?"

Mrs. Prelude pressed a handkerchief to her lips. "Of course I'm coming," she said. "I've never failed your father yet . . ."

At that moment the hearse arrived, and behind it a large black limousine (once the property of Queen Mary) for the family. A second car provided by the undertaker was empty save for two inexplicable Japanese, and actually no one but his immediate family and Arthur Prelude's executor came back to eat the ham and tongue and mousli.

It was wonderful what a difference pulling up the blinds again made. Only those of Mrs. Prelude's bedroom remained drawn; she had gone upstairs to lie down. ("You shouldn't have given her so much brandy," said Elizabeth.) Under the sun pouring in through opened windows the dining table with its several untouched plates had now an almost raffish look, as of an abandoned table d'hôte.

"I must say Father left a very fair will," mused William, picking up a slice of tongue. "I expected more sex discrimination."

"Father was a mathematician," said Elizabeth. "Four into eighty thousand goes with a certain beautiful classic simplicity. I shall take a couple of months in Greece."

"I," said William, "shall get married. I've yearned long enough."

"Alice?" asked Elizabeth, rather dryly.

"Naturally Alice. Any comment?"

"Only that you'd better stop her driving that absurd Jeep," said Elizabeth, "before she breaks her neck in it or rams a Rolls-Royce."

"Cat," said William, without rancor. "Lydia of course can't touch capital till she's twenty-one, but if there's anything she wants to train for—I suppose it'll be drama school?"

Lydia nodded blissfully.

"Mother will go and live at Hove," said Elizabeth. "She's always had a hankering after Hove, only Father thought it bad for his asthma. If she takes a nice big flat, you and Lydia can go for weekends, and the Wilfreds and Toby in the summer."

"And we'll be able to have lobster," said Lydia, in a dreamy tone. "Why was lobster bad for asthma?"

"Why were oysters?" countered William.

"Hush!" said Elizabeth.

As suddenly as she had appeared on the stair, Mrs. Prelude now reappeared in the doorway. She was no longer pale, however, but flushed, for William had indeed given her too much brandy.

"What were you all chattering about?" she demanded. "I could hear you from upstairs, chattering and chattering."

Her children exchanged guilty glances. "I'm very sorry, Mother," said Elizabeth, "I know it must seem terribly heartless, just after father's funeral . . ."

Once again Mrs. Prelude pressed a handkerchief to her lips. "If it *was* your father's," she said.

There was a shocked silence. Then Elizabeth spoke. "What do you mean, Mother, *if?*" she asked sensibly. "Of course it was Father's! Whose else could it have been?"

"Well, there was a whole row of bodies," said Mrs. Prelude.

"But, Mother, you identified him," said William.

"I know," said Mrs. Prelude. "So would you have. It was all so dreadful and pathetic ——"

"Poor Mother!" cried Lydia.

"—I just wanted to get away. I'm not sure now that I really looked at your father at all—if it was your father. I can't remember looking . . ."

"That's shock," explained Elizabeth, "making you lose your memory. But after a good night's sleep ——"

"I don't want to go to sleep," said Mrs. Prelude. "I want to talk about it. If I *have* made this terrible, terrible mistake, I feel I shall never sleep again."

William, under the urgent eye of Elizabeth, drew a deep breath. "Listen, Mother," he said, "it's not possible. Just supposing, theoretically, you did make a mistake, when all the other bodies were identified there'd be Father . . . well, left over, and someone else a body short."

"Unless *they* didn't look properly either," said Mrs. Prelude.

There was a certain logic about this not easy to answer.

"Listen, mother," said Elizabeth, "even if it *is* possible, and father's buried somewhere in Switzerland ——"

"One coffin was being flown to West Point."

—"or even at West Point, does it really matter? No one can say he hasn't been paid every due respect."

"He may even have had military honors," cooperated William.

"You don't seem to understand what I mean at all," complained Mrs. Prelude. "There were injured persons, you know, as well as dead. Perhaps some of *them* lost their memories, as you say I have. Don't you see, if it *wasn't* your father, he may be still *alive?*"

"But then what d'you think's happened to him, Mother?" asked William, taking a fresh grip on the situation.

"Perhaps he just wandered off," said Mrs. Prelude, "and some kindhearted person took him in——"

"Monks," said Lydia eagerly. "With St. Bernard dogs. Or simple peasants."

"They'd have to be more than simple, they'd have to be Yetis," said Elizabeth, "not to know about the crash and get in touch with the airline."

"Yetis?" repeated Mrs. Prelude—beginning to totter.

"Abominable Snowmen," said William.

At which moment Mrs. Prelude fortunately collapsed again, and Elizabeth and Lydia were able to take her upstairs and put her finally to bed.

"Of course it's Father," said Elizabeth, when she returned.

"Also pure Freud," said William. "Even to waiting until after the funeral to unburden herself. Hence the guilt complex."

"You are saying more than you intend," said Elizabeth, "at least, I hope so. You're saying Mother wanted Father to be dead."

"You've never packed his inhaling apparatus," said William. "We must all be very kind to Mother, and find her that flat in Hove at once."

"You are taking it too lightly," said Elizabeth.

William hesitated. "The only way I can see, for absolute proof, though naturally one flinches from it, is to get an exhumation order. Obviously one couldn't ask Mother herself to look again, but if you and I identify him ——"

Elizabeth shuddered. "I feel sick just thinking of it. I don't want to see Father decayed, I want to remember him alive—setting off with his briefcase, full of slightly ridiculous importance ——"

"There's Father's dentist," said Lydia. "Dentists can always identify bodies—the police call them in specially—by their teeth."

"I still," said Elizabeth slowly, "as William says, flinch. To have a dentist poking about his jawbone seems to me the last indignity. How do you feel, William?"

"Much the same," admitted her brother. "I do feel a sense of . . . desecration."

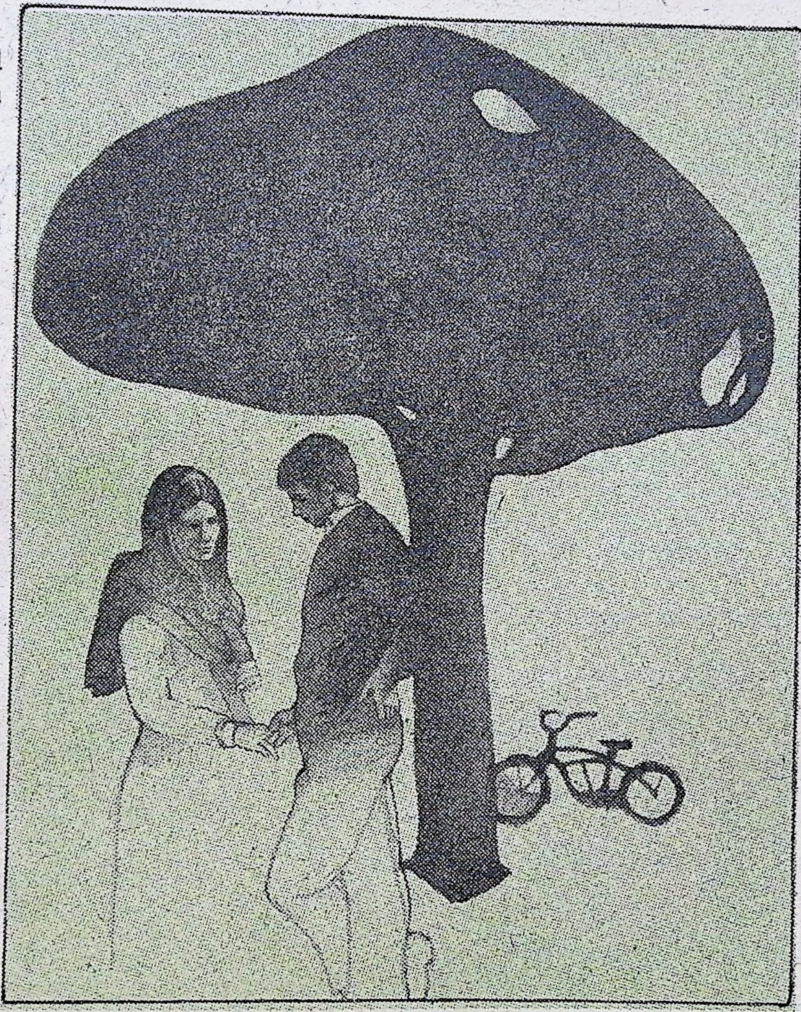
"Almost of impiety," said Elizabeth.

"I don't believe a word of either of you," said Lydia, "about desecration and impiety. *I* know why William would feel like a ghoul, and both of you sick, and a dentist be the last indignity. It's in case Mother's right, and it *isn't* Father. If you and William won't get an exhumation order, *I* shall!"

"You're still under age," reminded William. "If Elizabeth and I object—as we would, wouldn't we, Elizabeth?"

"Certainly," said Elizabeth. "The best way we can help Mother get over Father's death is by behaving completely normally."

Elizabeth's policy of complete normality proved a complete success. She stayed at home only a few days before returning to academic duty in London, and encouraged William, who was employed at Sotheby's, to do the same. Lydia, under protest, was dispatched to finish the term at boarding school. But, since Mrs. Prelude obviously couldn't be left quite alone, Elizabeth summoned two old friends to bear her company: Miss Harriet Champney and Miss Barbara Hume, the one an unpaid Liberal agent, the other currently clipping poodles. Both happened to have a taste for shellfish, and Mrs. Prelude was so grateful to them for coming to her in her wretchedness that the fishmonger's bill soared, and the wine merchant's, too.



"Father lost his memory and wandered away," said Lydia.

"Greece, my dear?" suggested Elizabeth. "A couple of months in Greece? Rather bliss?"

"In one sense," agreed Henry Alcott, "I couldn't agree more. But it's you who'd be paying the bills."

"And why not, now I've come into money?"

"Actually, since I read your dad's obituary in *The Times*," said Henry, with a journalist's keenness, "I've been wondering whether I mightn't do a profile of him. It's quite extraordinary how little anyone knows about him, outside a conference room. I mean, how did he prepare those terrifically important speeches? Did he pace his study all night on relays of hot milk, or swig brandy in the bath? A really decent profile, and I might be able to pay my own fare," he pointed out.

"Ethically, mightn't it be preferable to draw on Dad's cash rather than sell his life story? But I'll tell you one thing about him," said Elizabeth, making a brilliant leap at her object, "Father hated money to be inactive. He'd have regarded your further education in Greece, my love, as a sensible investment."

Elizabeth so pressed the point that before long Henry was in full agreement to fly to Athens first, then Delphi, then Rhodes.

"So we can get married straight away," said William.

Alice was a lovely girl, as daughters of Oxford dons often are. How William had induced her to become engaged to him he still couldn't imagine; he lived in perpetual fear that she might meet someone handsomer, cleverer, richer, and change her mind.

"I'll have to talk to Daddy," said Alice.

William's expression of adoration instantly changed to one of ferocious dislike. He was used to these violent reversals of sentiment; after an hour in the company of his beloved he often felt as though he'd been ducked alternately into hot and cold water and then wrung out. It was one of the reasons he was so anxious to marry at once and get it over.

"You know perfectly well," William said furiously, "you have your daddy in your pocket. You're simply playing cat and mouse with me, and I'm damned if I'm going to stand it any longer."

It was the first time he had ever spoken so roughly to her. But he had the Dutch courage of 20,000 pounds in him.

"But, darling, you're in *mourning*," reminded Alice.

"If you like, we'll have a black wedding."

"I'm making every allowance," said Alice, "but I hope you know you're being quite intolerable?"

William suddenly realized that he understood as little of what went on in his beloved's mind as if she'd been a mermaid or a Presbyterian. He hadn't a clue, but he had an idea.

"I'll tell you something about *my* father," said William. "He always wanted me to marry young. He often told me . . ."

Here William had to pause, since so far as he could recollect his Father had never conversed with him on any subject of importance whatever. But, like Elizabeth, he could improvise.

". . . that marrying my mother when they were both practically under age was the whole basis of his career. If there's any filial duty *I* owe," said William loudly, "it's to get married at once and not be strung along for another year or so. In fact, either marry me or don't, next month."

Mrs. Prelude accepted the news of William's forthcoming marriage with surprising aplomb. William's reminder of how young she had married herself undoubtedly weighed with her; the period of her own engagement, she fondly recalled, had lasted only one month; poor Alice, who had waited two years!

"She wouldn't mind it being a *quiet* wedding?" asked Mrs. Prelude. "I wish I knew how your father would feel about it!"

Panic seized William. "What you may not know, Mother, is that Father always wanted me to marry young—just as he did. He said it was the whole basis of his success."

"Did he really?" asked Mrs. Prelude wistfully. "Then if you're really sure, dear, write and put poor Alice's mind at rest at once. Poor Elizabeth!" she added. "Going off to Greece all alone!"

William, who knew perfectly well that Henry Alcott was going to Greece, too, was loyal to his generation. "Elizabeth has her career, Mother. Father often said how proud he was of her."

"Your father seems to have talked to you children far more than he ever did to *me!*" sighed Mrs. Prelude. "You must tell me everything you remember."

It was quite surprising how much they remembered. Elizabeth, down for the weekend, and alerted by her brother, was particularly fertile in sympathetic anecdotes. "Don't you remember how pleased and proud he was, Mother," prompted Elizabeth, "when I made my first speech at the Union?"

Mrs. Prelude actually didn't remember. Nor could she honestly say she recalled her husband greeting Alice Harvill with a kiss, as William said he did. The pictures were so pretty, however, that Mrs. Prelude willingly, gratefully, accepted them. Delving further back, into memories of childhood, William and Elizabeth recalled gay bonfires on Guy Fawkes night made even gayer by their father's presence. Mrs. Prelude had always thought the gardener was simply burning rubbish, and that Arthur went out only to stop him because of the sparks. It was a true pleasure to know that at heart he had been such a family man.

"We should have lied to Mother sooner," said Elizabeth.

"How could we, while Father was still alive?" countered William.

"I *must* say I never thought she'd take it so well," observed Mrs. Wilfred Prelude, driving back with her husband from a visit of condolence. "Did *you* ever realize he was such a family man?" she asked presently.

"My late lamented brother," responded Wilfred Prelude, "never had a thought in his head outside economics."

"Perhaps you didn't know him very well, darling."

Halting before a traffic light, Wilfred Prelude was able to turn and scrutinize his wife's profile. What he saw surprised him: down the carefully rouged cheek a tear trickled.

"We never had a bonfire night for Toby," she sighed.

"If Toby had wanted a bonfire," Toby's father pointed out, "he'd have suggested it."

"Yes, darling; but it was Arthur who suggested theirs; that's why the children enjoyed it so. . . . I believe he was much more affectionate than we realized," said Mrs. Wilfred.

"Sweetie pie?" mused Professor Harvill. "Arthur Prelude?"

"You hardly met him," said his daughter Alice.

"Actually only twice," said Professor Harvill. "Once in connection with an appeal to endow a scholarship, and once at a luncheon in aid of the Liberal Party. On neither occasion did he subscribe."

"What I was working up to, to sort of *prepare* you," said Alice, "is that William has such a terrific *loyalty* it's making him absolutely *inconsiderate*. He says his father ——"

"Arthur Prelude?" checked Professor Harvill. "William Prelude?"

"Darling, haven't I been engaged to William for *years?*"

"You've been getting engaged ever since you were sixteen. Is William over twenty-one?"

"Twenty-five, darling. He says his father always wanted him to marry young because he did himself and it was the whole basis of his career. I'm terribly sorry, Daddy ——"

"If to that agreeable woman with him at the luncheon," put in Professor Harvill, quite warmly, "I dare say he was right. I was struck at the time by her quickness in procuring him grapefruit instead of the lobster cocktail. It seems he had an allergy to shellfish."

"What I'm trying to tell you, Daddy darling, is that William wants us to get married quite *soon* . . ."

Professor Harvill's eye brightened. "How soon?"

"September," confessed Alice. "He says it's what his father would have wanted . . ."

Professor Harvill felt sorry for William, but the prospect of losing his daughter filled him with thanksgiving. "God bless you, my child," he said briskly. "Just see that the date's in my diary and I'll be there to give you away."

"How everyone *appreciated* Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Prelude, with tender pride. "That nice Professor Harvill has written specially to send his sympathy. . . .

" 'His brilliant intellect,' " reread Mrs. Prelude, " 'is his country's and, so I am told, probably the Common Market's loss. The amiable qualities displayed in intimacy I dare say only his family can adequately mourn. . . .' It's so wonderful how Arthur's lovableness shone through."

"How does it go on?" asked Miss Champney.

"Oh, just something about coming to call," said Mrs. Prelude carelessly. "I expect about the wedding. Poor man, how he must wish Alice's mother were still alive!"

There was a second letter for Mrs. Prelude that morning. Corinna van Hoyt's sympathy, affection and apologies for delay in writing filled three pages and ended, rather casually, with the news that she was getting a divorce. Mrs. Prelude was shocked and distressed. She was fond of both the van Hoyts. Of course, Corinna was more specially her friend; but how kind and considerate, at any short encounter, Corinna's husband! Mrs. Prelude recalled him more than once coming up for a little chat at an airport or on a railway platform. She didn't want to blame Corinna, but her sympathies were at least divided.

However, she had little time to spend worrying about the van Hoyts, for Lydia came home for the holidays looking like a ghost. There was no color in her cheeks, she had rings under her eyes; her long ponytail of black hair drooped like a mourning veil. She looked less as though she'd come to holiday in that happy house as to haunt it.

"Poor wee one!" murmured Miss Hume sympathetically.

"I've never seen a child so haggard," said Miss Champney.

She looked haggard as a young witch; and when one midnight shortly after her return an owl hooted in the orchard, she ran out like a witch to greet her familiar spirit, Toby Prelude.

Toby had propped his bicycle against an apple tree. It was a machine in the last stages of decrepitude: vintage. He himself wore vintage knickerbockers, orange skiing jacket and espadrilles. Owing to his extreme handsomeness, however, and in the moonlight, there was somehow projected the image of young knight and tethered steed.

"I got your letter," said Toby. "It wasn't very enlightening."

"I couldn't be," said Lydia, "in case it fell into other hands. But thank goodness you've come!"

"I'm sorry I wasn't at Uncle Arthur's funeral," added Toby politely. "Was it very harrowing?"

"Not the funeral," said Lydia. "Afterwards. That's what I couldn't write about." She paused; it was the biggest line of her life. "Oh, Toby," said Lydia, "it *wasn't* father's funeral!"

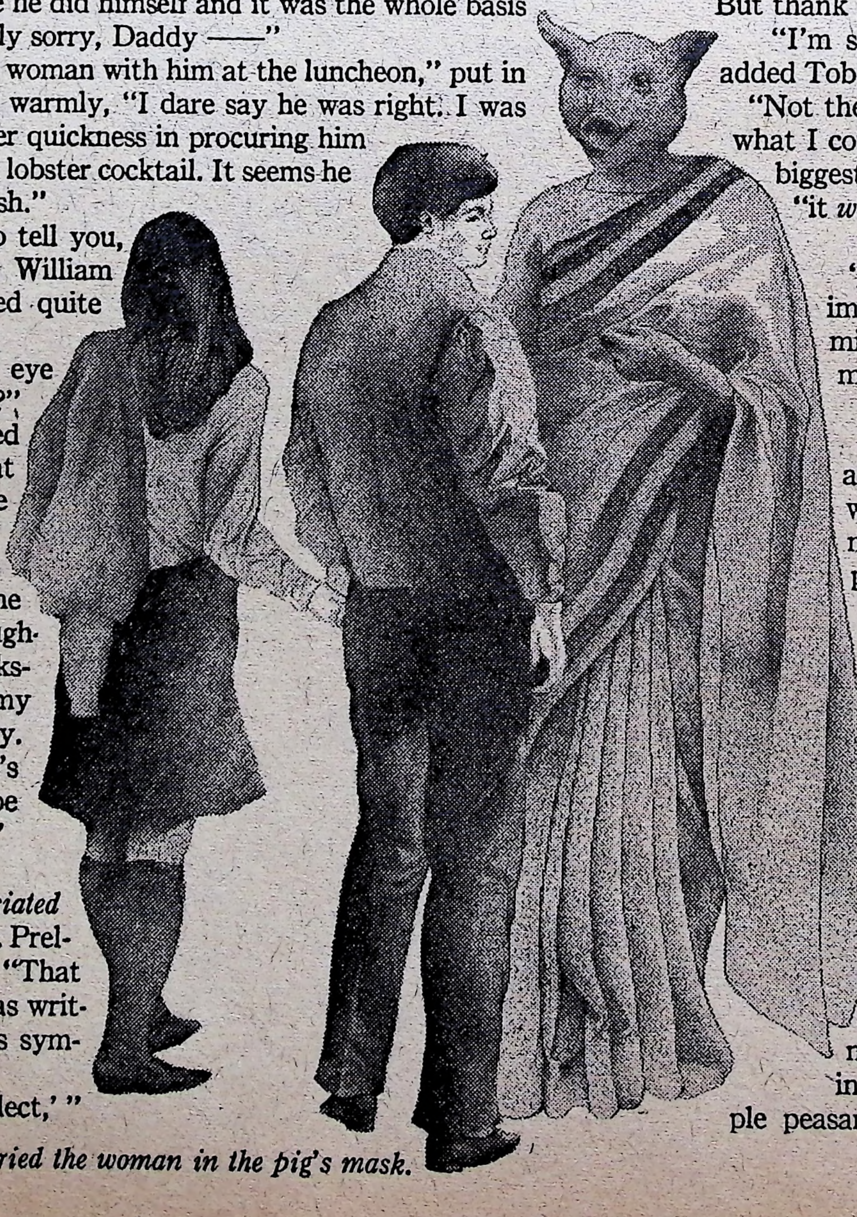
"Elizabeth and William think Mother's just imagined everything," she explained, some minutes later. "But William wants to get married to Alice ——"

"He must be insane," said Toby.

"And Elizabeth wants to go to Greece, and *I* think she's taking some awful gigolo with her. Father'd never have put up the money for either of them; so they were both predisposed. I mean, what evidence have they, to think Father's dead?"

Toby broke off an apple twig and chewed on it. "Well, you might say your mother's," he pointed out. "Then there's the airline; you can bet the airline was searching for survivors like blazes, if only to keep the death roll down. If Uncle Arthur's still alive, what's become of him? V.I.P.'s don't just disappear."

"Father never *looked* like a V.I.P. Even in photographs while he was making a speech there had to be an arrow pointed at him. He was flung out and lost his memory," said Lydia rapidly, "and wandered into the mountains and was taken in by simple peasants the airline never thought of asking."



"Come in, come in!" cried the woman in the pig's mask.

"In which case," said Toby grimly, "he's probably hoeing away for dear life, sleeping in an outbuilding like a poor old watchdog . . ."

"How Elizabeth and William can leave Father starving in a shed for the sake of a measly twenty thousand apiece is simply too macabre!" cried Lydia.

"I believe we all get mercenary with age," said wise Toby. "My own mamma was quite sick at being left out of the will."

"It makes one ashamed of the human race," said Lydia severely. "But that's obviously why the others won't do anything and it's up to us."

The cousins never had need for many words between each other. They had been too long in league.

"To go and look for him?" said Toby at once. "But that means getting to France."

"Everyone's always going to France. Especially in the summer holidays. The whole of our Upper Fourth's going."

"But with a free hand," said Toby, "which is just what our loving families won't want to give us—unless we tell why."

"Definitely not," said Lydia. "It would be too cruel, to raise Mother's hopes. Besides, William and Elizabeth would stop us."

"I agree with you," said Toby. Lydia waited respectfully while he chewed again; she had inherited her mother's esteem for the male intellect.

"Youth clubs," pronounced Toby at last. "On bikes. We'll take our bikes by train as near as we can to where the crash was ——"

"Chambéry," supplied Lydia.

"—and start from there searching yard by yard!"

"I must say it's nice to know you were really *pleased* with your birthday bicycle," said Mrs. Prelude. "I was afraid you weren't."

"Darling, I'm mad about it," said Lydia.

Though it was a pleasure to see the child looking so much brighter, Mrs. Prelude hesitated. "I'm still not sure I quite like the idea, darling: cycling all about France with perfect strangers."

"Toby's going," said Lydia.

"That does make a difference," admitted Mrs. Prelude, "if you'll have your cousin Toby to look after you . . ."

Lydia got 100 pounds for expenses, far grander than Toby's 40. But Mrs. Prelude, thanks to Arthur, was so used to large figures—loans of 50,000 here, a couple of million there—that 100 pounds struck her as just a nice little round sum.

Their finances thus assured, Toby and Lydia still had to suffer a good deal of advice from their elders and betters rather haphazardly assembled at Sunday lunch. Elizabeth was there to collect a suitcase, William to pick up *Chefs-d'oeuvre du Mobilier Français,* Mrs. Wilfred Prelude because Toby was.

"Don't lose your passports," warned Elizabeth.

"Or get your bicycles stolen," warned William.

"Or get your pockets picked, darlings," said Mrs. Wilfred, who had once lost a purse in Notre-Dame.

"Good gracious, you'd think the children were going quite by themselves," exclaimed Mrs. Prelude, "instead of with a youth club! And you're off to the Lakes," she checked, to Mrs. Wilfred, "and Elizabeth to Greece, so why don't we all meet here for lunch again in two weeks' time and tell each other everything that's happened." All agreed that this was a very nice idea.

Toby and Lydia, who according to plan should have entrained straight for Chambéry on the borders of Switzerland and Haute-Savoie, found themselves cycling along a *route nationale* in the Limousin, because (as all children know, only they'd forgotten) if you tell a lie it is likely to come true. In brief, they encountered a youth club, or worse: The Chambéry train was lively with almost the entire Upper Fourth from Lydia's own school.

"Prelude!" exclaimed the games mistress delightedly. "Lydia Prelude! I never knew one of our *seniors* had signed up!"

"Actually I didn't ——" began Lydia.

"Never mind!" beamed the games mistress. "There's always an extra bed at a hostel!"

So Lydia and Toby got out at the next stop. Furtively they watched the train draw out. "We'll have to catch the next," said Toby. He consulted the timetable. "Actually from here there isn't another till tomorrow morning. But if we bike about five miles back down the line we can pick up the nineteen-fifty from Villeneuve-le-Duc."

So, far sooner than they expected, they were seeing the country. "I'd see more without a rucksack," complained Lydia, pedaling between rows of poplars. "It makes me wobble. What's a *jubé?*"

For a sign at the crossroads suddenly indicated: *Eglise St. Emilien, beau jubé.*

"Rood screen," said Toby knowledgeably.

"Let's go in and look at it," said Lydia. So they turned and pedaled up a lane, and propped their bicycles outside a churchyard, and Lydia, with her mother's international good manners, pulled a scarf from her jeans pocket to tie round her head.

The *beau jubé* was so huge, it almost filled the small edifice dedicated to St. Emilien: in the dim religious light it obscured both choir and altar. There were a great many figures carved upon it, including two that looked like the Virgin and a Roman soldier.

"I know you're an agnostic," said Lydia, "but would you mind if I lit a candle?"

Toby liberally bade her go ahead. He himself was touched to solemnity by the *beau jubé.* He knelt. Lydia came and knelt beside him. At that moment a last spectacular ray of sunlight came suddenly through the west window, and the whole *jubé* started to life. The Virgin leaned forth in blessing, the Roman soldier seemed to signal encouragement. Lydia felt like Joan of Arc hearing voices in the bells.

In Buckinghamshire at just about the same time, Mrs. Prelude was receiving a visit of condolence not from Professor Harvill, who had written such a kind note of sympathy, but from Mr. van Hoyt. She felt extremely flattered that he'd squeezed her in between Zurich and Amsterdam.

"To come all this way just for an hour!" marveled Mrs. Prelude. "But then Arthur really was, wasn't he, in his way, great?"

Mr. van Hoyt didn't fail to notice how swiftly, instinctively, she transferred the compliment from herself to her husband. It was a sort of womanly modesty he found both becoming and unusual. As for Mrs. Prelude, she was gratified to hear Arthur's praises from one who truly knew how to value him. So far, he had made no mention of Corinna and the divorce. No doubt the subject was too painful, the wound still too fresh? Yet Mr. van Hoyt didn't look wounded. On the contrary, he looked unusually well.

Of course, Mrs. Prelude could never tire of hearing Arthur eulogized, but by the time Mr. van Hoyt at last paused, she found she knew just what she was going to say, to give him the chance to open his heart and be sympathized with himself.

"You put it all so beautifully!" sighed Mrs. Prelude; and added, "Corinna wrote."

There was a brief silence. Mr. van Hoyt's expression changed. "She's in Mexico this minute," he said.

"But how can she!" burst forth Mrs. Prelude. "Her letter upset me for days! You know I love Corinna dearly—but how *can* she!"

"I guess I was too old for her," said Mr. van Hoyt.

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Prelude, impulsively pressing his hand. "Why, at every single conference I always thought except for Arthur you looked the youngest there! And you took her everywhere ——"

"I did hope," recalled Mr. van Hoyt, "foreign travel might compensate."

"I meant, to the parties as well," said Mrs. Prelude. "Why, whatever more could she want?"

"It seems an action painter," said Mr. van Hoyt. "She met up with this one in Athens. I guess it's a more glamorous occupation."

"If you ask *me,*" said Mrs. Prelude warmly, "there's absolutely nothing more glamorous in the whole world than international finance. Packing Arthur's bags for him and attending to other details, I used to feel absolutely *privileged.*"

"He was a much-envied man," said Mr. van Hoyt, remembering how often it was he who packed for Corinna.

Silence fell briefly as Mr. van Hoyt pressed the hand of his hostess. The sympathy between them was almost tangible—cobweb-fine, but what is stronger than cobweb?

"Have you ever visited New England?" asked Mr. van Hoyt.

"No, only New York," said Mrs. Prelude. "We stayed at the Plaza. The room service was wonderful."

"I've a small property there," said Mr. van Hoyt. "One day I'd like to show it you. Darnation, there's my car come to take me back to the airport."

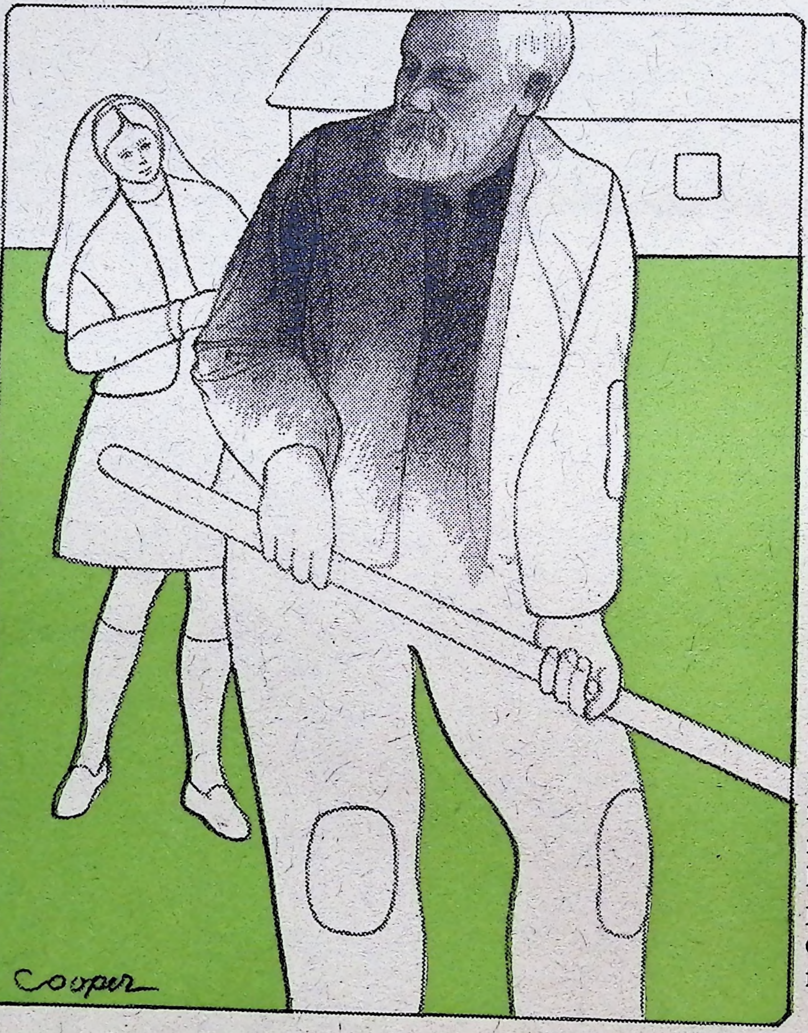
"Have you your briefcase?" cried Mrs. Prelude. "Shall I cut you a few sandwiches? Arthur could never eat a thing they gave him, on the plane! But what silly questions," she chided herself.

"They don't sound foolish to me," said Mr. van Hoyt, "and, in fact, I have never been asked a single one of them before."

The hired car honked again. "May I have the privilege of calling again," asked Mr. van Hoyt, "before I leave Europe?"

"Please do!" begged Mrs. Prelude. "It's been so lovely, talking about Arthur!"

Mr. van Hoyt was not disappointed by this termination of their re-encounter. He knew that Mrs. Prelude, treasure that she was, needed time to readjust into the position of a remarriageable woman. It surprised him, in fact, to find her so perky already. In a couple of months more, he judged, she would happily fly back with him to Boston to help inaugurate a Chair of International Finance endowed by himself and named for his late colleague: thence to visit a small property including a swimming pool and several miles of woodland walks. He'd even picked the spot where he intended to propose.



The old man looked up from his hoe, startled. "Father!" cried Lydia.

Lydia left the church so elevated that it took Toby several moments to convey to her the fact that her bicycle had been stolen. Where two bicycles had been left against the gate, now there was only one. There stood Toby's decrepit machine inviolate; Lydia's brand-new chromium job had vanished.

"I suppose we'd better go to the police," said Toby uneasily.

Lydia blinked. She was still only just awaking to reality. "My rucksack as well. But won't it hold us up for hours?"

"More like days," said Toby. "We'd better just write it off and push on. You can always hire another bike and buy gear when we get to Chambéry."

Toby had literally to push. Obviously he couldn't accommodate Lydia on his cross-bar; faithful as his steed might be, the double burden would simply have sent it to the glue factory.

"Has the station at Villeneuve a proper restaurant?" asked Lydia presently.

"If not, there'll be one in the village."

"I shall have an *escalope.* What shall you have?"

"*Bifsteck,*" said Toby unhesitatingly.

Nothing so alleviates a footslog as discussing what one is going to eat at the end of it. They had cheerfully completed several miles before they realized that they were lost.

It seemed impossible, even in the swift-falling dusk. The only explanation was that at some point they must have turned off the road. In any case, where should have twinkled before them the red and green lights of the Villeneuve station, gleamed lancet windows high up in what was evidently the turret of a château. They halted in dismay beside a tall iron gate ajar between pillars with griffins on top.

"We'd better take a look at the map," said Toby.

One thing efficient about his bicycle was the lamp. That it now proved useless was simply because Toby's jacket, which had the map in the pocket, had fallen off. "I'm extremely sorry," apologized Toby. "It's entirely my fault. I should have lashed it on."

"Considering that, besides the map, it's got all our money and our passports in it," said Lydia, "I really think you might."

It was extraordinary how quickly darkness had become complete: the moon not yet risen.

"I'd better cycle back," said Toby. "You wait here."

"One thing I absolutely refuse," wailed Lydia, "is to be left all alone in the dark in the middle of France!"

An owl hooted. Otherwise all was silent, under tall trees. A faint beginning of moonlight transformed fallen branches into mantraps. Suddenly, somewhere to the right, a dog bayed—a powerful bay, suggesting a large and powerful dog.

"The Hound of the Baskervilles," said Toby. He let his bicycle fall, Lydia clutched his hand, and together they raced for whatever sanctuary the château offered. Light through an opening door streamed to meet them; some sort of manservant accepted their dishevelment unsurprised, and wordlessly led the way across a great historic hall to the historic drawing room beyond.

To Toby and Lydia (fresh from the dark, blinking under too many chandeliers), it seemed crowded. In fact, no more than half a dozen merrymakers delightedly converged upon them—the males in white dinner jackets, the three females exquisitely if somewhat fantastically attired in gold-bordered sari, pajamas of thin Liberty silk, and shift sewn with pearl paillettes. Above the sari rose the head of a pig, above paillettes and Liberty silk the heads of sheep and goat; above the white dinner jackets those of boar, wolf and ram—Mrs. Armadale, who had rented the château for the summer, having decided to give a special fun party for her intimates with the aid of rubber masks specially imported from New York.

"Come in, come in!" she cried, thrusting up her rubber snout to reveal features scarcely less plump. "How sweet, how *young!* Did we frighten you?"

"Yes," said Lydia, "very much. You looked so natural."

"I was terrified, too," said Toby, but more politely, taking a rapid survey of the three men now equally unmasked. Not one looked as though he could be the owner of the château. Toby, in fact, evaluated the whole set-up accurately; he knew châteaux were frequently rented to fun-loving foreigners in the season when moats began to smell like drains. So, although this particular fun party struck him as a bit wild, because outside it was dark, and they had no money, and Lydia was very pale ——

"I'm afraid we've rather boobed," he said apologetically. "We hoped the Duke (actually the grandfather of a friend of mine) would put us up overnight. But, of course, we'll just move on."

"Don't think of it!" cried Mrs. Armadale warmly (and just as Toby had anticipated). "You'll stay as long as you like! I'm Lalage, and these are Babs and Cécile and Bobo and Peter and Blimps.

Now, what are *your* names, you babes in the woods?" she asked.

"Susan and Harold," said Toby, "Blackwood. We're cousins—on a tour of France to improve our accents."

Mrs. Armadale's fat white countenance creased to the eye pockets in a conspiratorial smile. "Which I for one don't believe a single moment!" she declared. "*I* believe you're eloping!"

Instantly the whole fun party took up the idea with enthusiasm—sheep and goat, boar, wolf and ram crowding round, breathing gin into Toby's and Lydia's faces. "So obviously, so *terriblement* in love!" yearned Babs. Cécile had an arm around Toby's neck.

"I tell you what," giggled Bobo, "let's have a wedding! Darling Lalage, wouldn't it be rather *fun?*"

"It certainly would," beamed Mrs. Armadale, tears of pleasure in her eyes to see her guests enjoying themselves once more. (With new toys; a new game.) "Only what about a minister? They both look to *me* like Episcopalians."

"Then just a bedding—*à la dix-huitième siècle!*" giggled Blimps. "Let's bed them in the bridal suite!"

Before Toby could extricate himself from Cécile, Peter and Blimps were manhandling Lydia up a broad stairway. Toby took the stairs two at a time, shoved past the men, pulled Lydia in through a door and thankfully shot the bolt. It was a door remarkable enough to be exhibited, off its hinges, in any exposition of French domestic art. But what Toby and Lydia chiefly appreciated was its strength. Under the poundings of boar, wolf and ram it didn't so much as budge.

"Let us in, let us in, let us in!" chanted the fun party.

Toby drew Lydia toward a window seat on the chamber's further side, thrust her down, and let her hold his hand.

"They really *are* beasts," panted Lydia. "Pulling me upstairs, those men didn't just pull me, they sort of *fondled* me . . ."

"Cry on me if you like," said Toby.

Muffled first by the door, then by the breadth of the room, the graceless racket outside scarcely penetrated. They had time to draw breath; to look about them, at the great bed, curtained above a headboard carved with a coat of arms, at the shining wardrobes and tall-boys and straight-backed chairs. They had time to look out of the window, across a formal garden and stretch of lawn toward wilder parkland beyond. The moon was now up, and almost full. Somewhere below a clock struck twelve with the peculiar impressiveness of a clock that has the house to itself.

"Have they all *gone?*" whispered Lydia.

"Perhaps they've just passed out . . ."

Both listened intently. Then, "Bolt the door behind me," Toby ordered.

He was gone perhaps ten minutes. When Lydia let him in, what immediately struck her was the fistful of notes he carried: both French and English. "I was right," he reported, "they're absolutely strewn all over the place. It was like kicking one's way through dead bracken."

"Where did you get that money?" Lydia demanded. (Like all Preludes, she took money seriously.) "You don't mean to tell me you went through their pockets?"

"Only the chaps," reassured Toby. "And of course I left I.O.U.'s. Now pull yourself together and let's push on."

But, once outside, Toby, finding his bicycle where he had dropped it, wheeled it no more than a yard or two before both pedals fell off, and after collecting his rucksack he abandoned it.

The rest of the night they slept in a ditch; but the night was warm and the ditch dry. Both slept like logs, and under the early sun woke fresh as daisies. They sensibly decided to retrace their steps to the railroad station, not only because they could catch a train there, but also on the chance of finding Toby's jacket.

"I've been thinking," said Toby. "I'm pretty sure it happened after we turned off."

"After it got dark," said Lydia, with a shiver.

Just then, her sharp eye was caught by a patch of orange protruding from a rabbit-hole. It was Toby's jacket, all right; their passports were still in the pocket, but their money wasn't.

"A simple peasant," observed Toby, "probably hasn't any use for passports."

In any case, they had Bobo's money. At an inn outside the station, the cousins consumed an enormous breakfast of omelets, rolls, more omelets, more rolls, butter and honey and coffee. Toby tipped the waiter so lavishly, as they boarded the train the man pressed on them a bag of slightly overripe plums and rejoiced that there were still a few milords left alive.

In London, over lunch at the Ritz, Alice allowed William to place an engagement ring on her finger, and exclaimed how perfectly it fitted. Then, during a lull in the conversation, William struck on a telephone call from his mother.

"D'you know what?" said William. "You may well be going to have a millionaire step-papa-in-law."

Alice looked interested at once. "Tell me more, darling,"

"It seems that Mr. van Hoyt, a colleague of my late father's, flew in for an hour's chat with Mother between Zurich and Amsterdam."

Alice opened wide brown eyes. "Zurich and Amsterdam?"

"Precisely. Mother described it as a visit of condolence; but of course they chatted about this and that as well; such as the van Hoyt divorce. He's to call again before he leaves Europe. I honestly don't believe Mother has a clue," added William, "but one can't help suspecting intentions on the part of Father's pal——"

"I think it's perfectly dreamy," said Alice. "Really and truly cross your heart a millionaire?"

"Multi," said William. "I dare say he owns half Bermuda."

"Bermuda must be beautiful," sighed Alice. "All those luxury hotels with their own swimming pools. . . ."

During the long, hot train journey, Toby had been thinking steadily and practically; he had waited to inform Lydia of his conclusions only because he didn't want a row with her in the crowded compartment. As soon as they left the station, however, he took the bull by the horns.

"We now," stated Toby, "head straight for H. M. Consul."

As he expected, his cousin turned on him in indignation. "You must be mad," said Lydia. "And a rat. Didn't we agree right from the start to keep grown-ups out of it?"

"Look," said Toby stubbornly, "he may have heard something, some chat after the crash there seemed no point in investigating."

"Then he's another rat."

"What doesn't seem to strike you," said Toby patiently, "is that it's never even been suggested to him that Uncle Arthur isn't dead. Of course, if we can't get him to believe us, we're back to square one. On my own I wouldn't try it; I dare say he wouldn't believe you either. . . ."

So Lydia was won over. The prospect of smiting the Consul with her eloquence, like Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, was irresistible.

It wasn't much of a consulate to which the cousins were directed. It was, in fact, a rather down-at-the-heel villa with two bottles of milk on the doorstep. Nor was Mr. Dumbly much of a consul.

"If it's your fares home, no," he said at once. "Hitchhike here, hitchhike back."

"Sir," began Toby, "this is m'cousin, Miss Prelude."

Mr. Dumbly straightened slightly. He hadn't yet forgotten the hell of a to-do over a chap called Prelude after the plane crash—evidently some sort of a V.I.P. Mr. Dumbly disliked V.I.P.'s on principle; in his opinion they had too much cheek. What Mr. Dumbly liked were decent, quiet couples on a package trip who just needed directing to the Anglican Church. But, though he mentally groaned, he sat up and regarded Lydia with wary respect.

"Miss Prelude? It was I who had the sad privilege," recalled Mr. Dumbly, "of escorting your dear mother on that last sad, er, tour of inspection. How is the poor lady?"

"Actually very well," said Lydia, "and actually why I and m'cousin are here is because we think she made a mistake."

Mr. Dumbly groaned aloud. "My dear Miss Prelude," he said firmly, "take my word for it: there isn't a chance."

The arguments with which Lydia had convinced her cousin made no impression on Mr. Dumbly whatever. He simply closed his mind. It was a method he frequently employed when pestered: just close the jolly old mind.

". . . So you see what it means to all of us!" finished Lydia passionately.

"I do indeed," said Mr. Dumbly, opening his eyes. (Or hadn't he shut them? He hoped not; he couldn't remember.) "I've never been more touched and distressed. But so long as you didn't actually *know* you were smuggling ——" He checked himself as Lydia rose indignantly.

"I'm afraid there's only one word for it," said Mr. Dumbly hurriedly. "*Requiescat.*"

"We've had a letter from Mother," said Elizabeth, idly stretching her newly tanned legs upon a Grecian shore.

"And what does she say?" asked Henry Alcott.

"That Mr. van Hoyt's been to call. One of Father's millionaire colleagues," she explained. "He dropped in to tea between Zurich and Amsterdam."

"A very nice gesture."

"Mother's terribly distressed because his wife's left him," added Elizabeth. "She's getting a Mexican divorce to marry an action painter she met in Athens."

"The background to international banking sounds more fascinating than one suspected," said Henry.

"They were on holiday," said Elizabeth defensively. Then, seeing Henry laughing at her, she laughed in turn. "Prig that I am," said Elizabeth. "Actually Mother seems to have sown a little seed of love herself—not consciously, of course; but one doesn't lightly fly in for tea between Zurich and Amsterdam. You wouldn't actually mind, would you, having him in the family?"

Elizabeth never suspected mercenariness in others. But her 20,000 pounds barely made her an heiress to Henry Alcott; it came as a beautiful thought to him that, as other millionaires endowed hospitals or art galleries, Mr. van Hoyt might care to endow a literary masterpiece—especially if written by one of the family.

"If your mother's going to be consoled, three cheers," he said. "I've always liked the sound of her. I only hope she likes her son-in-law."

Elizabeth so reassured him on the point that next day she was wearing an engagement ring. If only of silver, it was still very engaging: an ancient coin set in a modern bezel minutely incised with dolphins. Wearing it, Elizabeth stretched more happily still on the fabled Grecian shore.

Professor Harvill, calling on Mrs. Prelude, arrived unheralded. Still, her welcome was genuine. She had been thinking about him, and feeling for him, off and on ever since receiving his letter; on sight, her sympathy increased. Mrs. Prelude would have felt sorry for any widower faced by all the problems incident to a daughter's marriage, but somehow Professor Harvill's neat brown whiskers gave him an extra pathos, for she perceived at once that he'd been trying to dye them.

"How nice of you to come!" exclaimed Mrs. Prelude warmly. "I expect it's to talk about the wedding?"

For a moment Professor Harvill was thoroughly startled. If his own thoughts had surprised him by their forwardness, how far and fast must his hostess's have been traveling? A second moment, however, made all plain, as Mrs. Prelude added that of course she would be more than delighted to help with dear Alice's trousseau.

"Just to see she doesn't forget dull things like hankies," explained Mrs. Prelude. "I'm sure Alice has wonderful taste! Would you terribly mind coming into the kitchen? I'm in the middle of preparing a stew."

The odor as she popped a knob of butter into a hot frying pan and then tipped in a plateful of onion rings was the most delicious Professor Harvill had ever smelled. His late wife had been as indifferent to cookery as Alice was.

"I brown the carrots, too," explained Mrs. Prelude, observing with pleasure his interested look, "and just a little parsnip."

With what grace she lifted the lid of a large iron casserole already a-simmer!

"And you make apple pies, and so on?"

"Well, not this afternoon," smiled Mrs. Prelude. "Barbara—Miss Hume, who's staying with me—wants me to type out some poodle pedigrees for her."

She could type as well!

"Latin," hazarded Professor Harvill (his own lecture notes as often as not were illegible), "shouldn't by comparison present much difficulty?"

"Not if written out clearly first," said Mrs. Prelude, "as Arthur always did. I must have typed *quantilla prudentia* over and over."

"A common tag," said Professor Harvill, rather jealously. "*Quantilla prudentia orbs regnatur!*—we are governed by fools."

"*I* always thought it had something to do with insurance companies," confessed Mrs. Prelude. "How nice it is to know!"

All men, even if not professors, enjoy instructing. Professor Harvill warmed to her more and more.

"With a simple grammar, and a little coaching, you'd soon get the hang," he promised kindly. "As an occupation for quiet evenings I can think of none more pleasant."

"Neither can I," agreed Mrs. Prelude. It was nice to have someone in the kitchen with her, especially a man. So she kept Professor Harvill in the kitchen for an early cup of tea and tossed him off a few hot scones while letting him instruct her in a simple Latin declension. Beginners are customarily started on *amo*—I love; with unusual sensitivity, Professor Harvill substituted *habeo*. He had already awarded Mrs. Prelude an alpha plus.

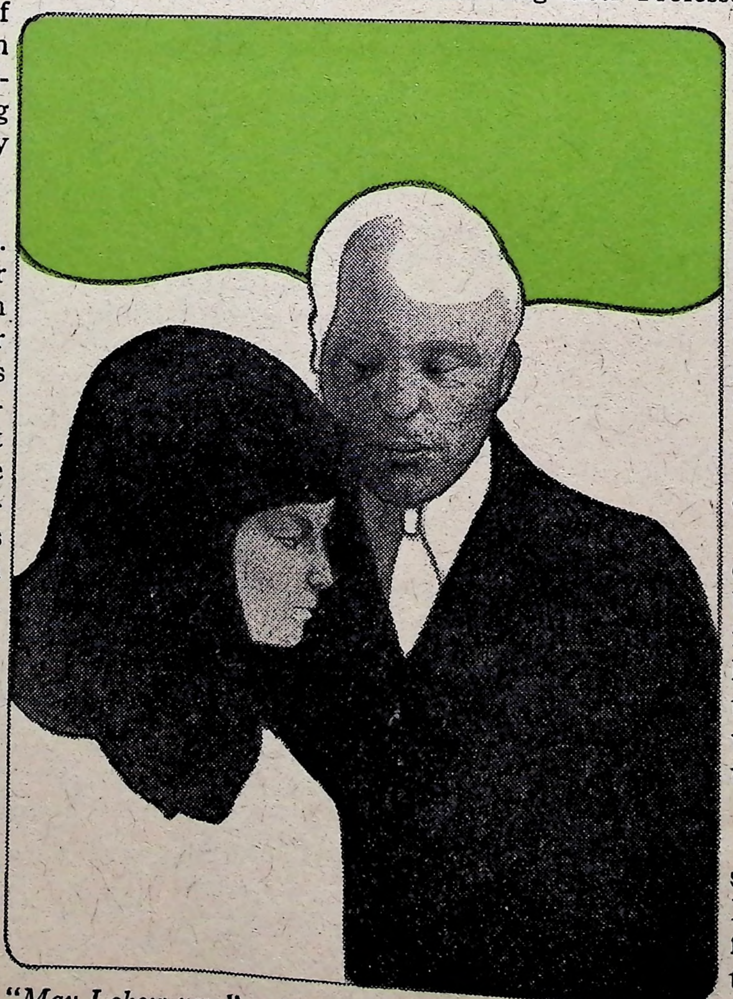
Not long after Professor Harvill's departure, Mrs. Prelude, answering a phone call from Amsterdam, invited Mr. van Hoyt to tea. Most intercontinental calls prompt dinner—or at least luncheon—invitations. Mrs. Prelude's simple bidding to tea did her no harm with impatient Mr. van Hoyt. He was a man who liked having tea. He planned to get home to tea quite often, in that lovely home outside Boston. "I'll bake you a cake!" promised Mrs. Prelude. "Cherry or sultana?"

"Cherry," yearned Mr. van Hoyt. "I haven't tasted a home-baked cherry cake in years. . . ."

The date was for the following Monday. Hanging up, Mrs. Prelude remembered Alice Harvill was due to be staying nearby, and dropped a note inviting her to tea, too. For a moment she contemplated inviting Alice's father as well; but somehow had the notion that the two men mightn't get on.

In Chambéry it was raining with a steady, even, drenching mountain rain. It was far too wet to go cycling in the foothills, and the cinema didn't open till five. Toby and Lydia spent the afternoon in the

(continued on page 148)



"May I show you," said Alice, "a lovely woodland walk?"

SPRING CLEANING—YEAR ROUND

By Margaret Davidson
Home Management Editor

"Children first, cleaning second"

To spring-clean or not to spring-clean? We asked four young housewives. Their answer: a unanimous No! "Nobody spring-cleans anymore except my 71-year-old grandmother," said one young woman. All agreed they would rather maintain a clean house on a day-to-day basis than undergo big seasonal cleaning upheavals. Their way of operating (outlined here) is typical of hundreds we've talked with or heard from. For more about this new maintenance system, turn to our chart on the following pages.

"If a place doesn't look too cluttered, I don't let it bother me," says Bonnie Dougherty, "but I couldn't stand to live in a house that wasn't reasonably neat." Bonnie and her husband, Paul, and their two children, Amy, 4, and Keigh, 1½, live near Chicago, in Libertyville, Illinois, in a 40-year-old two-story frame house. Bonnie's approach to cleaning is a practical one. "With two small children and a husband who travels a great deal on business, you have to modify your standards," she says.

She tries to spend extra time with the children to make up for their father's frequent absences, so naturally keeps daily cleaning time down to a minimum. Her regular routine includes dusting, vacuuming the wall-to-wall carpets, checking walls, doors and windows for smudges and small fingerprints. Bonnie thorough-cleans in anticipation of any special occasion—a party, for instance, or when friends or family plan a visit. This, plus her daily routine, keeps her house at spring-cleaned level all year round.

"Friday is spring-cleaning day"

"Friday is the day I put everything back into spring-cleaned perfection," says Judi Arndt. "Otherwise I have no real cleaning schedule, except to make sure that everything's in its place and in order—no dishes in the sink, no unmade beds, no toys to trip over." In seven years of marriage, Judi and her husband, Gary, a captain in the army, have lived in seven different homes (including one in Stuttgart, West Germany), so she is a real expert on setting up housekeeping.

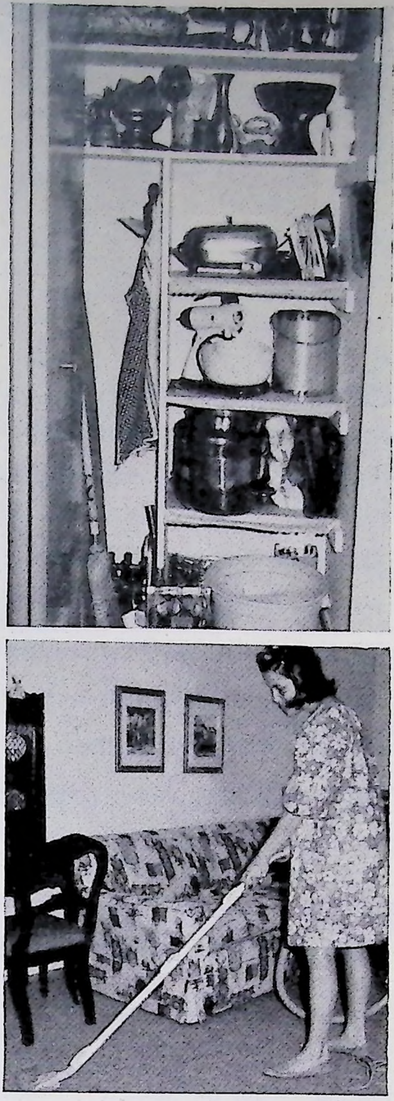
The Arndts and their three-year-old daughter, Lee, now live in a one-story house near the University of Iowa, where Gary (who was wounded in Vietnam) teaches ROTC. Like most couples, the Arndts do their entertaining on weekends—one reason why Friday is Judi's major cleaning day. Weekends are when Judi wants the house to look its very best. "My way of avoiding the big spring cleanup is to do one special chore of spring-cleaning proportions each week—like organizing a closet or cupboards, cleaning the rugs, polishing the furniture, along with my regular Friday routine."

"Don't let the dust gather"

"Gail's always cleaning," her husband, Paul Schmitter, says. Actually, she isn't; she's much too busy taking care of their two sons, Freddie, 3, and Paul Scott, 1, and their dog, Angie, and helping her husband with his business (he's a church architect, has an office in the basement of their seven-room house in Milwaukee). Gail does clean every day, though, says that "a little disorder is understandable when there are small children romping around the house," but insists that "the house should be basically spotless underneath the occasional clutter."

She believes in preventive rather than spring cleaning. Her philosophy: "It's much easier to cope with dust and dirt early on than to let it accumulate." One of her tricks is to use masking tape on furniture legs to prevent scarring from toys and Paul Scott's walker, which she removes when she entertains.

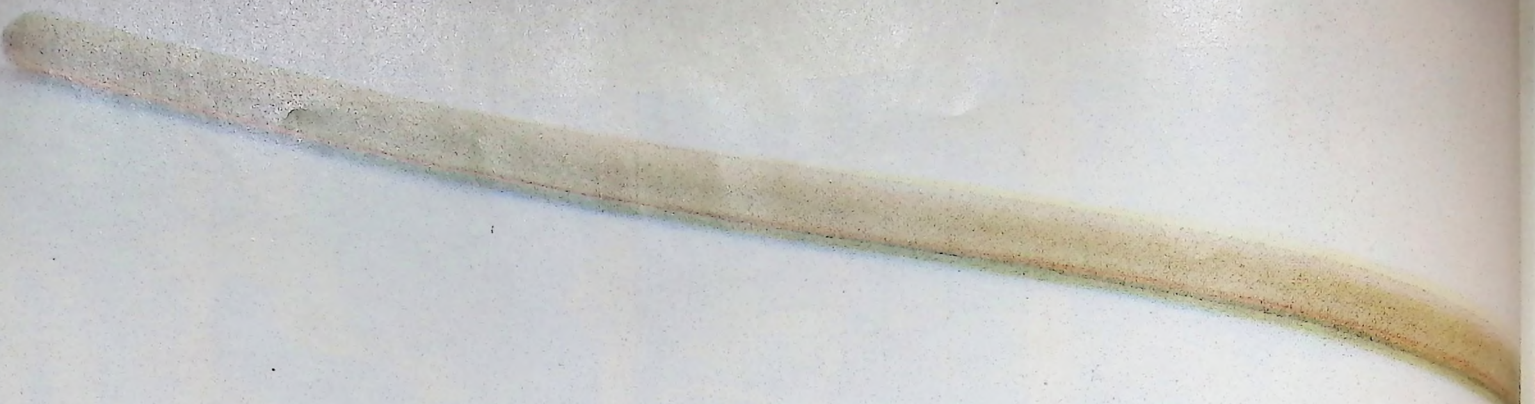
Gail is also one of the many women we've talked to who find it easier to apply fresh paint with a roller than clean the walls of a room when they get dingy. So she and her husband, Paul, turn into house painters every six months or so. She's especially finicky about the kitchen floor, and scrubs it thoroughly on her hands and knees in order to get after stubborn spots and stains.



Karen is a "morning person" cleaner

"I'm a compulsive cleaner," says new bride Karen Sherrin, who lives with her husband, Rick, in Dearborn Heights, Michigan. "It's not that I like to clean—it's tedious, it's not creative, and I'd much rather cook dinner for 25—but I'm willing to make the effort because I so adore having everything look bright and shining."

Karen, a "morning person," breakfasts at 6 o'clock with Rick (he's a resident surgeon at nearby Henry Ford Hospital). After he leaves at 6:30, she irons, vacuums, and does "whatever needs to be done" (including occasionally vacuuming air vents and air conditioner to keep dust to a minimum). She does all this before going off to her job as a speech therapist. To keep her cleaning supplies well organized and within easy reach, Karen turned a coat closet into a "pantry annex."



To spring clean, or not to spring clean—of course, it's up to you. But whether you're like the four young women you met on page 109—who'd rather maintain a spring-cleaned house all year round—or prefer the seasonal, everything-fresh-at-once approach, you'll find helpful short-cut cleaning methods and tips in the handy chart below. Before you begin any ambitious cleaning project, it's a good idea to check on some of the following:

☐ **If part of the job calls for professional help, set up a schedule—make appointments so things get done in the proper sequence.**

☐ **Always complete the dirtiest jobs first—like changing furnace filters, repairing plumbing and heating systems.**

☐ **Make a list of all the cleaning supplies and equipment you'll need for each job, have them on hand and make arrangements for equipment rentals well in advance.**

☐ **Plan to do no more than one room at a time to save the house from total disorder.**

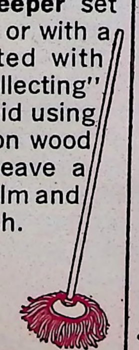
☐ **Always clean a room working from the walls toward the center—walls and windows first, rugs, carpets, floors last.**

CARPETS AND RUGS

For quickest, easiest cleaning, use one device for all floors—a **vacuum cleaner** or one of the new **carpet sweepers** with adjustments for bare floors. Studies prove rugs stay bright longer when vacuums are pushed slowly several times over one area to remove deep-down dirt. Spots come out best if treated within 8 hours. So be prepared for emergencies and have a **rug stain remover** kit handy. Sponge toward center to keep stain from spreading; use solution sparingly to avoid soaking, and pat dry with **towels. Powdered rug cleaners** do a fast general brightening job and rugs are usable within a few hours. Work powder into pile with rotary brushes of floor machine, or use a stiff brush. When powder dries, take up with vacuum. Special **liquid rug cleaners** are more thorough than powders. But allow at least a day for rug to dry. Important: Use suds only to avoid soaking rug backing. Some new floor machines create and dispense dry foam. Remember, **floor machines** can be rented. When fibers of rug are dry, stroke in one direction with vacuum.

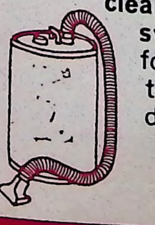
WOOD FLOORS

The fastest method of caring for wood floors is to clean and polish in one operation. Look for the new **solvent-base cleaning waxes** made especially for wood floors. Shake to mix well and apply with disposable pads (change pads often, for they gather up loosened dirt). Waxes for wood floors look best when polished, though some new wood floor finishes dry bright. **Electric buffers** quickly bring the shine back to scuffed wood floors, even without rewaxing. Nice to own, they can also be rented. Floors that receive much traffic are best protected with **paste wax,** which cleans as it is applied. Use paper or cheesecloth pads on a machine and change often. **Disposable wax treated pads** are handy, too. Important reminder: Two thin coats of wax give a brighter, more resistant surface than one thick coat. "Dust" wood floors by going over them with **vacuum cleaner** or **sweeper** set for bare floors, or with a dry mop treated with special "dirt-collecting" compound. Avoid using an oiled mop on wood floors—it will leave a dirt-collecting film and soften wax finish.



RESILIENT FLOORS

Fastest method of cleaning resilient floors (linoleum, vinyl, asphalt, ceramic, concrete) is to use one of the special new **cleaning wax floor finishes** that clean and polish simultaneously. They're also water soluble, dry shiny-bright. Do not shake. Pour wax directly onto floor and smooth with damp applicator, stroking in one direction. Rinse applicator frequently in clear water to remove dirt. Buff, to bring up the shine even more. If layers of dirty wax make the floor look dingy, use a **wax remover,** diluted as directed. Sponge onto floor, allow to soak briefly, remove with mop. Stubborn dirt can be loosened with an **electric floor machine** and scrub brushes—for hard-to-reach places, use a handled brush or **plastic-ball** pot scrubber. Once conditioned, the clean-and-shine method prevents wax build-up on floors. Also useful: a **heel-mark remover** that leaves a waxy finish. Once floors have been given a protective wax base, surface dust can be swept up easily. Use a **vacuum cleaner** or **carpet sweeper,** set for bare floors, to collect the dirt.



WOOD FURNITURE

To dust, clean and shine in a single operation, choose a **cleaning-type furniture polish.** Fastest way to use the aerosol cleaners is to spray with one hand, polish with the other. Fastest way to use **creamy cleaning polishes:** apply polish to a small area with a moistened flannel or cheesecloth duster. Then immediately polish with a dry duster. For short-cut cleaning of very soiled painted, enameled or plastic-coated furniture, rub on **kitchen cleaning wax** with a damp cloth or sponge and immediately polish to a gleam. For regular dusting, use **vacuum cleaner tool,** or a dusting mitt treated with special dust-collecting compound. Avoid oiled dusters; oil softens wax and leaves dirt-collecting film. Use **cream waxes** or **special polishes** for general care of antique or low-luster furniture finishes. Protect these surfaces twice a year with a thin coat of **paste wax,** then buff to harden the surfaces.

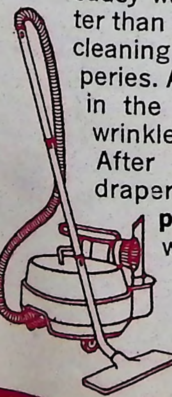
UPHOLSTERY

Remember to dust upholstered furniture as often as you would any other (even though dust may not show)—the fabric will age more rapidly if left undusted. Most effective method to take up dust on upholstery is with a **vacuum cleaner**—using either special tools provided with full-size model, or a small portable model. To remove soil on arms and backs of chairs or sofas, use the **spotting agents** that dry to a powder: spray on, let dry, vacuum off. Important: test on a hidden area before spotting in conspicuous places. For fastest home upholstery cleaning, choose a dry, breezy day, and work with windows open. Speedy drying improves results. Use special **upholstery cleaning foam** in an aerosol container—or the kind generated by a small, hand-held electric upholstery cleaner. First, remove loose dirt with a vacuum. Then work foam into surface with a sponge or soft brush. Keep fabric as dry as possible to avoid discoloration from underpadding and to prevent colors from running. Treat small areas, wiping with a dry cloth before going on to the next. Avoid rings by overlapping new areas with previously treated ones.

SPRING CLEANING YEAR ROUND

DRAPERIES

A quick refresher for dusty draperies: tumble them for 15 minutes in a **clothes dryer** set to operate without heat. Remove and hang immediately. This saves much of the original finish, although it will not remove grime. **Vacuum** draperies frequently so that collected dust does not become embedded in fibers. Stretch fabric tautly as possible, vacuum from top to bottom with flat, wide nozzle of cleaner attachment—or with portable cleaner. Lined draperies should be dry-cleaned, either professionally or at a self-service neighborhood cleaner. Pointers for washable draperies: wash two sill-length pairs of average width, or one pair of floor-length draperies at a time—this avoids overcrowding your **washer.** (An overloaded washer does a poor cleaning job, and creases the draperies unnecessarily.) Two sudsy washings are better than one long one for cleaning very soiled draperies. A fabric softener in the rinse will keep wrinkles to a minimum. After washing, spray draperies with **stain repellent** made for washables. Heat from the dryer, or ironing, will set the repellent.



PAINTED WALLS

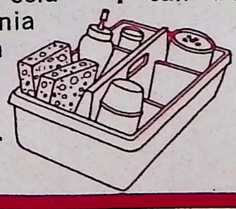
Use an **all-purpose cleaner** (one that needs no rinsing) on fingerprints and smudges. In liquid or spray form, these cleaners loosen the dirt—which comes off easily when surface is wiped dry. **Sponges, paper towels** and **disposable wipers** further simplify job. Busy mothers find this one-step process best for keeping up with baby's handprints. When cleaning whole walls, take up loose dirt with **soft-bristled** brush or **vacuum cleaner** wand. (Harsh brushes and some mops may smear dirt.) Wash walls with an **all-purpose cleanser.** Use a long-handled sponge (one that will get at hard-to-reach places), dampened just enough to float away dirt, not enough to dribble. Start at the floor so the solution will not drip and leave hard-to-remove streaks. Work in long, overlapping strokes to further avoid streaks. Avoid rubbing. If dirt is stubborn, try a stronger solution of heavy-duty powdered cleaner. (Test this stronger cleaner first, though in an inconspicuous place.) Do not use a laundry detergent on walls—it is less efficient because it needs to be rinsed off.

WOODWORK

The fastest way to clean wood trim or walls is to use a **solvent-base cleaning wax** that waxes and dusts. Spray or wipe onto the surface, then polish until it shines. When carvings, ledges or shelves have a heavy accumulation of dust, vacuum or dust first. Protect clean window sills with colorless, dull-finished silicon or paste wax, buffed till bright. Sills will then be easier to care for in the future. Faster way to clean painted woodwork and doors is to use a no-rinse, **all-purpose cleanser.** Paneling and furniture that are not highly polished seldom need cleaning, but do need dusting (particularly if textured). A vacuum cleaner brush attachment or soft bristled brush is most effective. When using a mitt or dry mop, treat with **dust-attracting compound** so dirt is not spread around. New **spray-type** cleaners leave a soft, satiny finish and they are good for cleaning where no shine is desired.

WINDOWS

Special **glass cleaners,** either cream or liquid, speed up window cleaning as they cut through grease and grime. With them, windows stay clean longer because they leave no dirt-catching film. Cleaners with a powdery base help loosen gritty dirt; liquid cleaners are effective for removing smoggy film. Both types come in convenient spray containers. When cleaning windows, have plenty of absorbent materials on hand—cheesecloth, paper towels, old sheets, even unglazed newspaper. Wash windows in the shade. Direct sunlight may cause the cleaning solution to dry so quickly it streaks, and glare from the sun may make dirt difficult to see. Wash inside of windows first, then the outside—that way grime you may have overlooked is easy to reach. Wash inside and outside in different directions so that missed spots will be easy to locate. For difficult-to-reach outside windows, use a special tool with a sponge at one end of wand, a squeegee at the other. Or, use a long-handled brush dipped in all-purpose detergent solution or ammonia water. Rinse with a hose and wipe dry with squeegee or chamois.

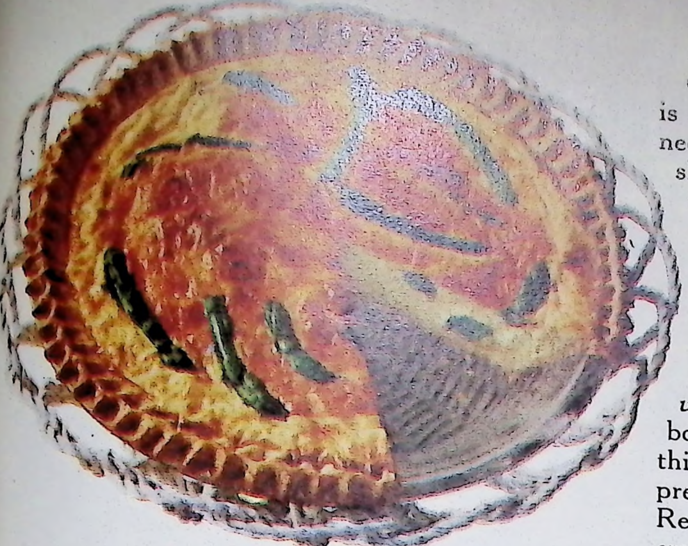


WALL COVERINGS

Remove grease spots from wallpaper with **spray cleaners** that dry to a powder. Or, spread a paste of French chalk (available at drugstores) and nonflammable cleaning fluid on the area. Allow to dry. Then brush powder off with a soft brush or vacuum cleaner. (Test first on an inconspicuous area.) To remove lead pencil marks, use a **soft gum eraser.** Pat ballpoint pen marks with alcohol-moistened tissue. If mark remains, try laundry bleach (but first check its effect on the paper in an inconspicuous place). The **dough-type cleaners** are safest for wallpaper, and are available at wallpaper and department stores. Knead a wad of it until soft, then rub on paper in gentle, overlapping strokes. As dough becomes soiled, knead dirty section in toward center, always working with clean part of dough. Vinyl-coated paper or fabric resists stains, can be washed with all-purpose cleaner that needs no rinsing. Many fine wallpapers are washable and easy to care for. Other nonwashable papers can be factory-treated before hanging.

Photograph by Arthur Beck

The Art of Asparagus Cooking



Quiche d'Asperges

By POPPY CANNON, Food Editor

Most arguable of vegetables is asparagus. Or do you call it "sparrow grass"? In the industry they just say "grass."

Should it be thick? Or the thinner the better? Should it be bleached creamy white like old ivory or a bright, deep green? Should the bottoms be cut or broken, and just where? Should the stalks be peeled or scraped or let alone? Scales off or on? Or does it matter?

What is the proper way to eat? . . . With a knife and fork? A special holder of gold or silver? Or pick it up with your fingers? Should one eat just the tender tips or how far down?

How, oh how do you cook it? Standing upright? In the bottom of a double boiler with the top inverted? In a special cooker with a special rack? Or in a skillet? And how long?

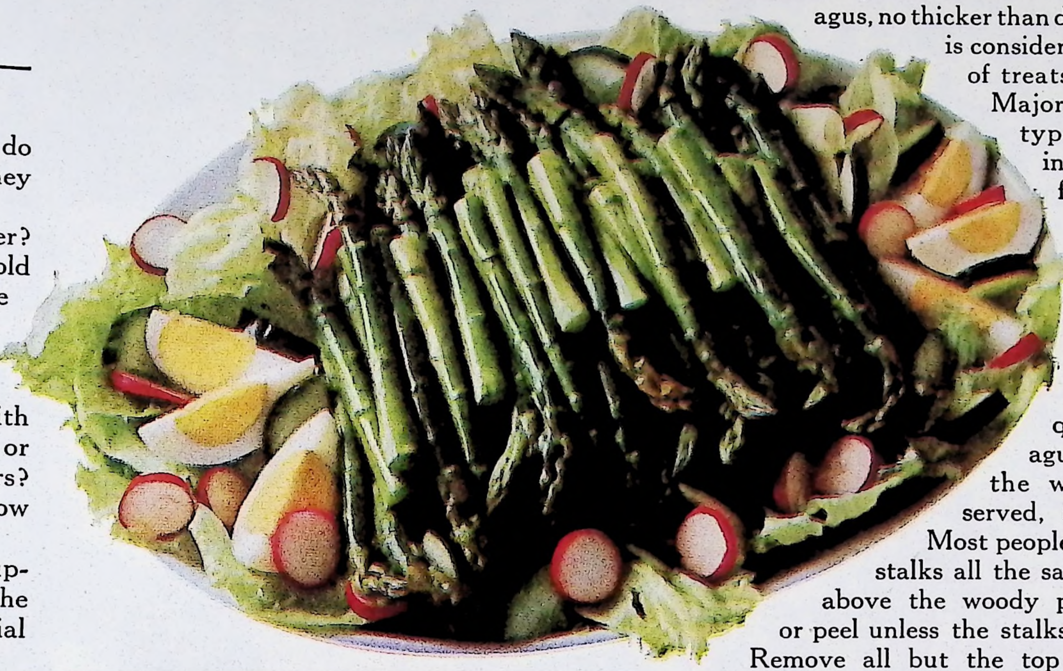
Every single one of these questions will get several different answers from different authorities in different parts of the world. About the cooking, the arguments have been raging for almost 2,000 years, ever since, as noted by Boswell, the Emperor Augustus originated the saying, "Quicker than you can cook asparagus." How quick was quick?

Asparagus Timbales

Here at the *Journal* we have been fomenting a revolution—cut the actual boiling time for fresh asparagus from about 15 minutes to from 1 to 4 minutes!

What's more, we've discovered a secret—a way to keep the stalks bright green and crisp, even though all the children dally and loiter when they're washing their hands or the guests get caught in a traffic jam.

Our basic technique for preparing asparagus is so simple it's almost simpleminded. All you need in the way of utensils is a deep, heavy skillet or shallow pan. (We're especially partial to one that can go directly from stove to table.) Arrange the stalks (trimmed or scraped, we'll get back to that later) in 2 or 3 layers. Thicker stalks on the bottom, thin on top. Cover with cold water till it stands ½ inch deep above the asparagus. Add about a half teaspoon each of salt and sugar or honey. Bring, *uncovered, please,* to a full, rolling boil and let boil from 1 to 4 minutes, depending upon the thickness of the asparagus and whether you prefer it crisp and chewy or a little softer. Remove from heat and let stand, *still uncovered,* in the water at least 8 minutes or until ready to serve.



Salad Vinaigrette

This method provides its own natural, built-in controls. The asparagus continues to cook while the water cools. If the wait is too long and the asparagus gets too cold, simply bring once more to a boil, drain and serve *immediately.*

With this method, the asparagus never becomes limp, gray or overcooked. It keeps its garden-bright color; keeps its fresh, crisp texture. Resist the temptation to cover the pan or dish, or the verdant hue will dim and inevitably you'll get that steam-table taste.

Frozen asparagus, being already partially cooked, takes less time, same method. Start with solid-frozen, cover with cold water (half an inch over asparagus), bring to a full, rolling boil, separating stalks with a fork. Boil 1 minute. Let stand, off heat, about 4.

Canned asparagus is already cooked. Just heat and drain immediately. Or, better still, chill and serve, as in our Salad Vinaigrette.

Ways to serve asparagus . . . these could take a thousand pages, beginning with the wild asparagus of Macedonia, the Greeks and the Romans, and spreading through all the nations of Europe and the Orient. In almost all countries today, asparagus eaters are divided into 2 groups—those who like it green, and those who can't abide it unless it has been bleached silvery white with maybe a touch of purple at the tip. In Holland, Belgium and Germany, no host or hostess would dream of offering to an honored guest anything other than the whitest of asparagus—the type that comes only in cans in the United States. In France, England and Scandinavia, opinion is divided. Wild asparagus, no thicker than darning needles, is considered the greatest of treats from Paris to Majorca. All of the types are served in much the same fashion—with butter, lemon, with sauces like hollandaise or buttered crumbs à la Polonaise. As for the etiquette of asparagus eating . . . if the whole stalk is served, fingers are in. Most people like to cut the stalks all the same length, just above the woody portion. Scrape or peel unless the stalks are very thin. Remove all but the top scales, except when the wands are exceedingly youthful. Cook only until the top half is tender. Dip (fingers, again!) into sauce and nibble away at the sweet, green tenderness like a gazelle at a leafy bush.

All the fine points of dealing with asparagus, all the subtleties and whys and wherefores, along with recipes for presenting "the grass of the gods" in a kaleidoscope of ways, are here. Just a sampling of our artful asparagus dishes, shown on this page, are: Quiche d'Asperges, the famous cheese pie of Alsace-Lorraine, with the colorful addition of asparagus; Asparagus Timbales—light, lovely chicken-asparagus custards; spicy Asparagus Salad Vinaigrette—a hearty, cold salad; and elegant, molded Asparagus-Ham Aspic. Recipes for these dishes and more begin on page 128.

Asparagus-Ham Aspic

Polacolor, opposite, by Marie Cosindas; photos this page, Arthur Beck

Journal cookbook of the month: No. 18 of a series.

While Ollie's impatiently waiting to begin this opulent meal (hardly looks like a diet, does it?), Stan is perusing the amazing new book from whence it came—the *Weight Watchers Cook Book* by Jean Nidetch (Hearthside Press, $4.95). This book is the "bible" for a nationwide group of dedicated dieters, presenting a detailed, all-day, everyday diet plan that can be easily tailored to the needs of everyone in the family: men, women and teen-agers. The *Journal* feels that among the many, many diets it has seen, this one is a milestone, especially for the serious dieter. There's no calorie counting, no crash dieting, no hunger pangs. Into the meal plan you can weave imaginative meals you cook yourself or simple ones to grab away from home, and for inspiration the book gives dozens of menus, hundreds of recipes. Results? Your ideal weight . . . painlessly. How soon depends on how much you need to lose. Most members of the Weight Watchers Clubs, like Jean Nidetch, the founder, reach their ideal weights easily within 16 weeks. This month we have all the ground rules—the do's and don'ts, the basic menu plans and a few sample recipes. Guard this issue well, for next month we'll have more of the suggested menus and recipes from the book—all as tasty as the one shown here. Ready to go? Turn to page 120. Dig in, Ollie, you'll soon be as slim as Stan!

Jean Nidetch:
WEIGHT WATCHERS COOK BOOK

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A sensational new program for losing weight forever, from a national diet-club chain.

TYPICAL DINNER MENU
Escarole Soup
Chicken Cacciatore
Broiled Mushrooms
Herbed Zucchini
Maple Bavarian
Cream

Photograph by Mike Cuesta

Discovered: New Values in Veal

Veal in this country is the Great Undiscovered—most glamorous of budget-stretchers, the most festive of main dishes. In other lands it has been glorified in many ways—Scallopini in Italy, Schnitzel in the German-speaking countries, a host of gastronomic delights in France, Hungary, Yugoslavia. But most of us in America have yet to learn about veal's many virtues, not least of which is its economical price.

The cuts of veal called scallops are, admittedly, expensive—from $1.75 to $3 per pound. Ignore it, please! We have found two sly ways to create veal scallops from shoulder of veal (only 79 to 99 cents a pound). Or you can use even cheaper cuts from leg and breast. For cosmopolites who long for the flavor of true milk-fed veal, available only in Europe, we have even concocted a way to approximate it using chicken breasts!

Gathered together here in one place is all the information one needs on exactly what cuts to buy, how to bring out the delicate young flavor, how to braise veal to juicy perfection. Peruse our diagram of the charted calf at right. Study our Master Recipe for producing economical veal scallops. Cast an eye at the glamour-type dishes below—choice recipes from around the globe. Then turn to page 132 for recipes, cooking tips, the story complete!

MASTER PLAN FOR ECONOMICAL VEAL SCALLOPS

Save up to $2 a pound by making veal scallops from veal

SALTIMBOCCA (*right*) *literally means "jumps into the mouth." And so it does. In this famous Italian dish, ham slices are sandwiched between veal and breaded with a Parmesan-flavored coating.*

SCALLOPS OF VEAL ZINGARA (*left*), *a part of the art of Hungarian gypsies. Zingara is a garnish of julienne strips of ham, tongue, fresh mushrooms. Final touch: a sauce made of beef gravy and Madeira wine.*

ESCALOPES CHOU-FLEUR (*right*) . . .*veal with a colorful French accent. Breaded veal surrounded by cauliflowerets, sautéed cherry tomatoes and fried potatoes—a party complete on a platter.*

Photographs by Henry Sandbank

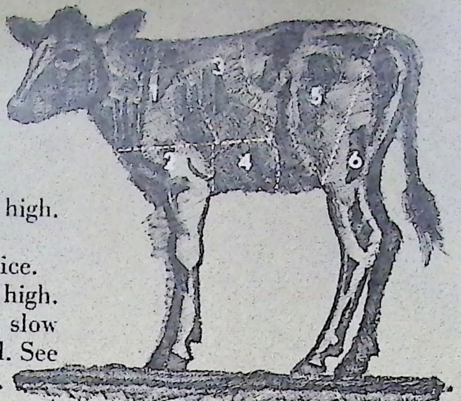
shoulder. Start with a boned, rolled shoulder of veal. (Your butcher will do the boning and tying for you.) Slice down like a loaf of bread into thin (¼-inch) slices. Place each slice between two pieces of waxed paper. Pound even thinner with a wooden mallet or rolling pin. (This is a good way to work off your frustrations at the same time.) Remove the paper. Tenderize according to the directions on a jar of meat tenderizer, sprinkling ¼ teaspoonful on each side of meat. Prick all over thoroughly with a fork. Now proceed with any of our recipes calling for veal scallops. Even cheaper, but a little harder to use, is the leg or, cheapest of all, the breast. See page132 for directions and recipes for classic veal dishes like those shown below.

THE CUTS OF VEAL AND THEIR COST

Because veal comes from the calf, the meat is young and tender, lacking fat and connective tissue. Here are various popular cuts and their relative costs:

1. Shoulder, medium price.
2. Shank, very low price.
3. Rib, medium price except for chops, medium to high.
4. Breast, very low price.
5. Loin, low price, except for loin chops, medium price.
6. Leg, medium price except for scallops and cutlet, high.

All low- to medium-price cuts of veal need long, slow cooking, either braising or stewing, unless tenderized. See Page132 for directions on various cooking methods.



SCALLOPS OF VEAL ENGLISH STYLE (*right*) . . . *Oliver Cromwell had a weakness for veal with oranges. This variation is garnished with marinated, minted grapefruit.*

WIENER SCHNITZEL...*Vienna's greatest gift to gastronomy. . . Sautéed breaded veal scallops with the classic accompaniments—capers, sieved egg yolks, chopped egg whites and green olives.*

Work Wonders With Packaged Potato Products

We've picked a peck of potato products—an array of handy packages that turn into mashed potatoes, scalloped potatoes, potato pancakes, even sweet potatoes in less time than it used to take just to *peel* the potatoes. Add a flash of imagination and out of the packages come not just plain potatoes but such goodies as those shown here—breads and salads, complete main dishes and even a super marzipan. Collect a cartful, and see what wonders can be wrought. Recipes are on page *127*

potato flakes
potato flakes

A pair of golden breadstuffs with a wonderful, coarse, homemade texture: ***Potato Muffins*** *(right) and* ***Cheese Potato Bread*** *(far right). Secret ingredient in the muffins is instant potato flakes. Serve with poultry dishes, and get ready for huzzahs. The spectacular cheese-potato bread uses prepared instant mashed potatoes, has a heart of Cheddar cheese.*

Alsatian Potato Salad *(right), the traditional, piping-hot, savory potato salad of Germany, with bacon, vinegar, caraway seed, paprika and onion. Peeling and slicing potatoes is* verboten. *With this modern version, you use scalloped potatoes from a mix. Extra bonus—the leftover cheese sauce that comes in the package! Serve over any vegetable or to dress up any number of entrées.*

Bangers and Mash *(above) . . . a hearty, traditional Cockney favorite—fat little sausages nested in garlicky mashed potatoes and topped with a sour-cream-chive sauce. This famous English dish can now be whipped together in a few minutes, thanks to an ingenious baked-potato mix that comes in a package with sour cream and aluminum shells. Makes a rib-sticking luncheon or supper dish. Recipes and tips for these and more tricks with packaged potato products begin on page 127*

Photograph by Lynn St. John

Strengthens a stew

TOMATO
SOUP
Campbell's
CONDENSED

Sauces a casserole

TOMATO
Campbell's
CONDENSED

Lights up a lunch

Only Campbell's Tomato Soup does so much—so deliciously!

Stew need a tastier flavor, a richer, thicker gravy? Reach for Campbell's Tomato Soup. Casserole call for the tang of tomato in a smooth, pre-seasoned sauce? Reach for the Campbell's. Straight from the can, Campbell's Tomato Soup makes a double-rich, superbly flavored tomato sauce that turns an everyday dish into something wonderful. Served as soup, it's so warmly delicious it lights up any meal. Any wonder it's America's favorite soup?

Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

You always eat better with Campbell's

The Weight Watchers Diet

(continued from page 115)

The Weight Watchers Diet is not a crash diet but a long-range eating plan. The whole program is based on changing your eating habits, not on an easy-come, easy-go weight loss. We do not encourage you to skip meals or to eat less than is permitted.

You must read both the Rules for All Weight Watchers and the family Menu Plans on this page. Use them together when planning meals. Then turn to page 134 for menus and recipes. Next month we will present still more recipes and menus from the Weight Watchers Cook Book*—delicious and interesting, and everything fits into a pattern that can transform your looks and your life.*

RULES FOR ALL WEIGHT WATCHERS

1. Eat only the foods listed in your Menu Plan, in the quantities specified and at the meals specified. Weigh your portions until you can judge them accurately (an inexpensive letter scale will do fine). Watch your count, and list on a daily food record any limited foods that are included in a recipe you are using.

2. Eggs. Limit them to at least 4 and not more than 7 per week. They may be taken only at breakfast or luncheon, not at dinner.

3. Cheese. Only hard cheese or pot, cottage or farmer cheese is allowed, and only at breakfast or luncheon (legal cheeses are listed below). Follow your Menu Plan for amounts permitted.

These are some of the hard cheeses that you may choose: American, Cheddar, Edam, Gruyère, Muenster (actually has a semi-soft consistency, but we permit its use), Parmesan, Provolone, Swiss.

4. Fish. You must eat a minimum of five Group A fish meals each week, luncheons or dinners. You may have fish more often if you wish, at breakfast, luncheon or dinner. Group A fish are listed below. Do not add fat when cooking fish. When broiling or baking fish, you may baste them with lemon juice or other unlimited liquids. Do not use smoked fish. Add 2 ounces to raw fish weight to allow for loss in cooking and also 2 ounces for fish with bones. If you eat at least five Group A fish meals, you may select some lunches and dinners from Group B fish (below) or the meat and poultry lists.

Group A Fish

All shellfish, bass, bluefish, bonito, butterfish, carp (fresh), cod, haddock, flounder, hake, halibut, porgy, salmon (canned), shad roe, sole, sturgeon (fresh), swordfish, trout (brook, lake), tuna fish (fresh or canned), whiting.

Group B Fish

Mackerel, pompano, salmon (fresh), shad.

5. Meat and Poultry. Provided you use the specified number of fish meals, some of your luncheons and dinners may be selected from Group A meats and poultry. See below for lists. You may select Group B meats and poultry for no more than 3 meals a week. Add 2 ounces to raw meat weight to allow for loss in cooking and also 2 ounces for meat with bones.

Select a maximum *of 5 weekly meat meals (luncheons or dinners) from the following:*

Group A Meats and Poultry

White meat of chicken (skin removed), white meat of turkey (skin removed), organ meats (liver, lungs, brains, kidneys, heart, sweetbreads), rabbit.

Select a maximum *of 3 weekly meat meals (luncheons or dinners) from the following:*

Group B Meats and Poultry

Beef and veal, frankfurters, lamb, dark meat of turkey.

6. Limited Vegetables (see list below) must be eaten one a day, at dinner only, 1 portion only. Vary your selection from day to day. One serving is 4 ounces, or ½ cup, or 1 medium-sized unit. For example: 1 medium artichoke, 1 medium tomato or ½ cup diced tomato, ½ cup shelled peas, etc.

Unlimited Vegetables are also listed below. They may be taken at any time, before, during or after meals.

Limited Vegetables

Artichokes, beets, brussels sprouts, carrots, eggplant, green beans (mature), onions, parsnips, peas, scallions, squash (yellow), tomato, tomato juice (may be taken any time, limited to 12 ounces daily), turnips.

Unlimited Vegetables

You may eat all you want of the following vegetables: asparagus, beet greens, broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, cucumber, endive, escarole, green and red pepper, lettuce, mushrooms, mustard greens, parsley, pickles, pimentos, radishes, rhubarb, sauerkraut, spinach, squash (green), string beans, watercress.

7. Fruit. See your Menu Plan for the amount of fruit you are allowed. Only daily fruit must be either orange or grapefruit (high in Vitamin C). All fruits are allowed *except* bananas, cherries, watermelon, dried fruits, grapes. To help you measure, here are some examples: One-half cup or the following amounts count as 1 fruit: 1 medium apple, ½ cup berries, ½ cantaloupe, ½ grapefruit, 2-inch wedge honeydew melon, 1 orange, ¼ medium-sized fresh pineapple.

8. Milk Powdered skim milk, buttermilk or evaporated skim milk must be included in your daily program, according to the amount given in your Menu Plan. You may use milk at any time you wish, with meals or as a snack, but only in the specified amount. Milk used in coffee or tea, or in any of the recipes, must be counted.

9. Bread. Eat enriched or whole-grain packaged bread according to the amount allowed in your Menu Plan.

10. Unlimited Foods. You may have all you want, at any time, of the following:

Seasonings

Bouillon cubes or envelopes; soy sauce; horseradish, red or white; herbs, spices, mustard; salt, pepper, paprika, garlic; lemons; limes; vinegar, wine vinegar; sugar substitute. (A few drops of vanilla flavoring and similar extracts may be used to flavor permitted foods.)

Relishes

Red cabbage relish, dill pickles, India relish, spiced rhubarb.

Liquids

Tea or coffee, hot or iced (without sugar, count milk used); non-caloric, carbonated sodas; club soda, seltzer; water. (Forbidden, of course, are all alcoholic beverages.)

11. Helpful Hints While Dieting.

A. Do Not Count Calories. Counting is a trap, *e.g.:* 200 calories of cake is never a substitute for a 200-calorie lunch.

B. Weigh Your Food Carefully. You'll be amazed at how much more will be on your plate when you weigh food rather than guess at its weight.

C. Weigh Yourself Once a Week Only. Weight can fluctuate daily for various reasons. It is the weekly average weight loss that is important. Be sure to weigh yourself at the same time each week. Record your weight.

D. Take Advantage of the "Free" Foods allowed in this diet. Never allow yourself to be hungry.

E. Be Aware That You Are Learning New Eating Habits even away from home. It is possible to follow this diet plan in any restaurant anywhere in the world, if you really want to.

F. Follow the Diet Honestly. The key to successful weight loss and its maintenance is learning discipline and control.

G. Carry Your "Before" Picture and a mental image of your ideal figure.

H. Think Before You Eat. Tempted to gobble? Just stop and count to ten, look at your "before" picture, remember your reasons for wanting to reduce.

I. Be Patient!

MENU PLAN FOR WOMEN

Breakfast: *1 egg or 1 ounce hard cheese or 2 ounces fish or ¼ cup cottage or pot cheese*
1 slice enriched bread

Luncheon: *4 ounces fish (canned or fresh) or lean meat or poultry or ⅔ cup (6 ounces) cottage cheese or pot cheese or 4 ounces farmer cheese or 2 ounces hard cheese or 2 eggs*
All you want of unlimited vegetables
1 slice enriched bread

Dinner: *6 ounces cooked lean meat or fish or poultry*
1 portion limited vegetable
All you want of unlimited vegetables

Must be taken at some time during day: *A total of 3 fruits (one of them orange or grapefruit)*
2 cups (16 ounces) skim milk or buttermilk or 1 cup (8 ounces) skimmed evaporated milk

May be taken at any time of day: *Any unlimited foods—beverages, vegetables, etc.*

MENU PLAN FOR MEN

Breakfast: *1 egg or 1 ounce hard cheese or 2 ounces fish or ¼ cup cottage or pot cheese*
2 slices enriched bread

Luncheon: *4 ounces fish (canned or fresh) or lean meat or poultry or ⅔ cup (6 ounces) cottage cheese or pot cheese or 4 ounces farmer cheese or 2 ounces hard cheese or 2 eggs*
All you want of unlimited vegetables
2 slices enriched bread

Dinner: *8 ounces cooked lean meat or fish or poultry*
1 portion limited vegetable
All you want of unlimited vegetables

Must be taken at some time during day: *A total of 5 fruits (one of them orange or grapefruit)*
2 cups (16 ounces) skim milk or buttermilk or 1 cup (8 ounces) skimmed evaporated milk

May be taken at any time of day: *Any unlimited foods—beverages, vegetables, etc*

MENU PLAN FOR TEEN-AGERS

Breakfast: *1 egg or 1 ounce hard cheese or 2 ounces fish or ¼ cup cottage, pot or farmer cheese*
1 slice enriched bread

Luncheon: *4 ounces fish (canned or fresh) or lean meat or poultry or ⅔ cup (6 ounces) cottage cheese or pot cheese or 4 ounces farmer cheese or 2 ounces hard cheese or 2 eggs*
All you want of unlimited vegetables
2 slices enriched bread

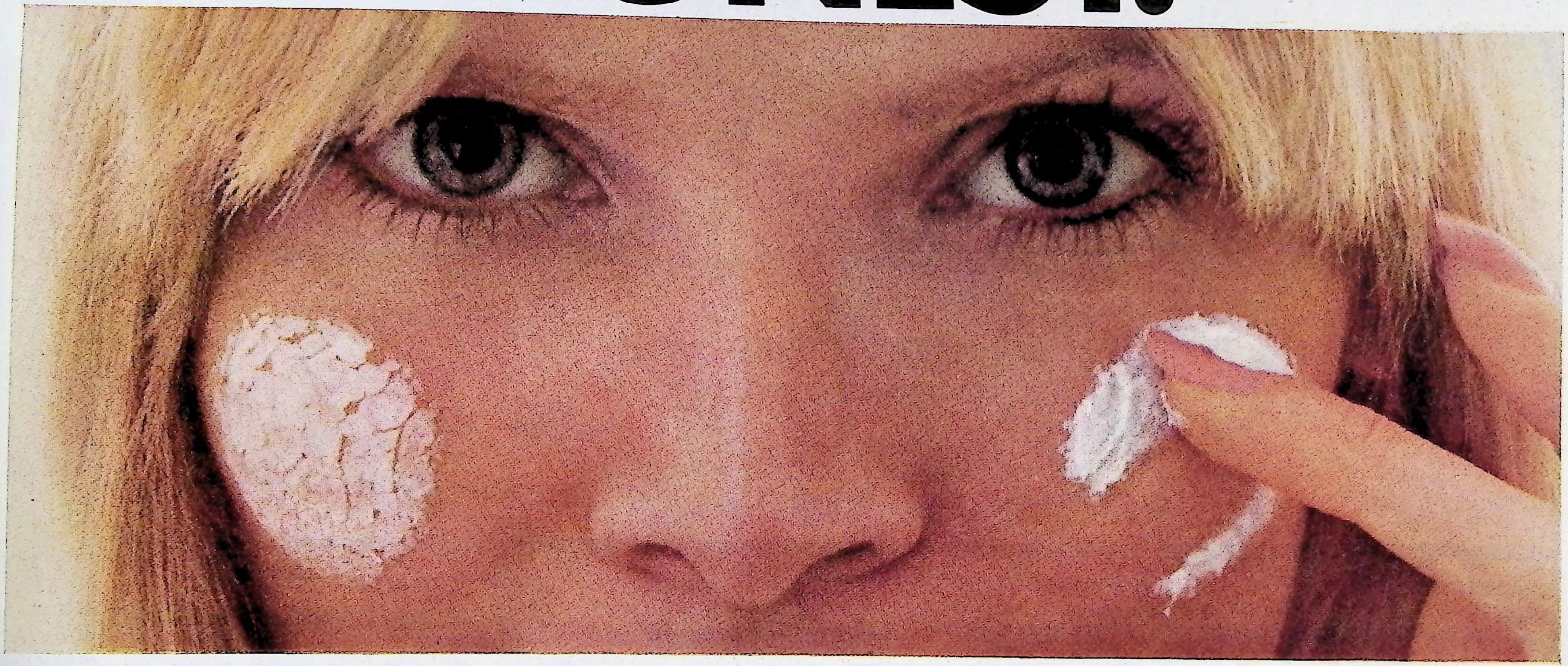
Dinner: *6 ounces cooked lean meat or fish or poultry*
1 portion limited vegetable
All you want of unlimited vegetables
1 slice enriched bread

Must be taken at some time during day: *A total of 5 fruits (one of them orange or grapefruit)*
1 quart (32 ounces) skim milk or buttermilk
These may be used at meals, as after-school, TV-time or bedtime snacks, etc., but be sure to use all your fruits and all your milk each day.

May be taken at any time of day: *Any unlimited foods—beverages, vegetables, etc.*

(*continued on page 134*)

HONEST.



Soap can dry your skin...

Dove creams your skin while you wash.

Deanna Lambert put soap on her right cheek, Dove on her left cheek. Fifteen minutes later we photographed her face. The soap side was hard, dry, cracked. The Dove side . . . still smooth, moist, and creamy.

Remember this picture of Deanna. It's proof that Dove with ¼ cleansing cream can't dry your skin the way soap can. Proof that once you use Dove, you'll never use soap on your face again. Honest.

Only Dove is ¼ cleansing cream.

For April Fool's—eye-fooling food, of course, like this "parfait" of beet or tomato aspic with sour cream.

Fooled again! In the scallop shells—not seafood but raw vegetables in mayonnaise.

LINE·A·DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

1. April Fool's Day. Play jokes. With food, too An appetizer "parfait" (see picture above). Raw vegetables look like fish au gratin. For dessert? April Fool "eggs"—an apricot half on vanilla ice cream, sprinkled with nutmeg.

2. On this day the gourmet's fancy turns to fresh or canned shad roe (the caviar or eggs of the fish).

3. Tasty new product, inspiration for brunch, lunch or supper; fried rice with chicken. Heat per directions. Combine with 4 softly scrambled eggs. Sprinkle Parmesan and parsley.

4. National Cherry Blossom Festival on the Potomac. We'll have cherry streusel from a refrigerated package.

5. "Pearadise in April"—sandwich 2 drained canned pear halves together with a Tb. of canned chocolate frosting. Top with nuts and sauce made by melting more frosting with 1 Tb. lemon juice over hot water.

6. In the Minneapolis North Star Inn they serve curry with Nine-Boy Sambals: chutney, coconut (fresh and toasted), chopped apple, sliced kumquats, slivered almonds, raisins, toasted sunflower seeds, grapes.

7. Let fantasy flourish with some of the new refrigerated cookie rolls. Sprinkle just-baked chocolate ones with chopped dates or figs; roll vanilla ones, before baking, in instant-coffee powder; give lemon the sparkle of sugar as directed on package.

8. Beginning of National Panic (or Pay-Tax) Week. Franks and beans for supper . . . what else?

9. Anniversary of day Sir Winston Churchill was made an honorary U.S. citizen. Because his mother was from Georgia, we'll have warm peach pie.

10. Salvation Army Day. Doughnuts, of course! We make ours by punching out the middles of refrigerated buttermilk biscuits. Deep fry or brush with melted butter or margarine and bake in hot (475°) oven 5 minutes.

11. A delicious meal opener from the Muslim world is yogurt soup: cook a sliced onion till soft in butter or margarine; add 6 cups rich broth, 1 pint yogurt, ¾ cup rice. Simmer 20 min.

12. Fresh Artichoke Week. On the *Today* show, Michael Field showed a new way of cooking artichokes. Starting from the top, remove center core and scrape out fuzzy "choke" below. Cook in boiling, salted, lemon-flavored water about 20 min. Sauce in center.

13. Jefferson's Birthday. His was the first ice cream freezer in the New World, and he brought this little-known delicacy to the table "in the form of small balls, enclosed in cases of warm pastry." Bake frozen puff pastry shells. Sprinkle with sugar.

14. For the Root Festival at Warm Springs Indian Reservation in Oregon, baked beets drizzled with honey.

15. Spring Fair in Zagreb, Yugoslavia . . . scent of savory veal roasting.

16. Fresh pineapples are here . . . cut in fingers, serve with an Italian dip: ricotta cheese and sour cream (equal parts) laced with Jamaican rum, sugar.

17. Blue Monday, "a truly evil day," says the Old Farmer's Almanac. Lift the spell with something lovely, like asparagus timbales!

18. The first of the fresh baby green peas come to Northern city markets. Or find the tiny treasures in cans or frozen, anywhere, any time.

19. Revolutionary thought for revolutionary Patriot's Day in Maine and Massachusetts—slice a large baking potato in half lengthwise. Don't touch. Just bake 15 to 20 minutes at 450° for a puffy brown upper crust.

20. Says our astrology editor, Sybil Leek: "Taureans are earthy, like rich foods of spicy, stimulating type." Like 2-in. steaks covered with coarsely cracked peppercorns, broiled, flamed with brandy!

21. San Jacinto Day: Texas onions, crisp lettuce with new bottled Cheddar cheese and red wine dressing.

22. Oklahoma Day. A local favorite is corn fritters with Picnic Chicken, broiled and basted with vinegar and melted butter or margarine.

23. Peppercorn ceremony in Bermuda. Peppercorns (2, crushed) give startling fillip to banana pudding or pie (use a 5¼-oz. packaged mix).

24. Happiest day of the year in Jewish households. For 8 days beginning with first stars tonight, unleavened matzos. A blessing so many holiday foods are now ready-made!

25. Second Seder Supper tonight in Orthodox Jewish homes . . . second pan of Kugel: combine 1 cup each grated apple, carrots, potatoes (sweet or white) with ½ cup each chopped, pitted prunes, raisins, sugar, matzo meal, plus 2 Tb. lemon juice, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. salt. Stir in ½ cup fat (chicken preferred). Pack in 2 small ungreased bread pans. Bake at 350° for 45 min. Cool in pan.

26. For Secretaries' Day (all good secretaries cook in a hurry), a quick new Concord grape gelatin.

27. Honor St. Zita. Angels came down to bake her bread while she prayed. Other angels have recently put in tubes, to sell from refrigerated bins, 2 small buttered layered loaves.

28. Expo 67 in Montreal. Celebrate with Canadian bacon, brushed and broiled with maple syrup, vinegar.

29. At the World's Biggest Fish Fry, in Paris, Tenn., they have Hush Puppies, fried in the skillet. There's a mix in the South, or settle for corn sticks!

30. Greek Easter, with red hard-cooked eggs. Tap the eggs together tip to tip. Whoever succeeds in breaking another's egg first wins a prize.

Photograph by Bernard Gray

KRAFT QUALITY IS THE IMMEASURABLE INGREDIENT IN EVERY RECIPE

KRAFT

FILE / SALADS

FRESH-AS-SPRING SALADS

minted mold

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime flavored gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- ⅓ cup Kraft Mint Flavored Apple Jelly
- ½ cup water
- ½ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
- 1 cup green grapes
- 1 cup diced pears

This elegant mold is delicately-spiced with America's favorite salad dressing—Miracle Whip. Dissolve lime gelatin in boiling water. Combine jelly and ½ cup water; heat until jelly is melted. Add to gelatin; cool. Gradually add gelatin mixture to salad dressing, mixing until well blended. Chill until slightly thickened; fold in fruit. Pour into 1-quart mold; chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with frosted grapes and mint leaves, if desired. Serves 4 to 6. The famous flavor of Miracle Whip comes from a bouquet of fresh-ground spices—a unique Kraft blend.

Kraft
Miracle Whip
Salad Dressing

KRAFT

FILE / CONVENIENCE COOKING

RELAX...
MAKE IT
EASY!

KRAFT
Pure
ORANGE
MARMALADE

hawaiian dream torte

- ¼ cup Parkay Margarine
- 1 10-oz. jar Kraft Pure Orange Marmalade
- 10 pineapple slices
- 1 1-lb. 2½-oz. pkg. yellow cake mix
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- Maraschino cherries

For a speedy start, make this pineapple-orange torte with a cake mix. For distinctive fresh orange flavor, use Kraft Pure Orange Marmalade. Melt 2 tablespoons margarine in each of two 9-inch layer pans. Cover each with ½ of marmalade and 5 pineapple slices. Prepare cake batter as directed on package; pour over pineapple. Bake at 350°, 50 to 55 minutes. Let stand 5 minutes; turn out. Cool. Stack layers, pineapple side up; frost sides with whipped cream. Garnish with cherries. Use Kraft Jellies and Preserves . . . 21 flavors, all fresh-fruit good!

FAVORITE KRAFT RECIPES / clip and [illegible]
to use these cookbook-size pages

YOU'LL FIND 2 MORE COOKBOOK-SIZE PAGES ON REVERSE SIDE

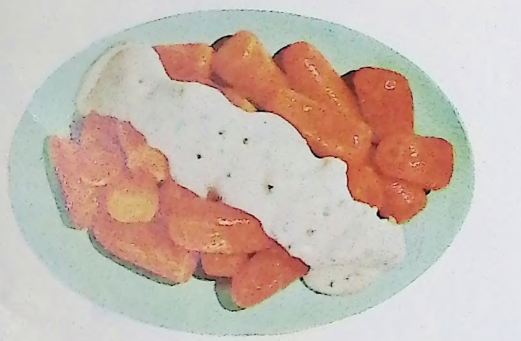
KRAFT QUALITY IS THE IMMEASURABLE INGREDIENT IN EVERY RECIPE

crispy chicken bake

1 broiler-fryer, cut up
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
1 cup corn flake crumbs
½ cup Kraft Grated Parmesan Cheese
Dash of salt and pepper

KRAFT
Miracle Whip
Salad Dressing

The gently-teasing taste of Miracle Whip is baked right into each golden piece of crisp-coated chicken. Coat chicken with salad dressing; dip in combined crumbs, cheese and seasonings. Place in baking dish; bake at 350°, 1 hour. Serves 3 to 4. No matter what you do with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, the delicate flavor always shines through.



sauce up vegetables fast!

Make these flavory sauces in minutes with fluffy, fresh-tasting Kraft Whipped Cream Cheese. *Basic recipe:* Blend a 4-oz. container of Kraft Whipped Cream Cheese with 2 tablespoons of milk. Heat until cheese melts. Serve over hot, cooked vegetables. *Continental Broccoli:* Use racy Kraft Whipped Cream Cheese with Blue Cheese. *Ginger Chive Carrots:* Use savory Kraft Whipped Cream Cheese with Chive, adding ¼ teaspoon ground ginger to cream cheese mixture. *Zodiac Green Beans:* Use Kraft Whipped Cream Cheese with Bacon and Horseradish. *Sumptuous Succotash:* Use spicy-sweet Catalina Whipped Cream Cheese. Toss with cooked succotash. Each recipe makes 4 servings.

KRAFT
Whipped
Cream Cheese

epicurean spaghetti

½ cup chopped green pepper
⅓ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons Parkay Margarine
1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, cubed
¼ cup milk
1 pkg. Kraft Spaghetti with Meat Sauce

This superb spaghetti main dish is speedy, thanks to Kraft Spaghetti with Meat Sauce. Cook vegetables in margarine until tender. Add cream cheese and milk, mixing until well blended. Prepare spaghetti as directed on package. Combine ½ of meat sauce with spaghetti; place in 1½-qt. casserole. Top with cream cheese mixture and remaining meat sauce; sprinkle with Grated Parmesan Cheese. Bake at 350°, 25 to 30 minutes. Serves 6. Kraft Spaghetti with Meat Sauce gives you Italian-style spaghetti to cook up fresh—13 ounces of the meatiest sauce (so much juicy beef you don't need to add meat)—and Parmesan Cheese aged over a year.

KRAFT
Spaghetti with Meat Sauce

THE KRAFT KITCHENS, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
FOR GOOD FOOD AND GOOD FOOD IDEAS

tivoli salad

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, cooked, drained, chilled
1 7-oz. pkg. elbow macaroni, cooked, chilled
¼ lb. sliced salami, cut in strips
½ cup sliced radishes
¼ cup finely chopped onion
Tomato wedges
Kraft Thousand Island Dressing

Where the boys are—this hearty main-dish salad will be a winner! That's because you serve it with creamy-thick Kraft Thousand Island Dressing. Layer peas, macaroni, salami, radishes and onion in a salad bowl. Garnish with tomato wedges; serve with dressing. Serves 8. Kraft Thousand Island Dressing is creamy-thick but pourable, with little islands of spicy pickle relish all through.

KRAFT
Thousand Island
Dressing

spinach salad

2 qts. (1-lb.) fresh spinach
4 slices crisply cooked bacon, crumbled
3 hard-cooked eggs
Onion rings
Kraft Italian Dressing

This change-of-pace tossed salad gets a superb send-off with Kraft Italian Dressing. Tear spinach in bite-size pieces into salad bowl. Add bacon, chopped egg whites, onion rings, and sprinkle with sieved egg yolk. Toss lightly with enough dressing to moisten. Serves 6 to 8. Kraft Italian Dressing is a tantalizing blend of the finest herbs and spices in pure, clear oil, vinegar and lemon juice.

KRAFT
ITALIAN

PHILADELPHIA
CREAM CHEESE
KRAFT

pink sparkle freeze

¼ cup honey
1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
1 13½-oz. can crushed pineapple, undrained
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries, partially thawed
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

This festive dessert-salad gets its rich, creamy goodness from Philadelphia Brand, the freshest-tasting cream cheese you can buy. Gradually add honey to softened cream cheese, mixing until well blended. Stir in pineapple and strawberries. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into eight ¾-cup molds; freeze until firm. Unmold. Garnish with strawberries, if desired. Serves 8. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese is guaranteed fresh when you buy it or your money back from Kraft.

YOU'LL FIND 2 MORE COOKBOOK-SIZE PAGES ON REVERSE SIDE

Fruited Kugel for Passover (see Line a Day for recipe), topped here with a lemon sauce.

Sweetened Concord Grape Wine for Passover.

MEAL-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

What goes with which? And when? And how do all the new food thoughts and products and recipes fit together in the planning of meals that cook in a hurry? Here is an answer for every single day in the month!

An asterisk means recipe in this issue; turn to recipe index, page 154, to locate.

1. APRIL FOOL'S SUPPER
Tomato or Beet Aspic with Sour Cream
"Little Turkeys" (Stuffed Pork Chops)
Raw Vegetables with Mayonnaise
*April Fool Eggs

2. SEASON FOR SHAD
Diced Pear and Pink Grapefruit Cup
Sautéed Shad Roe with Almonds, Lemon Juice
*Buttered Fresh Asparagus
Carrot Circles ● Bouquet of Sherbets

3. FRIED RICE SCRAMBLE
Mushroom Caps in Chicken Soup
*Fried Rice and Chicken (canned) with Scrambled Eggs
Snow Peas, Celery Hearts (canned),
Coconut Custard Pie, with Mandarin Oranges

4. CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME
Turkey Noodle Soup (packaged)
Calves' Liver and Onions
Whipped Potatoes
Leaf Spinach with Bacon Bits
Cherry Streusel (refrigerated)

5. PEARADISE IN APRIL
Celery Stuffed with Onion Soup Dip
Minute Steaks ● Hash-Brown Potatoes
*Herbed Zucchini
*Pearadise in April Dessert

6. NINE-BOY CURRY
Cucumber Salad with Mint
Lamb, Shrimp or Chicken Curry
*Nine-Boy Sambals
Lemon Sherbet with Lingonberry Sauce

7. JUMPS INTO THE MOUTH
Raw Cauliflower, Cherry Tomatoes
*Saltimbocca ● Broccoli
Parsley-Coated Noodles
Strawberry Punch-flavored Gelatin
Baked Refrigerated Cookies

8. PANIC SUPPER
Hot Dogs with Homemade Mustards
Baked Beans ● Mixed Vegetable Salad
Baked Apple à la Mode

9. DOWN SOUTH SUPPER
Fried Chicken ● Candied Sweets
Stewed Tomatoes, Okra ● Fruit Salad
Georgia Peach Pie (frozen)

10. SALVATION ARMY DAY
Carrot Sticks and Assorted Pickles
Beef Stew (canned or frozen)
Brown and Serve Rolls ● Oranges
*Baked Plain and Sugared Doughnuts

11. NEAR EASTERN SUPPER
*Yogurt Soup
Lamb Kebabs with Tomatoes, Peppers
Broiled Eggplant
Melon Balls (frozen) with Orange Juice
Baklava (bakery)

12. BEGIN WITH ARTICHOKES
Artichokes with Hollandaise
Ham Steaks Baked in Cider
Escalloped Potatoes, Cheese Sauce
Succotash
Tomatoes on Watercress
Lemon Angel Food Cake

13. JEFFERSON'S BIRTHDAY
Sherried Tomato Bisque
Spaghetti, White Clam Sauce, Crabmeat
Little Peas with Onions
*Ice Cream Balls in Pastry Shells

14. INDIAN ROOT FESTIVAL
Grilled Salmon Steaks
*Baked Beets
Wild Rice and Long Grain Rice
Mixed Green Salad
Raspberries (frozen) with Hazelnuts

15. SPRING IN ZAGREB
Cream of Chicken Soup, Crushed Almonds
*Savory Veal Cutlets ● Sauerkraut
French Green Beans, Tomato Sauce
Stewed Apricots with Cinnamon, Raisins

16. STARRING PINEAPPLE
Consommé ● London Broil
Brussels Sprouts with Slivered Celery
Dill-Buttered Potatoes
*Pineapple Fingers with Ricotta Dip

17. BLUE MONDAY
Hearts of Lettuce, Russian Dressing
Batter-Fried Fish Puffs (frozen)
*Timbales of Asparagus
Orange Tapioca Pudding in Orange Shells ● Brownies

18. PEAS APPEAR
Beef Barley Soup
*Scallops of Veal, English Style
*Potato Cheese Bread ● Fresh Peas
Strawberry Cream Pie (frozen)

19. PATRIOTS' DAY
Deviled Clams (frozen) ● Cold Ham
*Revolutionary Baked Potatoes
Cauliflower, Cheese Sauce (frozen)
Fresh Blueberries ● Spice Cake

20. FOR TAUREANS
Cheese and Celery Soups, mixed
*Peppercorn Steak Flambé
Broccoli Topped with Mayonnaise
Pickled Beets ● Grapes and Pears

21. SAN JACINTO
Black Bean Soup with Pimientos
Tamales or Enchiladas (canned or frozen)
Onion Salad with Cheese-and-Red-Wine Dressing (bottled)
Apples and Walnuts

22. OKLAHOMA DAY
*Picnic Chicken ● Lima Beans
Apple, Celery and Raisin Salad
Pecan Pie (bakery)

23. PEPPERCORN FESTIVAL SUPPER
Baked Red Snapper ● Baked Yams
Buttered Whole Green Beans
Escarole and Chicory, French Dressing
*Banana Peppercorn Pudding

24. FIRST SEDER
Chopped Chicken Liver (frozen)
Matzo Ball Soup (canned)
Boiled Chicken ● Carrots
*Kugel ● Sweet Red Wine

25. SECOND SEDER SUPPER
Passover Spinach Borscht (from a jar)
Roast Beef, Beet-Horseradish Relish
Boiled Potatoes
Avocado, Grapefruit, Lettuce Salad
Fresh Fruit ● *Kugel

26. SECRETARIES' DAY
Broiled Halibut Filets, Mushrooms
New Potatoes in Their Jackets
French Fried Onion Rings (canned)
Buttered Kale with Chopped Egg
Concord Grape Gelatin

27. HONORING ST. ZITA
*Escarole Soup ● *Chicken Cacciatora
Macaroni Tossed with Parmesan Cheese, Sour Cream
Italian Green Beans Vinaigrette
*Buttered Layered Loaves
Compote of Peaches, Black Cherries

28. WELCOME EXPO 67
Split Pea Soup
*Broiled Canadian Bacon
Potato Puffs
Grilled Garlic-Salted Tomato Halves
*Maple-Flavored Bavarian Cream

29. FISH FRY SUPPER
Fried Fish ● Hush Puppies
Cole Slaw ● Tossed Green Salad
Lemon Meringue Pie (bakery)

30. GREEK EASTER SUPPER
Red Eggs ● Green Salad with Sardines
Roast Lamb ● Rice with Fresh Dill
Honey Rolls
Sliced Oranges in Sweet Red Wine

The best tasting vitamin C comes straight from the tree.

A Sunkist orange never forgets that vitamins are supposed to be delicious. Sure, it's glowing with natural Vitamin C and fifty other things that are good for you. But this goodness comes in the brightest, juiciest, sunniest flavor you can buy. For eating or for drinking. So open up an orange. A Sunkist orange. And taste the sunshine.

Sunkist®
From California-Arizona

POTATO PRODUCTS

continued from page 118

BANGERS AND MASH. Use 1 (4.4-oz.) pkg. baked potatoes with sour cream, in aluminum shells. Prick 1 lb. tiny cocktail frankfurters well with a fork. Divide them among the empty aluminum shells. Put shells in hot oven (400°) and bake till frankfurters are brown and tender, about 20–25 minutes. Drain off surplus grease. From each shell set aside 2 or 3 franks for garnish.

Make up potato mixture according to label directions. Stir in 1 clove garlic, crushed. Spoon into aluminum shells. Arrange the 2 or 3 franks on top.

Prepare sour-cream mixture according to directions, using ⅓ cup milk. Stir in 2 tablespoons chopped chives. Spoon on top of potatoes. Sprinkle each with some of 1 tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese. Four servings. (Men will want 2 apiece.)

CHEESE POTATO BREAD

1 cup hot prepared instant mashed potatoes
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ tsp. salt
2 cups buttermilk
2 pkgs. dry active yeast
6–7½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ lb. grated cheddar cheese (1½ cups)
2 egg yolks
2 Tb. cold water

In a large bowl, beat together 1 cup hot prepared instant mashed potatoes, ¼ cup butter or margarine and ½ teaspoon salt. Heat 2 cups buttermilk till just lukewarm (about 95°). Off heat, stir in 2 pkgs. dry active yeast, until dissolved. Beat into potato mixture. Gradually stir in 6 to 7½ cups sifted all-purpose flour to form a soft, smooth dough. Knead till smooth. Place in bowl. Cover with damp cloth. Let rise till double. Punch down. Divide dough into 3 pieces. Roll each into a 12x9-inch rectangle. Sprinkle each evenly with ½ cup grated cheddar cheese (about ½ lb. or 1½ cups altogether). Brush 1 long edge of each rectangle with water. Roll up, jelly-roll fashion, starting with the other long edge. Press firmly to seal. Dampen both ends. Form a circle and pinch to seal. Place each on a greased baking sheet. Using scissors, snip into petal shapes, cutting about ¾ through. Cover with damp cloth. Let rise till double in bulk. Brush with egg glaze made by beating 2 egg yolks with 2 tablespoons water. Bake at 400° for 30 minutes, until deep golden brown and hollow-sounding when tapped on base. Serve hot or cold. Makes 3 (8-inch) rings.

GERMAN POTATO PANCAKES . . . Even without the sauce, the plain pancakes are an excellent accompaniment for ham, pork and sausage dishes.

½ lb. bacon, diced (about ¾ cup)
1 (8-serving-size) pkg. potato pancake mix
2 cups cold water
2 eggs
½–1 tsp. powdered sage

Sauce:
1 cup apple sauce
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ cup peeled chopped apple
1 Tb. lemon juice
½ tsp. dry mustard

Fry ½ lb. bacon, diced (about ¾ cup), in a medium skillet until crispy. Drain well on paper towels.

Make up 1 (8-serving-size) pkg. potato-pancake mix according to directions, using 2 cups cold water and 2 eggs. Stir in the bacon bits and ½ to 1 teaspoon powdered sage. Fry according to label directions for pancakes. Keep warm.

Prepare sauce: Heat 1 cup applesauce with ¼ cup chopped onion, ¼ cup peeled chopped apple, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon dry mustard. Simmer until onion is tender, and serve with the warm pancakes. Good for supper, brunch or lunch. Serves 6.

PENNYWISE MARZIPAN

2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
1 (8-oz.) can blanched almonds, finely ground
¼ cup cold mashed potatoes (made from instant mashed potatoes)
1 unbeaten egg white
1 Tb. fresh lemon juice
¼ tsp. almond extract
Powdered chocolate or
Toasted coconut or
Finely chopped toasted almonds
Food coloring

In a large bowl, combine 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 1 (8-oz.) can blanched almonds, finely ground, and ¼ cup cold mashed potatoes (could be leftovers). With a wooden spoon stir in 1 unbeaten egg white, 1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon almond extract. Knead till smooth and pliable. Add a little more lemon juice if the mixture seems stiff. If it seems too loose, or soft, add some confectioners' sugar. DO NOT add any more potato.

To use: Roll into small bite-size balls and toss in powdered chocolate, toasted coconut or finely chopped toasted almonds. Makes about 1 lb.

POTATO MUFFINS

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
2 Tb. sugar
1 Tb. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
1 cup instant potato flakes
1 cup milk
¼ cup oil
1 egg, slightly beaten

Grease 9 (2½-inch) muffin pans very well or line with paper liners.

Sift 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour with 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt in a bowl. Stir in 1 cup instant potato flakes. In a 2-cup measuring cup, beat 1 cup milk, ¼ cup oil and 1 egg. Pour into flour-potato mixture and stir quickly with a fork until ingredients are just combined. Batter will be lumpy. Fill muffin pans half full. Bake at 425° till golden brown—about 15 or 20 minutes. Loosen around edges with a spatula. Turn out. Serve hot. Delicious with poultry dishes. Makes 9 (2½-inch) muffins.

ALSATIAN POTATO SALAD

1 (5.35-oz.) pkg. scalloped potatoes with cheese sauce
6 slices bacon
⅓ cup cider vinegar
2 tsp. instant minced onion
1½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. caraway seed
½ tsp. paprika
⅛ tsp. pepper
Celery greens

Open 1 (5.35-oz.) pkg. scalloped potatoes with cheese sauce. Save the packet of cheese-sauce mix for another day.

Cook potatoes in 2 cups boiling water until just tender. Drain well. Keep warm.

Fry 6 slices bacon till crisp. Drain on paper towels. To bacon fat in skillet, add ⅓ cup cider vinegar, 2 teaspoons minced onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, ½ teaspoon paprika and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Cook until onion is tender. Toss over hot potatoes. Sprinkle with crumbled bacon. Garnish with celery greens. Serve at once. Serves 4 to 6.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING. Beat 2 (5-oz.) pkgs. instant yams into 2 cups boiling water. Let stand covered 3 minutes. Beat in ½ cup molasses, ½ cup milk, ¼ cup butter or margarine, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon salt. Finally, beat in 3 eggs. Pour into a lightly greased 2-qt. dish. Stand dish in a large pan surrounded by 1 inch of hot water. Bake at 350° for 1 to 1¼ hours or till knife tip inserted in the center comes out clean. Serve with heavy cream. Serves 6. **END**

New Dishwasher all with built-in spot removers

Strips away the invisible film that causes water to spot

What causes water spots? An invisible film. It clings to glasses, silver, dishes. Water drops stick to it and dry into spots. Now Dishwasher ***all*** with its built-in spot removers penetrates this invisible film, strips it away. Now, water drops can't stick, can't spot. Go on. Try it. See the difference!

Be More Beautiful All Your Life

A smooth, flawless skin is one of the fundamentals of beauty. You were born with this priceless asset, and today it is possible for you to cherish it as never before, for scientists have discovered a tropical fluid with remarkable, beautifying properties that can help to preserve and revive the natural splendour of your skin.

For generations now, American women have learned the paramount lesson that care and encouragement are very necessary to the skin if it is to stay young and beautiful.

The naturally fine, petal-soft complexion of childhood is sustained through the early years by a consummate supply of natural skin oils. In the fullness of time, however, the skin matures and the body processes slow down, and this is where science steps in and aids nature in keeping signs of skin deterioration at bay. Through the influence of this tropical moist oil, the perfect conditions under which your childhood skin blossomed are virtually re-created to maintain a superbly smooth, supple complexion.

A lovely skin depends on a balanced supply of natural elements to the sub-surface cells, and this moist oil has a particularly important "isotonic" action, an ideal osmotic pressure that allows it to merge with the skin's own fluids.

Then, too, the moist oil enables the skin to utilize its rich beauty values easily and thoroughly because it is "peeled" of the sealing elements present in ordinary oils. You can discover the value of this aspect by dipping a rose stem in conventional oil before placing it in a vase of water. The rose, rendered powerless to absorb life-giving fluid, will gradually fade and die. With this "peeled" oil, however, it is significant indeed that your complexion immediately benefits tremendously from this unique beauty fluid.

Your complexion will rapidly acquire a flower-like bloom because the moist oil encourages the replenishment of the plasma colloids (tiny water carriers of the skin) and brings into operation an external, hygroscopic action which attracts and draws moisture from the atmosphere to the skin, assisting in the prevention of dehydration of the epidermal skin and ensuring that the complexion is completely "proofed" against the formation of wrinkles.

Smoothed over the face as an invisible powder-base, the moist oil cherishes the skin, encourages cosmetics to blend beautifully and stay matt, and brings back the attributes of an exquisitely lovely complexion.

In tropical countries this beautifying moist oil is known as oil of Ulan, in England and other parts of the world as oil of Ulay. In America it is available from druggists as oil of Olay. Everywhere, beautifying Olay oil is being acclaimed as a means for women to gain lovelier complexions at any and every age of beauty.

Beauty Skin Care Consultants Recommend

To give your complexion clearness and youthful loveliness, smooth on a film of oil of Olay before making-up. Besides beautifying your complexion, the Olay oil will insure that your final make-up has a perfect matt finish.

To keep your lips soft and pretty give them a generous quota of the beautifying moist oil when you do your face. This light film of oil of Olay will also act as a foundation for the smooth and lasting application of your lipstick.

Keep your hands beautifully soft and smooth by applying a few drops of oil of Olay after working in water. This moist oil will replace the loss of natural oils drained away by the water and detergents.

Advertisement

ASPARAGUS

continued from page 113

QUICHE D'ASPERGES

The famous savory cheese pie of Alsace-Lorraine takes on added color-flavor with spears of asparagus. It's quickly put together in an unbaked pie pastry shell—makes a wonderful main dish for luncheon or supper.

1 (9-in.) unbaked pastry shell
1 egg white
4 eggs
1¾ cups light cream
½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen or 1 lb. fresh asparagus spears, cooked

Brush inside of 1 (9-in.) unbaked prepared pastry shell with 1 unbeaten egg white. Set aside to dry.

Meanwhile combine 4 eggs and 1¾ cups light cream in a bowl. Beat till well blended. Stir in ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Pour mixture into unbaked pastry shell. Bake in preheated 400° oven 20 to 25 minutes, or till semi-set.

While that bakes, cook 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen or 1 lb. fresh asparagus spears according to our method on page 113. Cut spears into 2-in. pieces. When custard is semi-set, insert asparagus in the quiche, tips pointing up. Bake 10 to 15 more minutes or longer, till knife blade comes out clean when inserted in center. Makes 6 servings.

ASPARAGUS TIMBALES

Serve these delicately spiced chicken and asparagus custards for any festive occasion, either as a side dish or, with the tomato-wine sauce, as a light and pleasant entree.

If you have a pressure cooker, prepare as described below, then cover the timbales with buttered wax paper or aluminum foil, pressing or tying in place. Cook according to manufacturer's directions, at 15 lb. pressure, 3 minutes. Let cold water run down the side of the cooker to bring down the pressure at once.

2 Tb. dry bread crumbs
½ cup chopped onion
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup more dry bread crumbs
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. nutmeg
¼ tsp. paprika
3 eggs
½ cup milk
½ cup chicken broth
2 cups cooked ½-in. pieces of asparagus (1 [10-oz.] pkg. frozen or 2 [15-oz.] cans or 1 lb. fresh)
1 cup cooked diced chicken

For Sauce:
½ cup chopped tomato
2 Tb. chopped onion
2 Tb. butter or margarine
1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce
¼ cup white wine
1 Tb. chopped parsley
1 clove garlic, crushed
½ teaspoon salt

Grease 6 (6-oz.) individual soufflé or custard cups. Sprinkle each with some of 2 tablespoons dry bread crumbs. Shake out excess crumbs. Set aside.

In a large skillet sauté ½ cup chopped onions in ¼ cup butter or margarine till soft and tender but not brown, about 5 minutes. Combine ½ cup more dried bread crumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and ¼ teaspoon paprika and add to onions in pan. Mix well. Remove from heat. Combine in a bowl: 3 eggs, ½ cup milk and ½ cup chicken broth. Beat till well blended. Fold in 2 cups asparagus cooked according to method on page 113, or from 2 (15-oz.) cans, drained, and cut in ½-in. pieces, 1 cup diced cooked chicken and the onion mixture. Mix well and divide evenly among the 6 greased cups. Set cups in pan of boiling water and bake in a preheated 350° oven for 30 to 35 minutes or till knife inserted in center comes out clean.

Tomato Sauce:

Sauté ½ cup chopped tomato and 2 tablespoons chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine for 3 minutes. Stir in 1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce, ¼ cup white wine, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and ½ teaspoon salt. Simmer covered 15 minutes. Unmold timbales. Pour sauce around each. Garnish with parsley sprigs. Serves 6.

ASPARAGUS HAM ASPIC

A cool and pretty dish to set before family or guests. If you use a deep, narrow mold, cut 3 ham slices in half and use canned asparagus tips. When using a long oval mold, wrap asparagus spears in a whole slice of ham.

2 pkgs. unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
2½ cups chicken broth
2 Tb. dry white wine
¼ tsp. pepper
2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen *or* 2 lb. fresh cooked asparagus spears *or* 3 (10½-oz.) cans asparagus tips, drained
1 Tb. lemon juice
½ tsp. paprika
6 slices cooked ham (about ⅓ lb.) cut in 4 x 8-in. slices, *or* 3 ham slices cut in half
Lettuce leaves

Soak 2 packages unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water for 4 or 5 minutes. Add 2½ cups hot chicken broth. Stir to dissolve. When slightly cool add 2 tablespoons dry white wine and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cool and chill till syrupy.

Cook 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen or 2 lb. fresh asparagus according to our method on page 113, *or* use 3 (10½-oz.) cans asparagus tips, drained.

Sprinkle asparagus with 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon paprika. Place 5 or 6 stalks asparagus in center of a ham slice. Roll up. Stack the 6 ham-asparagus rolls in an oval mold. Pour the semi-set chicken broth over rolls. Cover mold with foil or plastic wrap and chill 1 to 2 hours or until firmly set.

To serve, you may dip bottom of mold in sink or basin of hot water, count slowly to 10, and turn aspic out onto platter covered with lettuce leaves. Or serve right from the dish! Makes 6 servings.

ASPARAGUS SALAD VINAIGRETTE

A man-sized, man-geared salad . . . and a pretty centerpiece for a spring table (or to serve at a neighborhood barbecue).

5 or 6 crisp lettuce leaves
2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen *or* 2 lb. fresh asparagus spears, cooked, or 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears, drained
4 or 5 radishes, sliced
1 cucumber, sliced
2 hard-cooked eggs, quartered
1 cup oil and vinegar salad dressing (your own or bottled)
¼ cup sour cream

Place 5 or 6 crisp lettuce leaves on a large oval plate. Top with *(continued)*

Don't have a Pot Roast Dinner. Have a Pranzo di Manzo, instead.

To make the Antipasto: It means "before the meal" and that's when you serve it. This Italian appetizer is really made of non-Italian things you may already have in the house. Like ham, olives, peppers, tomatoes and hard-cooked eggs. Serve on a platter with oil and vinegar, and that's an Antipasto.

To make the Frutta: After a meal, Italians eat *frutta.* Plain fresh fruit. Serve yours with knives for peeling, and cheese alongside. Any combination will do (apples and Bel Paese is a good one). For this dessert, it's not what you serve that's Italian, it's the way you serve it.

To make the Pane: Bread is *pane* (pah-nay) in Italian. Buy breadsticks, or a long thin loaf of "Italian Bread." Slice halfway. Then to make it even more Italian, dot with butter, parmesan cheese and a little garlic salt; wrap in foil and warm in the oven.

To make the Manzo: Pranzo di Manzo means "dinner of beef," but you don't have to know how to say it to make it. Because Chef Boy-Ar-Dee® makes a spaghetti sauce that's so Italian, it can make a pot roast Italian. Just cook the Chef's savory sauce right into the meat, the way Italians do. Let its special Italian spices and rich tomato goodness add their lively flavor to your roast. That's all it takes to make sure that instead of ordinary pot roast, this will be something special: real Italian Manzo.

3 pounds beef (pot roast cut)
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. oil
2 cans Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms

1. Season meat with salt and pepper. 2. In a large heavy saucepan, brown all sides in oil. Pour off excess oil; pour on Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms. 3. Cover and cook slowly 2½ hours (or until tender). 4. Serve sliced with extra sauce poured on.

Chef
BOY-AR-DEE
Spaghetti
Sauce
with MUSHROOMS

Chef Boy-Ar-Dee

ASPARAGUS *continued*

2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen cooked asparagus spears or 2 lb. fresh cooked asparagus spears (prepare according to method on page 113), or use 3 [15-oz.] cans asparagus spears, drained) Cut 4 or 5 radishes and a cucumber into ¼-in. slices. Then cut cucumber slices into quarters. Peel and quarter 2 hard-cooked eggs. At each end of the oval platter group egg quarters, surrounded by slices of radish and cucumber. Scatter some of the cucumber and radish over asparagus, on lettuce.

Beat together 1 cup bottled (or your own) oil and vinegar salad dressing with ¼ cup sour cream. Serve with salad. Makes 6 servings.

ASPARAGUS WITH SAUCE ALLEMANDE

This creamy mushroom sauce (which begins with a can of soup) makes asparagus taste like *more.* The nutmeg and poultry seasonings give an unusual touch.

2 lb. fresh *or* 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears, cooked *or* 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears, drained
1 (10¾-oz.) can condensed cream of mushroom soup
2 Tb. light cream or milk
1 egg yolk, beaten
¼ tsp. nutmeg
¼ tsp. poultry seasoning
1 Tb. chopped pimiento
1 Tb. chopped scallion, chives or parsley

Cook 2 lb. fresh or 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears according to our method on page 113. Or use 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears, drained.

In a saucepan combine 1 (10¾-oz.) can condensed cream of mushroom soup and 2 tablespoons light cream or milk. Heat over low heat, stirring constantly, for 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add 1 beaten egg yolk, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning, 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento and 1 tablespoon either chopped scallion, chives or parsley. Stir gently. Place back over heat for 2 more minutes.

Serve sauce with or poured over hot, well-drained asparagus. Makes 6 servings.

DEEP-FRIED ASPARAGUS

Pieces of asparagus fried till golden in a rich batter make an extraordinarily delectable hot hors d'oeuvre. Irresistible as a vegetable with meats, fish or eggs.

2 lb. fresh *or* 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears, cut in 2-inch pieces
1¼ cups flour
½ cup milk
1 egg
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. marjoram
Oil for frying, about 2 cups
Coarse crystal salt

Cook 2 lb. fresh or 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears according to our method on page 113. Drain very well on paper towels. Cut in 2-in. pieces.

In a medium bowl combine 1¼ cups flour, ½ cup milk beaten with 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon marjoram. Beat till well blended. Toss asparagus pieces in batter to coat well. Heat up about 2 cups cooking oil to 365°, or, to tell when oil is hot enough, toss in a bread cube, count slowly to 30. If cube is browned, oil is ready. When oil is hot, cook asparagus, a few pieces at a time. Fry 3 to 4 minutes till golden. Keep cooked asparagus warm while you fix the rest.

When ready to eat, sprinkle a platter of fried asparagus with coarse crystal salt and let snackers eat with fingers, or serve at the table. Serves 6.

ASPARAGUS WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND SOUR CREAM

A tasty trio of flavors in a spicy, hot vegetable casserole.

2 lb. fresh *or* 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears, cooked, *or* 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped green pepper
2 large tomatoes, peeled and chopped
1 bay leaf
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¾ cup sour cream

Cook 2 lb. fresh or 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears according to our method on page 113. Or use 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears, drained.

In a medium skillet sauté ½ cup chopped onion in ½ cup butter or margarine, about 4 minutes, till soft and tender. Add ½ cup each chopped celery and green pepper. Cook, stirring constantly, 2 more minutes. Then add 2 large tomatoes, peeled and chopped, 1 bay leaf, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Stir and cook covered over medium low heat about 15 or 20 minutes until vegetables are tender.

At serving time, discard bay leaf. Spoon vegetable mixture over the well-drained hot asparagus. Top each serving with some of ¾ cup sour cream. Serves 6.

ASPARAGUS BARI

Bari is a town in the heel of Italy, on the Adriatic Sea. There they serve asparagus topped with this sauce—a version of hollandaise transformed by the tang of oranges.

2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen *or* 2 lb. fresh, cooked, *or* 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears, drained
1 (2-oz.) pkg. hollandaise sauce mix
½ cup cold heavy cream, whipped
1 Tb. orange juice
½ tsp. grated orange rind

Cook 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen *or* 2 lb. fresh asparagus spears according to method on page 113. Or use 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears, drained. Keep warm while making sauce.

Prepare 1 (2-oz.) pkg. hollandaise sauce mix according to directions. Remove from heat. Beat up ½ cup cold heavy cream till it forms stiff peaks. Fold whipped cream, 1 tablespoon orange juice and ½ teaspoon grated orange rind into hollandaise sauce. Place back on low heat and gently heat through for 2 or 3 minutes.

Serve sauce over hot asparagus. Makes 6 servings.

ASPARAGUS AU SAUTERNE

Asparagus baked in a sauterne sauce, perked up with onions. Truly an epicurean experience.

2 lb. fresh *or* 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears, cooked
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup butter or margarine
¼ tsp. rosemary
¼ tsp. thyme leaves
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup sauterne or Chablis wine
1 Tb. chopped parsley

Cook 2 lb. fresh or 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears according to method on page 113. Asparagus should be slightly underdone. Place spears in baking dish.

In a medium skillet, sauté ½ cup chopped onions in ½ cup butter or margarine about 4 or 5 minutes, till soft and tender but not brown.

Stir in ¼ teaspoon each rosemary, thyme leaves and salt. Remove from heat and spoon over cooked asparagus in dish. Pour in ½ cup sauterne or Chablis wine. Bake in preheated 400° oven 5 minutes. At serving time sprinkle with 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Makes 6 servings.

END

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NEW VALUES IN VEAL

continued from page 117

ALL ABOUT VEAL

1. To Make Extra-Economical Veal Scallops from the Leg and Breast. Even more inexpensive than the Economical Veal Scallops made from veal shoulder (described on p. 116) are "scallops" made from the leg or (cheapest of all) the breast. Bones, fat and tendons must be removed from the meat, which takes a little time and patience. Slice *crosswise* into thin pieces. Pound and tenderize according to the method described on page 116.

2. Chicken Breasts Look and Taste Like White, Milk-Fed Veal. True milk-fed veal is rarely available in the United States, but it is possible to approximate its delicate flavor by using chicken breasts! Slice single chicken breasts in half crosswise to make 2 *thin* slices. Pound each between 2 pieces of waxed paper. Tenderizing is not necessary. Substitute these "scallops" in any of our recipes. They make beautiful facsimiles of European veal in appearance and flavor.

HOW TO COOK VEAL

Veal requires careful cooking because it is young and lacks fat and connective tissue that keep the meat naturally moist during cooking. Therefore:

A. Very thin cuts of veal are cooked in hot butter, margarine or oil.

B. Large cuts, after the initial browning are pot-roasted (another term is braised). That is, they are placed in a casserole with vegetables and basting liquid, covered and cooked.

Time and temperatures for pot-roasting veal. First roast uncovered at 450° for 10 minutes. Then reduce heat to 325°, cover and baste often. Cook until fork-tender or until a meat thermometer (inserted in a fleshy part of the roast and away from bone) reads from 170° to 175°. Europeans like their veal less well cooked, about 165°.

A rule of thumb for the total cooking time is to allow 25 minutes per pound plus an additional 25 minutes.

WIENER SCHNITZEL

Anchovy fillets are often a part of the classic garniture for Wiener Schnitzel, although they are not included in our picture (page 117). Traditionally, two fillets are crossed like swords on each schnitzel.

2 lbs. veal scallops or make economical veal scallops according to recipe on p. 116
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup unseasoned dry bread crumbs
¼ cup flour
1½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¾ cup butter or margarine
1 lemon, thinly sliced
Garniture:
1 head Boston lettuce
1 (2½-oz.) bottle capers, drained
2 hard-cooked eggs
¼ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup chopped stuffed green olives
1 (2-oz.) can anchovy fillets, optional

Dip 2 lbs. veal scallops in 2 beaten eggs. Drain slightly. Toss into a mixture of 1 cup unseasoned dry bread crumbs, ¼ cup flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Press crumbs onto meat to coat well. Shake to remove surplus. Let dry 5 minutes. Cook 2 minutes each side in ¾ cup butter or margarine. Drain slightly on paper towels. Arrange scallops on a hot platter, with a thin slice of lemon in between each.

For garniture shown on page 117 form 5 lettuce cups from 1 head Boston lettuce. Place cups around meat. Fill each cup with one of following: 1 (2½-oz.) bottle capers, drained; 2 hard-cooked egg yolks, sieved; 2 hard-cooked egg whites, chopped; ¼ cup chopped parsley; ¼ cup chopped stuffed green olives. Serves 6.

SCALLOPS OF VEAL ENGLISH STYLE

Garniture:
2 small yellow grapefruit
¼ cup oil
1 Tb. cider vinegar
1 Tb. chopped fresh or 1 tsp. dried, mint
2 lbs. veal scallops or make economical veal scallops according to recipe on p. 116
1½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 eggs
2 Tb. water
1½ cups dry unseasoned bread crumbs
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup cooking oil
Mint sprigs

Prepare garniture first by peeling skin and pith from 2 small yellow grapefruit. Cut into thin slices crosswise. Marinate in ¼ cup oil, 1 tablespoon cider vinegar, and 1 tablespoon chopped mint (or 1 teaspoon dried mint) for 1 hour in refrigerator.

Prepare 2 lbs. veal scallops by seasoning each with a little of 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Beat 2 eggs with 2 tablespoons cold water. Dip each scallop into this mixture and then into 1½ cups dry unseasoned bread crumbs to coat well. Shake to remove surplus crumbs. Let dry 5 minutes.

Heat ½ cup butter or margarine with ½ cup oil in a heavy skillet—preferably the kind with ridges on the bottom, to give a diamond-scored effect. Place veal so ridges run diagonally across meat. Press down 15 seconds, then lift and move so ridges run diagonally the other way. Sauté 1½ minutes more. Turn; repeat on other side. Drain slightly on paper towels. Keep warm on a platter. Drain grapefruit from marinade. Use to surround veal. Garnish with mint sprigs. Serves 6.

SALTIMBOCCA

2 lbs. veal scallops (approx. 16 large scallops) or make economical veal scallops according to recipe on p. 116
½ lb. cooked sliced ham
¼ cup flour
¼ cup Parmesan cheese
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. powdered sage
¼ tsp. pepper
½ cup olive oil
1 cup chicken broth or white wine
Garniture:
1½ lbs. potatoes, peeled and cut in ½-inch cubes
2 Tb. butter or margarine
2 Tb. chopped parsley

On top of each of 6 to 8 large veal scallops place a slice of lean ham. Trim to fit. Top each with another veal scallop. Hold together, sandwich-fashion, with toothpicks. In a medium bowl, combine ¼ cup flour, ¼ cup Parmesan cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon powdered sage and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Use to coat veal-scallop sandwiches, rubbing well into surface. Sauté in ½ cup olive oil about 2 minutes for each side. Drain well on paper towels. Remove toothpicks. Keep warm on hot platter. (If you wish to make gravy, drain oil from pan. Heat pan drippings with 1 cup chicken broth or white wine that has been blended with 2 tablespoons of the seasoned flour and cheese with which scallops were coated. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Serve alongside meat.)

Meanwhile prepare garniture by boiling 1½ lbs. potatoes peeled and cut in ½-inch cubes, just till tender, about 5 minutes. Drain and gently toss with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Arrange meat in center of platter. Surround with parsleyed, buttered potatoes. Serves 6 to 8.

SCALLOPS OF VEAL ZINGARA

2 lbs. veal scallops or make economical veal scallops according to recipe on p. 116
1 cup flour
1½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
½ cup butter or margarine
Sauce:
1 (10-oz.) can beef gravy
¼ cup Madeira or sweet sherry
1 Tb. tomato paste
Garniture:
1 Tb. butter or margarine
¼ cup julienned fresh mushroom caps
¼ cup julienne strips cooked tongue
¼ cup julienne strips cooked ham

Coat 2 lbs. veal scallops with a mixture of 1 cup flour, 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Pound and rub well into surface of meat. Sauté 2 minutes on each side in ½ cup butter or margarine, a few pieces at a time. Drain slightly on paper towels; keep warm on serving platter, arranged in one long line.

Make sauce by combining 1 (10-oz.) can beef gravy with ¼ cup Madeira or sweet sherry and 1 tablespoon tomato paste. Simmer gently, covered, for 5 minutes, to blend flavors.

Prepare garniture by melting 1 tablespoon butter or margarine in a small frying pan. Sauté ¼ cup julienned fresh mushroom caps until tender, about 3 to 5 minutes. Add ¼ cup julienne strips cooked tongue and ¼ cup julienne strips cooked ham. Cook till heated through.

Scatter over the small parade of scallops on the platter. Surround with sauce. Serves 6.

ESCALOPES CHOU-FLEUR

2 lbs. veal scallops or make your own economical veal scallops according to recipe on p. 116
2 eggs
2 Tb. water
½ cup flour
½ cup Parmesan cheese
½ cup dry unseasoned bread crumbs
1½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp. nutmeg
1 cup salad oil
Garniture:
3 cups caulifowerets or 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen caulifowerets
½ tsp. paprika
1 basket cherry tomatoes
1 tsp. powdered marjoram or basil
4 cups thinly sliced potatoes

Dip 2 lbs. veal scallops in a mixture of 2 eggs beaten with 2 tablespoons water. Drain slightly. Toss each scallop into a mixture of ½ cup flour, ½ cup Parmesan cheese, ½ cup dry unseasoned bread crumbs, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. Shake off excess crumbs. Let dry 5 minutes. Sauté a few at a time in 1 cup salad oil. Keep warm on a hot platter.

Prepare garniture by cooking 3 cups caulifowerets in boiling salted water just till tender. Or cook contents of 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen caulifowerets according to label directions. Drain and toss in ½ teaspoon paprika.

Sauté 1 basket cherry tomatoes in oil that remains after cooking scallops 3 to 5 minutes. Drain and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon powdered marjoram or basil. In same oil fry 4 cups thinly sliced potatoes. (Dry well on paper towels before frying.)

To serve: Heap veal in center of platter. Surround with cooked caulifowerets and tomatoes on a wide border of fried potatoes. Serves 6.

BLANQUETTE OF VEAL

The ultimate in stews! To serve in the classic style: place in long, shallow dish. Garnish with crisp bacon curls and *thin* lemon wedges.

¼ cup butter or margarine
2 lbs. leg of veal, in 1-inch cubes
1 cup finely sliced carrots
1 cup finely sliced onion rings
1 tsp. salt
1 bay leaf
¼ tsp. thyme
2 (10½-oz.) cans condensed cream of chicken soup
1 cup heavy cream or light cream
2 egg yolks
2 Tb. lemon juice

In a large saucepan, melt ¼ cup butter or margarine. Over high heat, toss 2 lbs. leg of veal, in 1-inch cubes, till golden brown on all sides, about 5 minutes. Add 1 cup finely sliced carrots and 1 cup finely sliced onion rings. Sauté 5 more minutes. Add 1 teaspoon salt, 1 bay leaf and ¼ teaspoon thyme. Stir in 2 (10½-oz.) cans condensed cream of chicken soup and 1 cup heavy cream or light cream. Simmer covered 45 to 60 minutes till meat is tender. Remove from heat. Beat in 2 well-beaten egg yolks, and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. (Do not boil if reheating is necessary.) Remove bay leaf. Serves 6.

YUGOSLAVIAN SHOULDER OF VEAL

1 (3- to 4-lb.) boned veal shoulder, rolled
Marinade:
1 cup plain yogurt (1 [8 oz.] carton)
1 Tb. grated lemon rind
1 Tb. fresh mint, chopped, or 1 tsp. dried crumbled mint
2 cups sliced onions
2 Tb. salad oil

Wash and pat dry with paper towels 1 (3- to 4-lb.) boned veal shoulder, rolled and tied.

Combine 1 cup plain yogurt (1 [8-oz.] carton), 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, and 1 tablespoon fresh mint, chopped, or 1 teaspoon dried mint. Marinate veal in yogurt mixture at room temperature 30 minutes, turning every 5 to 10 minutes to coat thoroughly.

Meanwhile, in an oven-proof casserole, sauté 2 cups sliced onions in 2 tablespoons salad oil till golden and tender. Place meat on top of bed of onions. Roast at 450° for 15 minutes uncovered. Reduce heat to 325°. Baste with remaining marinade and roast covered, for 2 more hours. Baste occasionally. Meat is done when fork-tender or when a meat thermometer registers 170°. Serves 6.

YUGOSLAVIAN SAVORY VEAL CUTLETS

Pan-fry 6 veal cutlets. When done, cover with the marinade described in the recipe above, and simmer 10 minutes more. Serves 6.

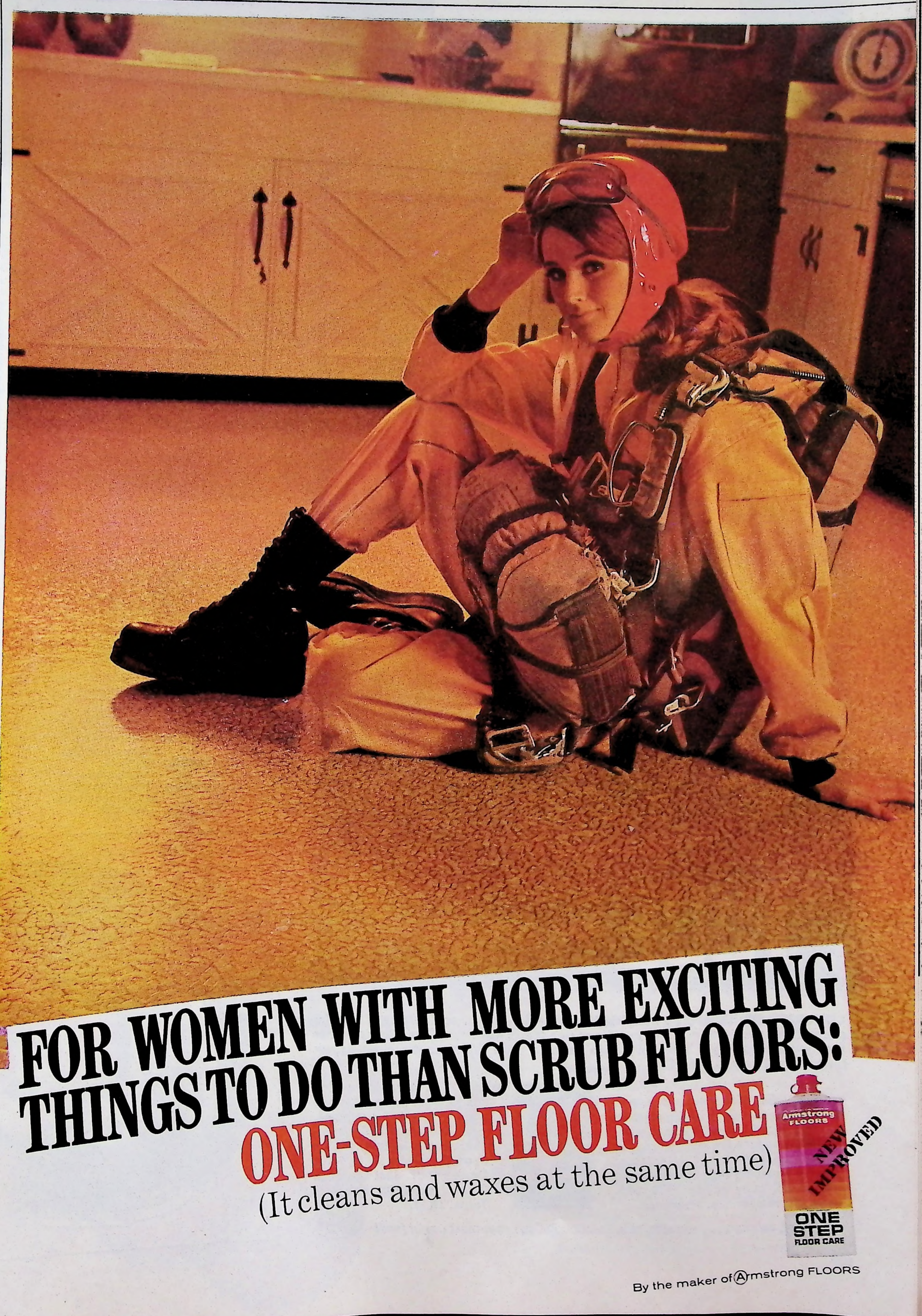
ROLLED STUFFED BREAST OF VEAL

1 (2- to 2½-lb.) breast of veal, boned
2 tsp. seasoned meat tenderizer
Stuffing:
1 cup coarsely chopped fresh mushrooms
1 Tb. salad oil
1 (1-lb., 1-oz.) can stewed tomatoes
1 cup bread crumbs made from day-old bread
1 tsp. dried tarragon or basil
Basting Sauce:
¼ cup salad oil
¼ cup vermouth

Wash and pat dry 1 (2 to 2½-lb.) breast of veal. Sprinkle each side with 1 teaspoon seasoned meat tenderizer. Prick thoroughly with a fork all over at ½-inch intervals. Set aside.

Make stuffing: sauté 1 cup coarsely chopped mushrooms in 1 tablespoon oil, for 3 minutes. Drain 1 (1-lb., 1-oz.) can stewed tomatoes. Save liquid. Add tomatoes to stuffing mixture. Add 1 cup bread crumbs made from day-old bread and 1 teaspoon dried tarragon or basil to stuffing. Toss to combine. Spread evenly over 1 side of breast of veal. Roll up jelly-roll fashion from shortest side. Secure firmly with string. Secure each end with a skewer. Place meat in an oven-proof casserole. Roast for 15 minutes, uncovered, in 450° preheated oven. Then reduce heat to 325°.

Make basting sauce by combining reserved tomato juice with ¼ cup salad oil and ¼ cup vermouth. Baste meat with a little of this sauce and cover with foil and lid. Roast 1¼-1½ hours altogether, basting periodically, always re-covering. Meat is done when fork-tender or when meat thermometer reads 170°. Serves 6. **END**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RICE AU GRATIN. Heap 3 c. hot cooked rice in baking dish; sprinkle with ¾ c. diced cheese. Place in mod. (350° F.) oven for a few min., till cheese melts. Unessential but delectable: Brown a crumbled slice of fresh bread with ½ tsp. curry powder in 3 tbsp. butter. Serve over rice. 5 servings.

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WEIGHT WATCHERS COOK BOOK

continued from page 120

The following dinner menus and recipes are from those suggested in the Weight Watchers Cook Book.

DINNER MENU I

ESCAROLE SOUP
CHICKEN CACCIATORE
BROILED MUSHROOMS (unlimited)
HERBED ZUCCHINI
MAPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

ESCAROLE SOUP

2 cups chicken, vegetable or beef bouillon (may be made with instant-broth mix)
1 tablespoon tomato juice
1 cup shredded escarole
Salt to taste

Bring stock to full boil. Add tomato juice and shredded escarole. Cook gently about 10 minutes. Serve at once.

CHICKEN CACCIATORE

2 pounds boneless chicken breasts, cut into 8 pieces
2 small green peppers
1 clove garlic
2 tablespoons finely chopped pimiento
1 bay leaf
Salt
Pepper
¼ teaspoon dried thyme
6 sprigs parsley
1 to 1½ cups sliced mushrooms
2 cups stewed tomatoes

Combine all ingredients in saucepan. Simmer 30 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking until sauce is reduced to desired consistency. Dinner for 4; includes limited vegetable.

Ed. Note: For a more glamorous appearance, brown chicken first, by rubbing skin with a little liquid gravy coloring and broiling 6 inches from heat for 5–7 minutes. Then proceed as above.

BROILED MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms are an unlimited vegetable. Brush raw mushrooms with lemon juice, broil, turning to brown all over.

HERBED ZUCCHINI

6 medium-size zucchini (about 1½ pounds)
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon mixed salad herbs
½ cup water

Trim zucchini; halve each crosswise. Make 4 or 5 cuts in each half, starting at wide end and cutting almost to tip. Combine with salt, herbs and water in a medium-size frying pan; cover. Cook 10 minutes, or until crisply tender; drain. Place on heated serving plates; spread cuts to form a fan. Makes 6 servings. (Salad herbs can be chopped parsley, chives, basil, rosemary, etc.)

MAPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
2 cups water
2 teaspoons instant coffee
Sugar substitute to taste
1 small capful maple flavor
1 teaspoon nonfat dry milk

Soften gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Bring 1½ cups water to boil. Add coffee, sugar substitute, maple flavor and gelatin mixture. Mix well and chill. When jelled put through blender with dry milk for 10–15 seconds. Refrigerate. This mixture will jell in about ½ hour in refrigerator after blending.

Ed. Note: This dessert can be molded in one large mold and turned out or spooned into 4 parfait glasses. Garnish with mint leaves and fine curls of orange and lemon rind.

MENU II

CHILLED CHICKEN CONSOMMÉ AND CUCUMBER REFRESHER
BEEF RAGOUT W. W.
MUSHROOMS as desired
GINGER MELON MOLD

CHILLED CHICKEN CONSOMMÉ AND CUCUMBER REFRESHER

4 cups consommé
½ teaspoon dill weed
1 cup shredded, pared cucumber

Remove fat from soup. Combine soup and cucumber. Chill. Sprinkle each serving with dill weed. Makes 6 servings.

BEEF RAGOUT W.W. (Weight Watchers)

1 medium onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, mashed
3 servings beef, cut into 1-inch cubes (all visible fat removed)
1 teaspoon paprika
Salt and pepper to taste
2 tomatoes, chopped (optional; 1 cup tomato juice may be substituted)
1 cup diced celery
½ ounce dried black mushrooms

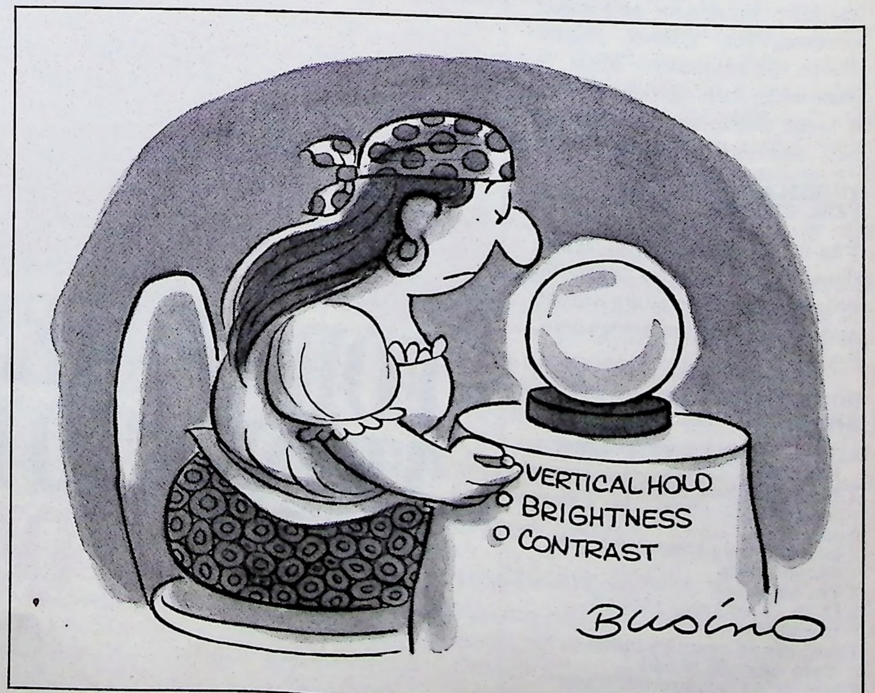
Brown onion with garlic in preheated heavy dry skillet; keep turning so they do not burn. Discard garlic. Add beef and season with paprika, salt and pepper. Cook over medium flame, stirring to brown meat. Add tomatoes and celery. Cook 15 minutes. Meanwhile soak mushrooms in boiling hot water for 15 minutes. Add to ragout and cook 15 minutes longer. Three servings meat and limited vegetable.

GINGER MELON MOLD

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
½ cup lemon juice
½ cup boiling water
2 tablespoons liquid sugar substitute
2 cups non-caloric ginger ale
1½ cups honeydew melon balls, sprinkled lightly with ground ginger

Soften gelatin in lemon juice; add boiling water, stirring to dissolve. Add liquid sugar substitute and ginger ale; chill until mixture begins to thicken. Add honeydew melon balls, and pour into a 1-quart mold. Chill until set. To serve, unmold and garnish with mint, if desired. Makes 6 servings; count each serving as ½ fruit.

END



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she says, "I knew that I wanted to be a wife and mother, and I saw that it was God who had given me those feelings." In her case this realization proved to be the key to a happy marriage. She left her teaching order in Chicago, and two and a half years later married a man who teaches handicapped children. "Larry couldn't get over the fact that I had no inhibitions," she says.

The reasons nuns leave are as complex as the women themselves, *(continued)*

THE NUNS THAT QUIT

continued from page 83

applauded her emotional freedom. Unbidden, Joan walked to the apron of the stage and bowed like an actress.

"How do you feel?" asked the psychologist.

"Wonderful," said Joan. "I feel like dancing."

"Fine," said the psychologist, "go ahead."

Joan turned to the audience. "I feel like dancing," she said. "I want you all to sing for me." People began to hum and sing and clap, and Joan began to dance. For a breathless three minutes, she was a Spanish flamenco dancer, whirling and tapping her feet gaily. Afterward, people stopped to congratulate her. "I'll bet you were a professional dancer once," a middle-aged woman said enviously. Joan Carswell, former nun, could only smile. She'd never danced in her life.

Rediscovering her own identity has meant a great deal to Miss Carswell, who is one of those classically ageless women. At 50, she has a fine figure, a face almost without wrinkles, a sparkling smile and magnificent blue eyes. "In the convent I had no driver's license, no Social Security number, not even my own name. Afterward, when people began to call me Joan, I felt it really meant affection. A first name is personal. It was like being a newborn baby in the body of an adult." (During our interview, Miss Carswell reached out to pour me a cup of coffee. Even such a simple act brought back a poignant memory of convent life. "It would have been difficult to offer you a cup of coffee without having secured prior permission," she explained. "Or, if I hadn't gotten the permission, without feeling guilty about transgressing.")

When she was in the order, Miss Carswell was given the job of fashioning a "spiritual renewal" program for the younger sisters. She tried to encourage the young women to mature, to substitute self-direction for blind obedience. Although her superiors had encouraged the program and even sat in on her sessions with the young sisters, they reacted negatively whenever the "spiritually renewed" sisters began to change the old ways of doing things.

"My superiors thought they wanted to support me," says Miss Carswell, "but they were not politically free to do so. And so it ended up that I was helping to create autonomous persons for a society that could not take them. It was frustrating—for me, the young sisters, and the superiors, too. The Mother General ended up taking tranquilizers."

Miss Carswell feels that the superiors do not really understand what is involved in the changes called for by the Vatican Council. "They want tidiness and predictability," she says, "while the new spirit will bring a certain amount of confusion along with the creativity."

From the start, nuns are taught that a life of prayer, contemplation and devotion to God is intended to foster deep spiritual strength. But some former sisters feel that women in convents often fail to attain the acceptance and serenity that are promised to the young postulant. Nancy Hiatt, who is now studying for her California teaching certificate, left her order because she felt that essentially there was something unreal about convent life.

"The sisters would spend an hour praying together in the chapel and then come out and go their own ways," she recalls. The sisters taught in a parochial school in a highly conservative Los Angeles suburb. Nancy found that they did not have the courage to withstand the pressures of parents who wanted to control the curriculum. Some parents objected when Nancy read *Winnie-the-Pooh* to her charges, and her superiors would not support her when Nancy insisted that Pooh Bear is not subversive. It was Nancy who told me that she enjoyed being a sister at first, but that she had second thoughts when she saw how bitter many of the older sisters had grown. Nancy saw too many who had been waiting year after year for change, and found themselves still waiting at the age of 35. "That was a chilling prospect," she says, "thinking of Christian women without hope."

So Nancy asked to be released from her vows. "I just thought I'd be more of a Christian if I left. I simply had to have the freedom to make mistakes. And it wasn't a question of turning my back on Christ. Instead of saying that I want what Christ wants, I began to feel that the good things I want might be the same as what Christ wants.

"I talked to some other sisters. Some said, 'Stay!' Others said, 'Go!' Others said, 'I wish I'd gone before it was too late.' So I decided to go and take the consequences."

Leaving the religious life can be a terribly traumatic experience. One former nun, Judy Christopher, spoke of the

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pressures that were put on her to stay.

"So you want to divorce Christ?" the Mother General asked. "What draws you out? The world, the flesh, or the devil?"

Judy mumbled her apologies and said that she would put aside the "temptation" to leave the order. Yet afterward she realized with even more certainty that she had not found a vocation. She talked it over with a realistic Jesuit priest, who assured her that under the circumstances it was better to leave than to stay. Another sister also advised her to quit, no matter what the Mother General said. "Mother has intimidated at least ten other sisters into staying," she told Judy. "She will call you ungrateful and selfish and mean."

So Judy went back to see the Mother General and told her that this time she was certain that she wanted a dispensation from her vows. The Reverend Mother said she was indeed "ungrateful and selfish and mean," but Judy held her ground. Now she says that it was the first grown-up action of her life.

MY MOTHER WAS GOOD-BYE

By Norma McLain Stoop

My mother was good-bye. Covered in
velvet,
Her bones were very small and sharp,
and I
Pulled at her kisses, sucking roses from
them.

My mother danced, and every twilight
held
Her perfume and a chiffon sound of going,
As her rings gently bit my clinging
fingers.

My mother sang in octaves of lace fans
Opening and closing stars in quick
succession,
And tossing spidered patterns on the
walls.

My mother's lashes edged my sleep until
All shadow that had known her left my
room.

A decision to leave is sometimes interpreted as a rebuke by the sisters who elect to stay. It is not hard for them to equate a departure with giving in to the temptation of the evil spirit. And convent gossip is full of stories about sisters who left and are supposedly spending their lives in lonely and frustrated repentance or, worse yet, in squalor and degradation. Some orders even direct sisters to have no communication whatsoever with those who have chosen to leave.

When they do leave, the former sisters often do discover that they have to make major personal and professional adjustments. Nancy Miller left her order to "help the Negroes," and even enrolled at Howard University in Washington, D.C., a predominantly Negro school. Now she realizes her attitudes were patronizing, and has shifted her sights to the problems of rural poverty in Appalachia. Nancy recalls she was afraid to walk alone in the city when she first left the convent. Then, when she got over her period of awkward adjustment, she plunged into a dating whirl. For six weeks, she went out with a different man every night. Now she marvels at her naïveté.

"I had a tendency to get too involved too fast," she says. "A man would say he loved me, and I'd say to myself, 'Gee, what am I going to do? He loves me and I don't want to hurt his feelings.' But soon I learned to pick up the clues so I'd know when he was giving me a 'line.' Now I find it easy to say 'no.'"

Some sources estimate that a third of nuns who leave eventually get married. Jane O'Leary of Minneapolis is an example. She left her order seven years ago, at age 25. Jane admits that she probably should never have gone into the religious life. "I wish that the sisters who taught me in elementary school and high school had given marriage its due," she says. "I grew up believing that virginity and perfection were synonymous. I'll always be grateful to the first young man who asked me for a date after I left the convent. I felt so awkward. My hair was too short and I felt undressed. The wind was blowing on my legs and I kept looking around, thinking, 'What has happened to my skirt?'"

Soon Jane was seeing other young men, and eventually she met the man she married. Now she candidly admits that she enjoys the physical side of marriage. "I look upon marriage as a vocation. This is really what God wants me to be doing. It may not be glamorous, being a housewife, but it gives me more chance to do for others than I had as a nun. You can't be selfish if you have a husband and three children, but it's easy to be selfish as a sister. It isn't hard to go into chapel and meditate for an hour. It shows a lot more love to get up at night with two sick babies and walk the floor with them."

In *The Nun in the World*, Cardinal Suenens criticized how some orders of nuns detach themselves from the world, physically and psychologically. This detachment causes delicate "re-entry" problems for former nuns who suddenly are expected to act like women when for so long they have been treated as neuters.

"In religious communities," says Sister Judith Tate of the Benedictines, "a negative celibacy has claimed first attention for centuries. The premise seemed to be that if a sister could eradicate her sexuality she could stand a better chance of being 'holy.'" Sister Judith explains that this concept arose from the assumption that "sexuality, especially feminine sexuality, was a necessary but obscene invention. . . . It was fairly simple to establish shame about the fact of womanhood. . . . In some extreme cases, it became part of a virtue to make oneself unattractive, for attractiveness was sexual lure. Hence mirrors were banished, heads were shaved, curves were flattened—all in the name of virtue."

Such a denial of sexuality can lead to physical complications. Joan Carswell says that while she was a nun, she and many other sisters suffered from fierce headaches and other menstrual distress, but that since she has left the order she has not experienced these symptoms. "Doctors really ought to do a study of this phenomenon," she says. At least one doctor has. Writing in *Review for Religious*, Dr. John Wain, a Catholic physician who has treated nuns for many years, agrees that menstrual and menopause problems are particularly widespread among nuns. Dr. Wain also notes that some overly modest sisters go so far as to conceal serious gynecological complaints, occasionally until it is too late.

It is precisely this unreal stance of the traditional convent toward sexuality that drives many sisters out. Mary McElroy of Antioch, Calif., now a pretty, vivacious mother of two baby girls, found that the "sexlessness" of convent life made her face up to her own conditioned Puritanism. "When I did that," she says, "I knew that I wanted to be a wife and mother, and I saw that it was God who had given me those feelings." In her case this realization proved to be the key to a happy marriage. She left her teaching order in Chicago, and two and a half years later married a man who teaches handicapped children. "Larry couldn't get over the fact that I had no inhibitions," she says.

The reasons nuns leave are as complex as the women themselves, *(continued)*

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¼ cup peanut butter
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1. Melt Chocolate, Butterscotch Morsels and peanut butter together in heavy saucepan over low heat, stirring constantly until well-blended. Remove from heat. Add Rice Krispies; stir until well-coated.
2. Drop by tablespoonfuls onto waxed paper or buttered baking sheets. Let stand in cool place until firm.

Yield: about 4 dozen confections, 1½ inches in diameter

Note: Mixture may be pressed into buttered 9x9-inch pan, if desired. Cut into squares when firm. Yield: 3 dozen 1½-inch squares

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but the case of Jacqueline Grennan at Webster College, near St. Louis, is of particular interest.

In leaving her order, Sister Jacqueline was scarcely recoiling from Spartan, old-line convent life. At her college the Sisters of Loretto enjoy "the responsibility of freedom." The nuns are not restricted to a convent; instead they reside in snug cottages around the campus, in groups of two, four or six. They are not under the close watch of superiors; they rise and retire when they wish, and say their prayers when it is most convenient within their professional schedules. They are permitted to wear "civilian" clothes instead of the habit. Even before she left the order, Sister Jacqueline would work in simple shirtwaist dress or a forest-green, knee-length wool skirt with a matching, short-sleeved jersey top.

The day the *Journal* visited Webster Groves, eight nuns consented to be interviewed in a cottage at 10 P.M.—an hour at which many sisters elsewhere are getting ready for bed. Casually, Sister Mary Rhodes Buckler offered a Scotch and water, and then talked at length about nuns in the modern world, the true meaning of the religious life, and the three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. After a while, Sister Anita Schader, a philosophy professor, came in from a meeting. She wore a black-and-beige checked suit. "I like the way your hair is styled, Anita," said Sister Mary. "Where did you get it done?"

Yet even this liberal, modern order became too restrictive for Sister Jacqueline Grennan. And so she left it—not because of any lessening of dedication, but because of her hunger for freedom to "lead an intense Christian life in the modern world. I have come to believe that the notion of cloister—in physical enclosure or in social regulations or in dress—is not valid for some of us who must live our lives as dedicated women in the public forum." She believes that the *aggiornamento*, or modernization of the Church, really calls for a dedicated Christian to work *in* the secular world, rather than out of it.

One of Sister Jacqueline's widely discussed national appearances came on a David Susskind television program, in which four nuns discussed their changing role. Perhaps significantly, two of those four sisters have since left their orders—Sister Jacqueline and Sister Kristin Morrison, a Harvard-trained Ph.D. who had been teaching at Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles. On the television show, Sister Kristin said: "I would like to be as honest a Christian as I can, in whatever way I can, doing whatever that demands of me, and I'm not sure I know what the future demands of me."

That same night Sister Jacqueline revealed her own doubts. When moderator Susskind asked her if she had any misgivings, if she ever questioned whether she had chosen the right vocation, she replied: "Sure. I think every good nun in the world today is reassessing her position. We could not be in the state of ferment we're in if people were not asking that question over and over again. Every time you ask it and stay, you are there more profoundly, but it doesn't mean you're not going to ask it again tomorrow or next year or next decade."

The "new nuns" realize that they are in the vanguard, that many Catholics are simply not ready for them. Before she left the order, Jacqueline Grennan reported receiving letters from conservative Catholics in California and Kentucky calling her "a daughter of Beelzebub." She reported, "Each day they pray for my excommunication before nightfall so I won't cause any more trouble." But the world keeps calling out to the liberal sisters, and some of them cannot understand any longer why people should be scandalized to see a nun at a performance of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* or why a nun should not be permitted to take a Martini without reproving glances.

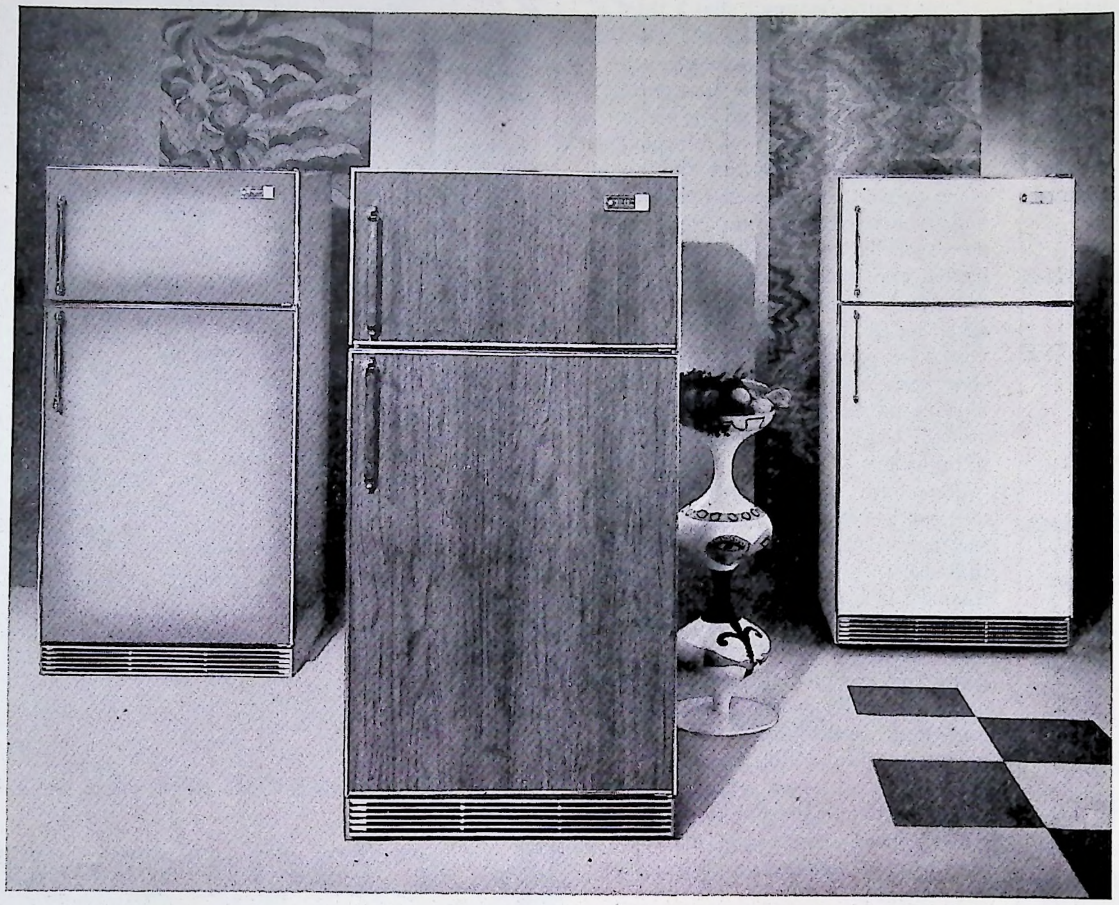
"We are," says Sister Charles Borromeo, "a sort of sociological Linus blanket for insecure Catholics of all kinds."

Not all nuns agree with this new spirit of ferment; many believe that it has gone too far. In a recent issue of *Thought*, a quarterly magazine published by Fordham University, Sister Bertrande Meyers of the Daughters of Charity wrote disapprovingly of "the present whirlwind of discontent among sisters: the confusion of liberty with license, the continuous self-seeking . . . the free dabbling in the 'new theology.'" Sister Bertrande suggested that nuns who cannot accept "logical limits of discipline" have no place in religious life.

What of the charge, frequently raised, that many former nuns are "problem women" who cannot abide authority and discipline, that they are the kind of chronic malcontents who can be found in any large group of people, however dedicated? Recently, a nun studying sociology at a major university completed a doctoral dissertation in which she surveyed dropouts and non-dropouts in a large order. To her surprise, she discovered that the sisters who left were far *less* critical of their orders than the sisters who remained.

Of course, most nuns do not leave—either because they are satisfied with their lives or because they choose to fight for reforms from within. But it is hardly a secret that many were shaken and discouraged by the recent experience of the Glenmary Sisters.

The Glenmarys, with headquarters in Cincinnati, are a liberal order, far more modern than most. They have long worked with the poor of Appalachia, and are now following them in their search for jobs in cities such as Detroit and Chicago. The sisters live in slum apartments in these cities, in close contact with the neighborhood and all its troubles. In their practical gray suits and



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short gray veils, they are a familiar sight at all hours in so-called bad streets.

This degree of freedom did not go unchallenged. Last year, Cardinal Antoniutti, the Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Religious in Rome, went out of his way to countermand locally given permissions and order a Glenmary sister off a college stage at the University of Detroit. Some time later, Archbishop Karl J. Alter of Cincinnati forbade the Glenmary Sisters to start new houses or to accept new members. He also required them to submit reading matter to his office for censorship and to secure his permission before sending a sister to register in any college or university course. And—the final indignity for women who work around the clock with the family crises of the poor—he suggested that all Glenmarys should be in bed by 10 P.M.

WILD CYCLAMEN

By Robert Graves

"What can I do for you?" she asked
gently.
I reached for pen and paper: "Draw me
flowers!"

She pursed her lips—o, the smooth brown
forehead,
The smooth lids drooped, intent on their
task!—
And drew me wild Majorcan cyclamen
(Not yet in season) extravagantly
petalled,
Then laughed and tossed me back the
picture.

"It is nothing," she said; yet that
cyclamen odour
Hung heavy in the room for a long while;
And when she was gone, I caught myself
smiling
In her own crooked way, trying to make
my eyes
Sparkle like hers, though ineffectually,
Till I fell asleep; for this was my sick-bed
And her visits brief, by order.

Some orders have more independence than others. Yet all are subject to regulation by the Sacred Congregation of Religious in Rome, and all have to defer, more or less, to the local hierarchy where they live and work. So the pace at which they modernize is not necessarily one they set themselves.

For example, the Sisters of Notre Dame sent representatives to Rome to meet in solemn convocation and discuss breathing some of the spirit of Pope John's Ecumenical Council into their way of life. Some of the order's sisters in Cleveland had been bringing middle-class white college students into the slums to tutor Negro children, an action that had caused some consternation in Cleveland. They hoped that the meeting in Rome would provide a sanction for this and other kinds of work in the everyday world. But the actual "reforms" that were permitted by the Sacred Congregation were that henceforth sisters could drive cars, wear wristwatches (under their sleeves), stand rather than kneel during the Angelus prayer at noon, and remove the buttons from their outdoor capes.

Reform at such a pace is too slow for some nuns. Thirteen sisters of Notre Dame asked for a dispensation from their vows last year and left the Cleveland convent. Ten of them stayed together to found what they call the Community of Christian Service. They went to Pueblo, Colo., rented a house in a poor section of town, and are living communally under private vows of poverty and chastity. Several are teaching at Southern Colorado State College, several in public high schools, one is a laboratory technician, one is a county welfare worker.

The members of the group still consider themselves sisters, although their private vows are taken for only a year at a time. One, who is teaching in the college, has a persistent male admirer on the faculty. She finally had to tell him, "I don't date, I'm a sister."

Within the self-imposed restrictions of their vows, the Pueblo sisters have a great sense of freedom. As Mary Terese Moynihan puts it: "Now I am available. I can be of service wherever the opportunity presents itself. In the convent it was all so abstract. Love was a forbidden word. Literally. We signed our letters 'charity.'"

Sally Watkins, another member of the group, works in her free time in a Mexican-American slum, just as she had tried to work in Cleveland. "The difference is that now I can stay with a situation where I am needed. In *(continued)*

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Cleveland I always had to hurry back to the convent."

The work these former nuns are doing is not specifically with or for Catholics. They feel that their dedication is to something more than the institutional church. But they have not renounced their faith. They have a sense of Christian community, and feel that, while they could carry on in their secular work alone and scattered, it would not be as fruitful; they need one another.

Some nuns who drop out are lonely. Elsie Heiligers, for example, is no longer a Sister of Mercy, but she is doing what she wants to do—social work among the Negroes of Oklahoma City. She says that her only regret is the loneliness, the lack of close friends who can share the life with her. Sometimes old friends from the convent visit her. They talk a bit, and the sisters complain about the same attitudes in the convent that drove Elsie Heiligers away. But, essentially, her work is done alone, her only companions the poverty-stricken people who still call her Sister Nativity.

As a Sister of Mercy, she had tried for 17 years to make the social teaching of the Church more relevant to the world around her. In Oklahoma City, she and five other sisters wanted to live in a nearby slum and help the people there. Their superiors split them up and reassigned them to six different cities.

Sister Nativity was sent to New Orleans, where she tried to integrate the sodalities (clubs) of a white and a Negro high school. After a bomb threat, she was transferred to Little Rock, where she protested against the segregation of her order's boarding school. She proposed bringing in some Negro girls, but her superiors would not hear of it.

"Why take the vows if they can't free us enough to undertake unpopular causes?" Sister Nativity asked.

She was sent back to Oklahoma City, where she had begun, and here came the climax of her struggle. The Negro Church of Blessed Martin was closed, and the congregation integrated with that of a white parish—a change that Sister Nativity applauded. But she saw that the Negroes in the area felt somewhat bereft and abandoned.

She asked the bishop if she and three other sisters could take over the rectory at Blessed Martin's and begin social work among the Negroes. He gave his professional approval and went to consult with the Mother General of the Mercy Sisters in New Orleans. She said the sisters could certainly do the work—if they wanted to leave the order. She gave each of the four their option to leave, and forbade them to discuss the matter among themselves. The other three nuns decided to stay in the order, but Sister Nativity chose to leave.

The story of Lupe Anguiano is similar to Sister Nativity's. She joined Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters and struggled for 17 years to find a way to work with Mexican-Americans. I talked to her when she had been out of the order for a year and had a worthwhile job in the Federal antipoverty program. We sat in her modest but modern apartment in Los Angeles. She looked out the window and waved her hand in the general direction of racially troubled Watts and Boyle Heights. "That is where the Church should be," she said. "But the Church is caught up with the status quo. Those in charge believe in the institution rather than in the people it should try to serve."

During her last five years in the order, Lupe says, she tried to find a way of agreeing with her superiors. She tried to believe that God spoke to her through the mouths of her superiors, and if they said "no," God, in effect, was saying "no." When she began to suffer extremely painful headaches, her superiors assumed that they were part of God's plan, that she was to "suffer with Christ."

Lupe plunged back into her labors with Mexican-Americans, felt the tension ease and the headaches diminish, and then was again reprimanded for her work. She was told to obey or to leave the order. So she hired a lawyer to help her draft a letter of resignation and, trembling with her audacity, walked to the corner, and posted the letter by U.S. mail (because she felt the convent mailbox was censored). Shortly afterward, she was released from her vows.

Like Joan Carswell, Lupe recalls vividly her first bewildering experience with the outside world. The day before she left the convent for good, she went to a department store to buy clothes with the $200 she had received from her order for 17 years of service. Confused and embarrassed, she pretended that she was shopping for a friend. "What size is she?" asked the salesgirl. "Oh, about my size, I guess," Lupe replied.

"I didn't even know my own sizes," she says now. "You should see the slip I got. It's way too big. I still have it in my drawer."

Lupe looks back at her life as a nun more in sorrow than in anger. "When you think of the tremendous talent going to waste in the convents," she says, "and of how much that talent is needed in the world! I haven't even gone back to visit my best friend, Sister Rosanita, because I knew I would ask her to leave."

There are 180,000 sisters in the U.S., and the dropout rate—a mere trickle just a few years ago—seems to be swelling. Few of the mothers general and provincial superiors are willing to open their personnel files. Still, through a careful though unofficial survey, the *Journal* was able to determine that 3, 4, 5, 6, even 7 percent were reported leaving provinces from California to Massachusetts, and that new vocations were down by as much as 50 percent. Many experts believe that the same accelerated dropout rate will continue for some time, and that many potential sisters will join organizations such as the Peace Corps until the orders are more fully modernized.

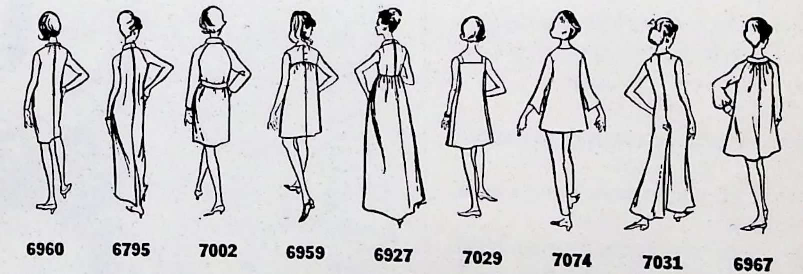
The dropouts may well be speeding up this modernization. Sister Charles Borromeo believes that sisters who get college degrees today and then go back to their convents have an abiding wish to help the communities modernize. And Sister Mary Audrey Kopp, a sister of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, envisions a major change in the work of the orders—one that is distinctly foreshadowed by the work that the rebelling nuns so often have chosen.

Historically, the religious orders founded and staffed schools and hospitals because, when America was young and growing, these institutions were desperately needed. Now founding a school or hospital is no longer pioneering. Sisters ought to be on the new frontiers, Sister Audrey says—for example, working with the poor.

If she is right, the convents may soon be following the examples of those who have left. And the era of the rebellious nun would be over. **END**

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

See pages 88-91



VOGUE 6960 One-piece dress; 10–18; $1.50. Dress requires 2 yds. of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 6795 Coordinates, dress, blouse, jacket, pants, shorts, "Easy to Make"; 10–18; $2. Long dress requires 3⅜ yds. 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 7002 Coat; 10–18; $2. Coat requires 4¼ yds. of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 6959 One-piece dress; 10–16; $1.50. Sleeveless dress requires 2⅛ yds. of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 6927 One-piece dress; 10–18; $1.50. Sleeveless dress requires 3¾ yds. of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 7029 Jumper and dress; "Easy to Make"; 10–16; $1.50. Sleeveless jumper dress requires 2¼ yds. of 50-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 7074 Coordinate blouse, tunic, dress, pants, and shorts; 10–18; $2. Tunic and pants require 3⅜ yds. of 50-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14. Lining of tunic sleeves (to edge) requires ⅝ yd. of 50-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 7031 Jumpsuit; 10–16; $1.50. Sleeveless jumpsuit requires 4⅞ yds. of 40-in. fabric without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 6967 One-piece dress; 10–16; $2. Long-sleeved dress, with tie and cuffs all in same fabric (1 yd. by 4 ins.), requires 3⅜ yds. of 40-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14.

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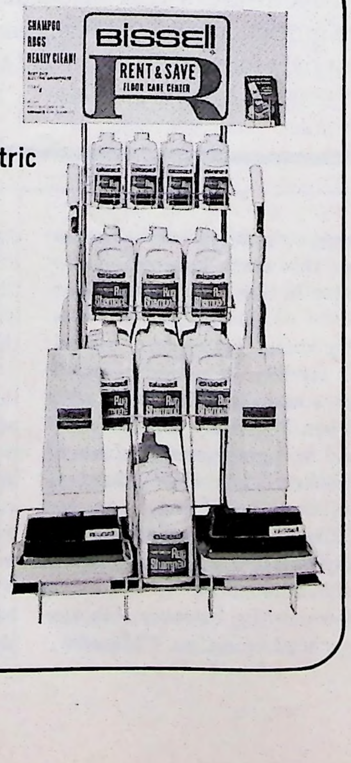
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"THEY ASKED US TO GIVE UP OUR CHILD"

continued from page 93

five days old. Since then she has been our own delightful baby daughter in every sense but one—the legal sense. Yet the term "foster parent" was only a technicality as far as we were concerned. Beth was ours, heart and soul. Or so we thought until a chilly day in February, 1966, when the Welfare Department caseworker arrived at our three-bedroom, 10-year-old brick home in Tillson, New York.

When I saw her, I felt as if a cloud was passing over our sun. A premonition had been haunting me for a week. My husband laughed when I told him about it. He said that I was being morbid and too suspicious. Still, I decided to say something to the caseworker.

"I have a feeling," I told her, "that this isn't just an ordinary visit. Do you have something to tell me?"

"What do you think that would be?" she asked.

"You do know that we want to adopt Beth?" I said.

The caseworker looked upset. "Oh, no," she said, "you have no chance at all!"

"But you told us that the longer Beth was with us, the better our chances to keep her!"

"I'm sorry," the caseworker replied, "but things have changed. You people have no chance at all anymore."

That was it. After 3½ years, Ulster County was taking our baby away—except that, as they pointed out to us so many times, it wasn't our baby; it was *theirs* under the law.

The four official reasons given by the Welfare Department shocked us:

1. That we are too old. Mike and I are both 48. We were 44 when we first took Beth into our home. "Beyond normal childbearing years" was the official phrase.

2. That because I had once received hospital treatment for menopausal symptoms, I was "not physically able to take on the care and responsibility of a young child at this time."

3. That as foster parents we had no legitimate claim to Beth.

4. That the child, who is blue-eyed and of fair complexion, did not match the Liunis' ethnic background!

The last reason seemed the most unreasonable of all. Beth was to be taken away from us because we were of Italian descent! "This child," read the welfare report, "is of French and Irish and German extraction; they are Italian on both sides; there is coloring, there is the physical makeup of the natural parents and of the adoptive parents. . . ."

Maybe that last "reason" was a lucky break for us. If it hadn't been for the implication that Beth was being denied to us because we are Italian, I don't think the Liuni case would have aroused such world-wide indignation.

Even when she was a week old, Beth was a beautiful, blond, blue-eyed baby—except for one thing: Over her left temple was a large, strawberry-colored birthmark. Later this mark became an important factor in our struggle to adopt Beth.

From the start, I suppose, we all spoiled her terribly. The kids argued about who would hold her and who would feed her. When my son Michael, who is blond and green-eyed, held her, they really looked like brother and sister, with her yellow hair lighting up in the sunshine. Mike, my husband, felt Beth was the baby sent by God to replace the one we couldn't have.

After a few months, however, Alberta asked the crucial question. "Mommy, what will we do when they come to take her away?"

The status of foster parents, of course, is very different from that of adoptive parents. The standards for placement differ, and foster families are warned from the beginning that they are keeping the child on a temporary basis. We were paid first $60 and later $70 a month by Ulster County for Beth's board and care, and the county also paid all medical bills. In a sense, the county regards foster homes as transient baby-motels where infants are kept until adoption can be arranged. From talks with other foster parents, we knew that this usually took less than a year.

But as soon as Alberta asked the question we all knew our answer. We could never let Beth go. We asked the caseworker what we should do about starting adoption proceedings. She was vague, but she reassured us in another way. "With that blemish it won't be easy to place this child," she said. "Just sit tight. The longer you have her, the better your chances are." In any event, she explained, it was impossible to offer the child for adoption without the consent of Beth's father. This man was nowhere to be found. Beth's natural mother, we later discovered, lived in a town about 20 miles away from us.

Knowing that nobody else could adopt Beth for a while gave us some reassurance. Mike bought a whole layette—we had long ago given away our baby things—and when he found Alberta's old white wood crib, he spent many nights refinishing it. As Beth grew up it was easy to forget that we had no legal claim on her. I remember her first birthday, how she got all gooey by trying to scoop out a piece of cake. I remember my thrill at her first words: "Mommy, Dadda"—and then "Booey" for Alberta.

Beth gave us so much joy that after less than a year we told Welfare that we could take care of another foster child. They sent us Paul, a premature baby whose mother was too sick to take care of him. We knew from the beginning that when she got better she would take Paul back. Thus we were prepared when he left us after seven months. But now we loved having babies around. So we took Dennis next—and we fell in love with him.

One day when Beth was two, she was playing house, walking around looking in mirrors, when she suddenly noticed her birthmark. She tried to rub it away with her fingers, and when she saw that it wouldn't come off, she came running to me, screaming. I picked her up in my arms and tried to calm her down. "You're special, darling," I told her. "You have a beauty mark. The other children don't have that. Only you."

Somehow, I had found the right words. For weeks she went around to her little friends, boasting, "I have a beauty mark. You haven't got one."

Shortly after that, the Welfare people called again. This time they had a baby girl named Lisa, and they just couldn't find a place for her. "I don't think I could cope with another one right now," I said. But finally I agreed to take Lisa. Now we had six children in our home—three of our own and three foster children. Lisa was a colicky child. She would wake up screaming every two hours and I would have to be ready with a bottle. Finally, so that the rest of the family could get some sleep, I moved her crib into the living room and slept on the couch next to her.

Gradually, the nervous strain began to affect me. I found I was getting

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cranky and peevish. I picked on the children. I started to nag Mike. I felt tired and depressed; just getting through a day's housework seemed a monumental job. Without saying anything to the rest of the family, I looked up a psychiatrist in the yellow pages of the phone book and visited her. She was an older woman and diagnosed my condition as a menopausal depression. She suggested shock treatment at a hospital in Albany. Some doctors we've talked to since feel that this was not actually necessary. Anyway, I underwent the treatment, and after returning once for further care, I seemed to recover. Meanwhile, my mother was taking care of the children, and when a Welfare caseworker called, mother suggested that, in view of my illness, perhaps Lisa had better be taken away.

Sometime in December they came for her, and, though I didn't realize it, from that point on the Welfare people hardened in their attitude toward our adopting Beth. By then Beth was old enough to be impressed by Lisa's departure. She asked why Lisa was leaving, and I explained to her that these little babies only come to us until they were well, and then they had to go to another home. She was very thoughtful after Lisa left, and never quite comfortable with the caseworkers again.

Now came Dennis's turn to leave; we'd had him for 11 months. Two caseworkers came to take him away, and he walked off with them, smiling. Alberta started to cry, and then I did, too. I ran into the bedroom so that I wouldn't have to see him go. As they drove away I could hear him give one long scream. I was sure that he only then realized that he was going away. Beth, of course, had seen all this. She kept asking me: "Mommy, where are they taking Dennis?" I tried to explain: "Mommy takes care of these children when their Mommy is sick, and then they go back to her."

Beth was three then, and I didn't see how I could explain to her that she, too, had another Mommy somewhere. Later they said we should have told her that she was a foster child, but I don't see *how* I could have done it.

Then, about a year ago, the caseworker told us we had no chance to keep Beth. I was in a complete daze. Every time I looked at Beth's little blond head, I had to turn away in tears. Alberta would hold Beth in her lap for a minute and then rush into the bedroom weeping.

Beth sensed that she was causing us pain. "Don't you love me anymore?" she asked very seriously. I couldn't explain. I could only hug her.

Meanwhile, the caseworker had told me that I must "prepare the child" to leave us. I tried my best to obey. "The lady who's been coming here," I explained to Beth, "wants to take you to another home. You'll have a new mommy and daddy who will give you a beautiful home where you'll get everything you want. They'll treat you very nicely, and they'll love you just as much as we do."

Beth looked at me thoughtfully, then said firmly: "No. *This* is my house!"

When she said that, I knew one thing. Nobody was going to take her away from us.

We called a family conference after Beth was asleep. "You know they are trying to take Beth away," I told the children. "We want to fight to keep her. It is going to be a long fight and it will cost a lot of money. We might have to sell this house, or mortgage it to the hilt. Daddy and I want to know how you feel about this. When we die, the house will be the biggest asset you will inherit, so you should have something to say about it. It's a long fight and we'll probably lose, but Mommy and Daddy want to do this. How do you kids feel about it?"

The boys just looked at Alberta, and she spoke for all of them. "Mother," she said, "we know that whatever you're going to leave, you'll leave to us, but there's a difference between leaving a house and a home." That settled it. Next day we hired a lawyer and started to fight in earnest.

Shortly after that, we were directed to produce Beth and appear in court to answer habeas corpus proceedings instituted by the Ulster County Welfare Board. The court order was signed by Judge Mahoney, a rotating New York State Supreme Court justice.

The morning we were scheduled to appear, I tried to get the children off to school so we could get ready for court. "We're not going to school," Alberta said. "We're coming with you." For we all knew that it might be the last time we would see Beth.

When Judge Mahoney reached the courtroom that day, I guess he found out for the first time that he was being asked to make an on-the-spot decision regarding a child's life. The walls are thin in that court and we could hear him shouting, "How can they ask me to sign this paper today? I want some facts on this case! Where have the Welfare people been these four years?"

So Judge Mahoney had the case moved to Family Court—another in a series of many court appearances for us. Gradually the strain began to tell. After our second day in court, Michael was so upset that he vomited. Joseph asked to be excused from school because he was sick to his stomach. Alberta broke out in a nervous rash. And my husband Mike lost 15 pounds in one month.

During this time, however, we found powerful friends. Mike loves to play bridge, and he remembered that a fellow player at one tournament had mentioned an organization in New York that helps people with adoption problems. Through the American Contract Bridge League, Mike located the man who had made the remark and finally was referred to the Adoptive Parents Committee of New York City. Attorney Leonard N. Tarr, the vice president of the committee, took a particular interest in our case, since he and his wife, both dark-haired like us, are also the adoptive parents of two blond children.

In the meantime, unknown to us, Mrs. Grace McAvoy, our good neighbor and friend for many years, wrote a four-page letter to our Congressman, Representative Joseph Y. Resnick, who immediately investigated the case. As soon as he had satisfied himself that our claim was legitimate, he went to work for us. First he tried to arrange meetings to settle the matter out of court. But when Welfare Commissioner Joseph Fitzsimmons refused to budge, Congressman Resnick released our story to the press. The result was instantaneous and amazing. We appeared on local and network radio and television, and received more than 600 letters and contributions to our legal fund from 47 states and many foreign countries.

Finally, Family Court

(*continued*)

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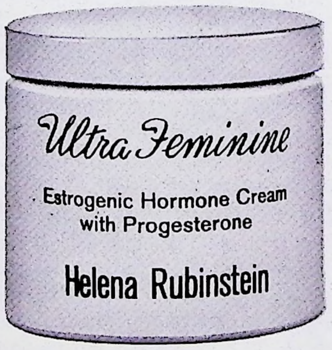

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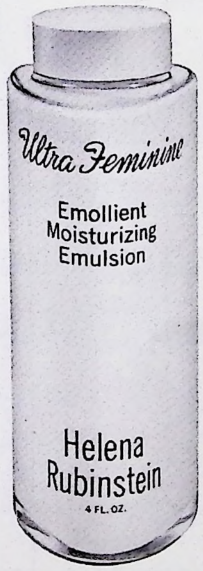

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"THEY ASKED US..." *continued*

Judge Hugh R. Elwyn handed down his decision. He ruled against us. However, Congressman Resnick discovered that Judge Elwyn was a cousin by marriage of Welfare Commissioner Fitzsimmons. Resnick persuaded us that we could get Judge Elwyn's verdict overturned because of this—and he was right. Leonard Tarr took over as our lawyer and the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York unanimously struck down Judge Elwyn's decision.

Meanwhile, Beth couldn't help but notice all of this excitement. For the first time in more than a year she began to wet the bed, and she began to have those recurring nightmares. It was at this point that Mike told her we wouldn't give her up, which seemed to reassure her. Oddly, Beth didn't seem disturbed by all the television crews and newsmen coming in and out of the house—sometimes she seemed to enjoy it. Usually she didn't seem to be listening when we talked about her. But once, after playing quietly in a corner throughout a discussion of the case—apparently paying no attention as we analyzed its dark-eyed-parents-and-blue-eyed-child aspect—she looked up as the TV crew was leaving and said soberly, "My brother Michael has blue eyes!"

After the Appellate Division reversed Judge Elwyn's decision, a Surrogate from neighboring Columbia County, Judge R. Waldron Herzberg, was appointed to sit as a Supreme Court justice—specifically to hear the Liuni case. He named Judge William E. J. Connor to act as Beth's guardian during the litigation. It was also announced that Commissioner Fitzsimmons had agreed to accept the recommendations of Judge Connor and his investigator, former New York State Trooper Frank Appleton. Our lawyer was told to prepare the adoption papers so they would be ready for our January 9 hearing.

Soon after Judge Connor was named Beth's guardian, he came to visit her. Since we were afraid she would associate him with the "bad people" who wanted to take her away, I told Beth that a kind "Grandpa" was coming to see her. Judge Connor arrived carrying a big doll for Beth, and they hit it off very well. After several hours, he started for the door. "Good-bye, Beth," he said, "I'll be back to see you soon."

Beth looked up at him. "Good-bye, Grandpa!" she said.

I'm not sure, but I think the judge was on the verge of crying.

Then, just when the case seemed to be going so well, everything suddenly came apart. Judge Herzberg released the news that Judge Connor and Frank Appleton had both recommended that we adopt Beth "as soon as possible." Commissioner Fitzsimmons promptly denied that he had agreed to go along. It was obvious why the Commissioner was annoyed. In his legal opinion, Judge Connor had said that the child Jesus himself would have been denied to his parents under Welfare Department rules. But Fitzsimmons wouldn't concede. He said he had to "compare the information with recommendations furnished by my staff of qualified and state-trained personnel."

The tension was almost unbearable. But we felt that if we had held ourselves together this long we could wait until January 9, when Fitzsimmons would announce whether he'd approve the adoption, and when Judge Herzberg would hand down his final decision.

On that big Monday, January 9, 1967, we left Beth with her aunt a few blocks from the courthouse since we might have to produce her in court if the adoption proceedings were OK'd. But Commissioner Fitzsimmons never appeared in court. Instead his lawyer, Richard Griggs, asked for a postponement. Griggs said that the Commissioner had not had sufficient time to read and evaluate the reports. Reluctantly, Judge Herzberg granted a seven-day delay, until January 16. I couldn't stand it. I broke into tears right in the courtroom, although I knew that the county might use this as evidence that I was still "nervous."

In granting the delay, Judge Herzberg warned the Welfare Department that if it intended to continue its fight for custody of Beth, it had to notify our lawyer, at least by Thursday, January 12. We were sure we would have to wait a week for the news, but then Commissioner Fitzsimmons called a 4 P.M. press conference for January 12. We all waited anxiously by the telephone for some clue, as to what he would say. Unfortunately the wire was tied up most of the time by reporters, who also wanted to know what was to become of Beth. Finally, at 4:14 P.M., we got the news—on the radio! Commissioner Fitzsimmons had read a long statement criticizing our handling of the case, commenting unfavorably on the Family Court's investigation, and even—after all this time—casting doubt on our ability to support Beth financially "in the manner that the Ulster County Welfare Department has done since 1962." (We are not wealthy, but my husband has a good, responsible job as an engineer for I.B.M.)

In fact, Fitzsimmons' report was so negative that as he read it several reporters with tight deadlines raced to telephone the news that the Commissioner refused to sign the adoption papers.

But then, grudgingly, Commissioner Fitzsimmons concluded with:

"In view of the extremely unjustified, unwarranted and unfavorable public furor and the attendant nationwide publicity of this case, it is my considered opinion that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to locate and approve suitable adoptive parents who would now accept this child into their home. I am prepared to sign the necessary agreement and consent as requested by the court so that little Elizabeth may be removed from the glare and spotlight of publicity. The court must bear the full and heavy responsibility of approving the Liunis as adoptive parents."

We had won! I was speechless when I heard the news. I just stood there crying. Finally Mike's sister, Mrs. Don Mauro, called to Beth who was playing in the kitchen:

"Beth Liuni, come in here!"

And Beth ran right into Mike's arms while we all stood together weeping and hugging each other. "Well, we've got another Liuni now!" was all I could say.

Despite our happiness, Mike kept saying, "I won't believe anything until I have that piece of paper in my hands." On January 16, in Judge Herzberg's chambers, we saw Commissioner Fitzsimmons himself, in one of our rare face-to-face encounters. He seemed grim and angry. While negotiations between the lawyers were proceeding, Beth saw Judge Connor.

"Hello, Grandpa" she said.

Judge Herzberg smiled with delight at his fellow jurist. "So she calls you grandpa?" he said. Judge Connor grinned proudly.

At 11:10 A.M., on January 16, Ulster County surrendered to the Liuni family. This time Mike was close to tears. Relatives crowded around in the courtroom, hugging and kissing us, and in the middle of all this Beth's fluffy little toy dog with a music box in it suddenly came unstuck. It began playing, "I could have danced all night . . ." over and over again, right there in court.

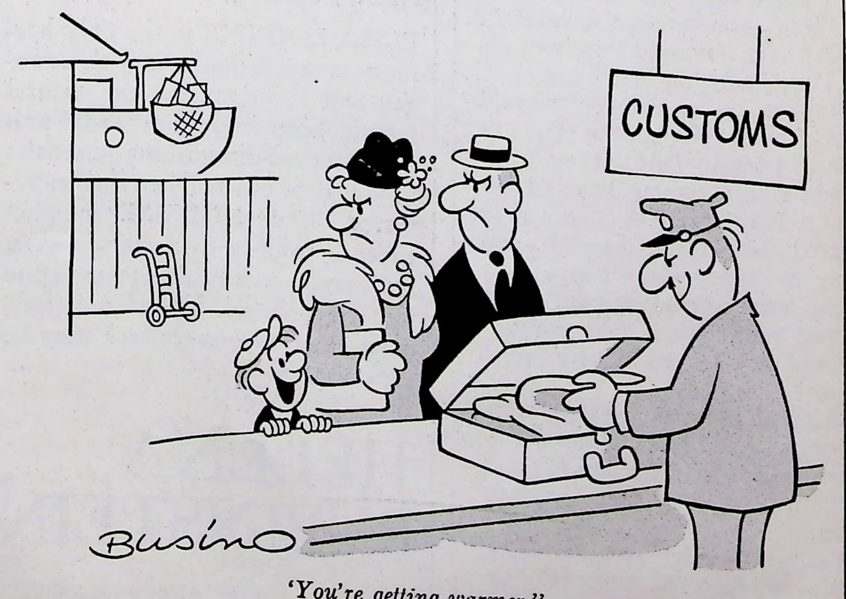
Commissioner Fitzsimmons left by a back door. "Would you have shaken his hand now that the fight is over?" a reporter asked Mike.

Mike hesitated. "We have never said a word against Commissioner Fitzsimmons. I suppose he felt he was doing his duty. But I don't think I could shake hands with him."

Outside, TV reporters, photographers and friends waited. The photographers kept shouting at Beth: "What's your name, Beth? What's your name?" But Beth just looked dazed.

Later, as we arrived home, she snuggled up to Alberta and said softly: "My name is Beth Liuni, isn't it?"

For us it is all over now—but in a sense it is just beginning. We are trying to return to a normal home life. It seems very quiet without all the telephone calls and visitors. But our house is a home again—with Beth, Beth Liuni—the child who is "something special." END



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The Scandal of Our School Lunch Programs

By BERNARD ASBELL AND BERNARD BARD

If you walk two blocks east of the White House to 14th Street and a mile north to U Street, you come to the place where a six-year-old Washington first-grader named Freddy, still slightly hungry after his school lunch hour, was killed under the wheels of a truck.

The tragedy is retold here not to dramatize the child's death but his hunger. Freddy came from an impoverished home and was undernourished. This entitled him, along with 10,000 children in the capital, to receive daily a free lunch in a paper bag—a sandwich, a cup of salad, a piece of fruit, a carton of milk.

After his death it was learned that each day Freddy left the school building without his teacher's knowledge and ran home. His purpose: to share the precious food with a brother and sister who were too young for school. Racing back from one such furtive visit, Freddy met his death. Before long, of course, his underfed brother and sister will be old enough for school. If they are certified as undernourished, each will then get a bag lunch of his own.

Underfed children in Washington are luckier than most. They are no longer left to suffer hunger pains in their classrooms. A few years ago, the Washington *Post* shocked its readers by publishing a front-page picture of children during their lunch hour picking at a garbage can for scraps to eat. An investigation revealed that of 130 elementary schools, 115 were unequipped to serve a hot lunch. Within weeks, Congress voted special funds for Washington to launch a pioneer program of serving schoolchildren of severely poor families free, cold lunches—and breakfasts, too. In schools too overcrowded to make space for lunchrooms, children eat in their classrooms.

Meanwhile, largely unknown to the public, hunger in the classrooms afflicts hundreds of thousands of children in other cities. In Chicago, 238 elementary schools have no food service—and, therefore, many needy pupils receive no lunch. Indianapolis, St. Louis and San Francisco have lunchrooms in only half their elementary schools; in Detroit, only 92 out 285; in Minneapolis, only 10 out 71; Jersey City has food service in four out of 31 schools; Boston, Cleveland and Pittsburgh have no elementary-school food service at all. And the State of West Virginia has 600 schools in which a child cannot obtain a thing to eat.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture subsidizes lunches for 19 million schoolchildren (poor or rich) to the extent of 4.5 cents per meal plus 6.5 cents in Government-donated food—milk, eggs, beef, pork, cheese, beans, poultry and flour. But the government's National School Lunch Program is helpless where local school officials have not provided facilities for serving lunch. About 9 million children attend lunchless schools.

"Eighty-five percent of these children," says Assistant Secretary of Agriculture George L. Mehren, "are in elementary school, at the age where their bodies are being formed, where good health practices can be established for a lifetime. Nearly seventy percent are in counties or metropolitan areas with a population of 100,000 or more."

The number of hungry children may be far greater than any official dares guess. In the absence of a survey, one may post himself near a school at 8 A.M. in a poor neighborhood of any large city. In Pittsburgh, for example, the proprietor of a corner confectionery and fruit store, a plump lady, stands at her door until the morning's first children barge in, their fingers curled around pennies and nickels. Her counter is loaded with two large trays of doughnuts, plain and glazed. Her first customer, a boy, exchanges 10 cents for his breakfast—one glazed doughnut and a bottle of cola. His younger sister buys a nickel bag of potato chips and sips half of her brother's drink as they amble toward school.

Some children, having only a nickel, breakfast only on a doughnut. Others select a nickel's worth of penny candy. They devour the goodies hungrily.

After 10 minutes, an observer can tell which kids have had breakfast. Some run and dance to the curb energetically; obviously they have eaten at home. Others plod listlessly. Almost without fail, these children turn into the doughnut store; then, cramming a confection into their mouths, they continue to school at a slightly quickened pace.

It seemed that fully half of the children stopped for doughnuts or candy. Charles Hayes, a former principal who heads Pittsburgh's special program to aid deprived schoolchildren, says that a figure of 50 percent wouldn't surprise him, but that nobody knows for sure.

"In my old school," he says, "you'd see so many kids come into class with a pickle and a bag of potato chips that you stopped paying attention to it. A teacher would only notice if the pickle smelled up the classroom. Among these kids there is a tremendous problem of obesity, another reason we may be underestimating the extent of malnutrition. They get fat not because they eat too much but because their diet is almost all starch. This, in turn, leads to all sorts of psychological problems that stand in the way of education."

Teachers have their own way of telling which children haven't had breakfast. "At about nine-thirty," says John Brewer, former principal in Pittsburgh and now assistant to Hayes, "the first kid starts dozing at his desk. If the teacher hollers at him for closing his eyes, he starts cutting up and he's classified as a discipline problem. By ten or ten-fifteen, half the class is restless or dozing. It's almost always the same kids—kids from homes where there's the least money and often where mothers have been deserted by their husbands."

A Washington, D.C., principal, Mrs. Dorothy W. Harris, takes a different, yet related, view of breakfastless children. "Whenever a child is sent to me for being evil or mean in the morning," says Mrs. Harris, "I've learned, before doing anything else, to ask, 'Have you had any breakfast?' The answer is 'No' almost every time, and I can tell when a kid's telling the truth. First thing, I bring the child to the lunchroom and

(*continued*)

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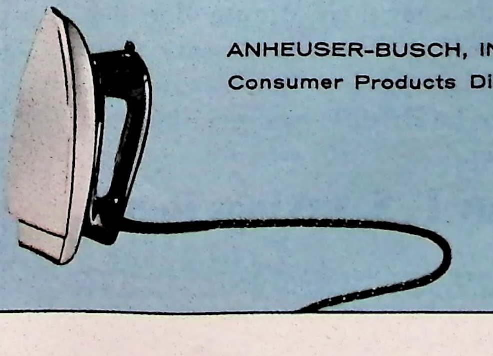

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ask the lady in charge for a cup of soup or something. What a difference it makes! I've come to believe that the biggest part of the discipline problem here, not to mention the learning problem, is simply food."

At 11:30 A.M., when school lets out for lunch, many children race home, where a mother greets them with an adequate meal. Others are what Pittsburgh's John Brewer calls "key kids"—they wear house keys on strings around their necks, and let themselves into their homes. The lucky ones find a sandwich and drink left by a working mother; others slap together what they can find. But scores of others again head for the corner store for doughnuts and candy.

Sidney P. Marland Jr., Pittsburgh's highly regarded school superintendent, would like to declare war on classroom hunger. But the task is not easy.

"Having a full belly may be more important than getting good instruction," says Marland. "But remember that the idea that a school should be concerned with the social environment of children is very new to most people. Not long ago, if an educator said a school should worry about the mental health of children he'd be considered far-out. Now mental health is accepted as the business of the school. Should it be a school's responsibility to guarantee that a child has a roof over his head, or a blanket to keep him warm, or clothing as good as his classmates? Right now the answer is no. Society doesn't expect it. But for the first time society is expecting us to be concerned that a child has food."

While leaders such as Marland react to needs as quickly as the public—and public funds—will permit, others are content with their old ways of neglect. Los Angeles and Dallas, for example, decline to accept the Federal subsidy of the National School Lunch Program.

Los Angeles pulled out of the program in 1955 because it "required too much paper work." Money for free lunches is contributed by Parent-Teacher Association chapters, but funds are always short. The city, therefore, requires an impoverished child to take a physical examination and show clear evidence of malnutrition before being eligible for a free meal. When such meals help the child overcome the obvious symptoms, he is removed from the list—possibly to starve again. With an enrollment of more than 600,000, the city's schools distribute free lunches to only 3,500 children, little more than one in 200.

In Dallas, the last census showed 9,400 schoolchildren from families earning less than $3,000, yet only 2,500 receive free lunches. "We're not interested in Government handouts," said one Dallas school official. Thousands of other school districts have turned down Federal aid for lunches, sometimes calling it "socialism," "New Dealism," "sponging." Explains Col. Harvey Allen, former director of the New York City school lunch program: "They'll take handouts for anything else—highways, oil allowances, agricultural subsidies—but not for their hungry children."

Other schools accept the small Federal subsidy gladly, but are in deep trouble anyway. Eleven cents covers only a minor portion of a school meal that usually costs more than 30 cents. Some schools have so many poor children who can't afford to pay the difference that the cost of feeding them would cripple the instruction budget. In some areas of Appalachia, impoverished children of the same family take turns at free lunch. One child eats one day, his brothers and sisters on consecutive days. In Letcher County, Kentucky, the Hurricane Gap School started a lunch program in 1962, but had to give it up a year later. Too many children needed free meals, and there wasn't enough money. "During that year of lunches," says Tom Gish, editor of the *Mountain Eagle*, "the pupils gained a full-letter average increase in their grades in all subjects. Now, they come in without breakfast, and go through lunch hour without eating. They're so tired and beat up, they sleep during lunch period."

The big hope for reducing hunger in the classroom is the Federal aid-to-education law that Congress passed in 1965, chiefly to help children of the poor. While the money is intended mainly for educational improvements, it may be used to feed the stomachs of needy kids as well as their minds. Pittsburgh, for example, is planning to outfit many of its lunchless schools with rooms equipped to serve hot meals. Because of its already-strained school budget, the city would then expect to rely on further Federal aid to subsidize meals.

Presumably, other cities and country districts, recognizing that food must precede learning, will follow suit. Schools unequipped for hot lunches can follow the example of Washington in distributing wholesome cold lunches and breakfasts. This, too, can be supported by the new Federal aid-to-education funds, added to the old National School Lunch subsidy. Last fall, the Federal Government made another attempt to close the hunger gap in our schools. Congress passed and President Johnson signed the Child Nutrition Act, which established a $2-million pilot school breakfast program and authorized the Department of Agriculture to furnish $750,000 for kitchen equipment and other such assistance to deprived-area schools. But many school officials insist that much more money is needed.

Federal money does not automatically solve the problem, however. For example, in Washington some principals until last fall refused to permit distribution of bag lunches. Some considered them "handouts," and "detrimental to character-building"; one protested that eating in school "made such a mess and teachers didn't like it"; still others claimed lack of space or of people to supervise. One principal argued that, since some of her children bring their own lunch, psychological harm would be done to those who get a free one. Still another took an opposite tack: if many of her children got a free lunch, the others might feel left out. Some of these principals want to avoid the stigma of poverty. Lists are circulated showing the number of free lunches distributed in each school; some principals find status in keeping their number low.

The callousness of these Washington principals was corrected when parents protested. Ultimately, that is where the responsibility lies. When mayors and school officials prefer to let children go hungry rather than accept Federal help to which they are entitled, they are usually surrendering to the sentiments of the most vocal citizens. Other citizens must get vocal, too—if they want to make sure that Johnny *can* eat. **END**

Photo by Ardean R. Miller III

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Bahama Islands

Cook Like a Hamburger

By MARGARET HAPPEL

There is a city, an ancient Hanseatic port, where the river Elbe flows into the sea in the north of Germany. Hamburgers here are not what you think. Spelled with a capital H, a Hamburger is a native. With a small h, it's a *rundstück*—a hot, sliced pork and gravy sandwich on a crisp, round roll. While chopped beef patty is well known and well loved, nobody calls it a hamburger in Hamburg. But the food of the city is a delicious adventure. Hamburg is one of the best places in the world to discover that German food is not all sauerkraut and sausages.

Start here for a cook's tour of this North German city. Flavorful surprises await.

AAL SUPPE (Eel Soup) or SAUER SUPPE (Sour Soup)

In Europe, Hamburg and eel soup are synonymous. The combination of ingredients sounds fantastic, but the taste is utterly delicious. This combination of sweet, sour and spicy dried fruits, cooked with meats or fish is older than the medieval cathedrals. In the United States it still persists in some of the Pennsylvania Dutch recipes. The faint-hearted may wish to try the Sauer Suppe, which uses shredded, cooked ham instead of smoked eel.

¼ cup dried apricots
¼ cup dried pitted prunes
2 cups boiling water
2 Tb. butter or margarine
¾ cup chopped onion
¼ cup thinly sliced leek or onion (1 small leek)
2 cups white wine
1 (13¾-oz.) can chicken consommé
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. powdered thyme
½ tsp. powdered savory or celery seed
1 Tb. flour
2 Tb. wine vinegar
¼ cup raspberry jam
¼ cup sour cream
¾ cup shredded cooked ham or ¾ cup chopped smoked cooked eel

Soak ¼ cup each dried apricots and dried prunes in 2 cups boiling water 10 minutes. Drain. Chop fine. Reserve.

Meanwhile, in a large saucepan, melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Sauté ¾ cup chopped onion until tender, about 3 to 5 minutes. Add ¼ cup thinly sliced leek or onion, 2 cups white wine, 1 (13¾-oz.) can chicken consommé, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon powdered thyme and ½ teaspoon powdered savory. Add finely chopped apricots and prunes. Simmer covered 10 minutes. Remove from heat.

Blend 1 tablespoon flour with 2 tablespoons wine vinegar. Whisk this mixture, together with ¼ cup raspberry jam and ¼ cup sour cream, into soup. Heat just to boiling, stirring constantly. Add ¾ cup cooked ham or ¾ cup chopped smoked cooked eel. Cook 1 minute longer. Serve with liberal sprinkling of parsley, if desired. Makes 6 (6-oz.) servings.

BIRNEN, BOHNEN UND SPECK (Pears, Beans and Ham)

All the flavors of *Das Alte Land* are brought together and married in this dish. The *Hausfrau* of a merchant Hamburger would use the lees of a native Moselle for the wine. Any dry white wine will be excellent. Serve piping hot. Or, should April produce a balmy day, chill ice cold and serve as a main dish salad.

2 (10-oz.) pkgs. baby lima beans, thawed slightly
¾ cup dry white wine
3 cups thickly sliced firm pears (approximately 1½ lbs.)
¼ cup butter or margarine
4 cups lean ham in ½-inch cubes (about 1½ lbs.)
1 Tb. caraway seeds
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 small clove garlic, crushed
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼ cup chopped parsley

In a large saucepan, combine 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. baby lima beans with ¾ cup dry white wine. Cover tightly and simmer till tender, about 15 minutes. After 10 minutes of cooking time, place 3 cups thickly sliced firm pears on top of beans. Replace lid and simmer till beans and pears are done. Do not drain.

In a large skillet, melt ¼ cup butter or margarine. Sauté 4 cups lean ham in ½-inch cubes, 1 tablespoon caraway seeds, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 small clove garlic, crushed, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Stir frequently and cook till ham is golden and heated through.

Stir to combine well with bean-pear mixture, adding ¼ cup chopped parsley. Serve very hot in a shallow dish. Serves 6.

STUBEN KUKEN

This is the dialect for "tiny chicken served in the best parlor." In times gone by only the richest families could afford the exotic ingredients from southern Europe. Spiked with the sherry or Madeira of Portugal and stuffed with the spices and dried fruits of Italy, the dish has become a feast-day favorite of all Hamburg.

4 (12-oz.) Cornish game hens
2 Tb. lemon juice
2 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper

Stuffing:
½ cup butter or margarine
2 cups ground lean ham (½ lb.)
2 cups peeled diced cooking apples
¼ cup raisins
2 Tb. sweet sherry or Madeira

Gravy:
1½ cups chicken broth
1 Tb. sweet sherry or Madeira
¼ tsp. nutmeg

Wash and pat dry 4 (12 oz.) Cornish game hens. Rub inside and outside of each with a little of 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Sprinkle cavity of each with a little of 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Prepare stuffing by sautéing in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine 2 cups ground lean ham, 2 cups peeled diced cooking apples and ¼ cup raisins for 5 minutes. Moisten with 2 tablespoons sweet sherry or Madeira. Stuff the cavities of each game hen—approximately 1 cup per bird. Secure opening with skewer. Truss wings and legs.

Melt remaining 6 tablespoons butter or margarine in large Dutch oven. Brown each bird well on all sides. Place birds breast up in Dutch oven. Add 1 cup chicken broth. Cover tightly. Simmer slowly 30 to 40 minutes or till tender. Drain. Keep warm.

Make pan gravy by heating pan juices with ½ cup remaining chicken broth, 1 tablespoon sweet sherry and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Skim off any fat. Serve along with game hens. Makes 1 cup gravy. Hens and gravy serve 4.

LÜTT UND LÜTT

Every sailor has a grog that fortifies against the winds. The Hamburg version is a helping of local caraway-flavored liqueur added to beer.

2 Tb. caraway-flavored liqueur
1 (12-oz.) can beer

Place 1 tablespoon caraway-flavored liqueur in each of 2 (8-oz.) glasses. Divide 1 (12-oz.) can beer between glasses. Stir. Makes 2 (7-oz.) servings.

ALSTER WASSER

The English "shandy gaff" becomes "Alster Water" in Hamburg—named for the lake in the heart of the city . . . a thirst-quenching combination of local beer and sparkling lemon soda.

1 (12-oz.) can draft or dark beer, chilled
1 (7-oz.) bottle lemon-lime carbonated beverage, chilled

Combine 1 (12-oz.) can draft beer, chilled, and 1 (7-oz.) bottle lemon-lime carbonated beverage, chilled. Divide quickly between 2 (10-oz.) glasses. Stir lightly to mix, but not too much or the carbonation will disappear. Makes 2 (9-oz.) servings.

END

As dry as a good martini.

Franklin® Dry Toasted Peanuts are strictly for adults.
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Nuttier, too.
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PEANUTS
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It's all about cold-water Maine lobster, puréed in a smooth, creamy bisque. A velvety version of a Down-East classic—drizzled with butter and laced with sauterne.

It's about wild rice, dark and firm, simmered with chicken and splashed with white wine.

It's about mushrooms sliced *whole* into stock that's deep brown and sparked with a fine clear wine.

It's about beef and turkey, gently simmered and darkened with Burgundy.

It's about provocative ingredients and uninhibited seasonings. It's about subtleties of flavor you rarely encounter.

Eight soups that cast a different kind of glow over every meal. That's what Pepperidge Farm Soup is all about.

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PEPPERIDGE FARM
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TABLE
PEPPERIDGE FARM
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Ready to Serve
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PEPPERIDGE FARM
(Ready to Serve)
CHICKEN CURRY SOUP
An inviting aroma makes a promise
That is delightfully fulfilled
In the faithful curry flavor
Of this creamy soup
Laced with chicken and vegetables
WT. 13 OZ.
PEPPERIDGE FARM
(Ready to Serve)
MAINE LOBSTER BISQUE WITH WHITE WINE
Tender, juicy lobster meat
Puréed in a smooth, creamy soup,
Accented with a dash of sauterne.
A velvety version of a Down East classic
NET WT. 13 OZ.
PEPPERIDGE FARM
(Ready to Serve)
HUNTER'S SOUP
TH TURKEY, BEEF & BURGUNDY
rtunate is the hunter
ho comes home to this deep brown soup
ade with turkey, beef and vegetables
he Burgundy adds a touch of
WT. 13 OZ.
PEPPERIDGE FARM
(Ready to Serve)
CHICKEN WITH WILD RICE SOUP
Tender pieces of chicken,
Minnesota wild rice... and lots of it,
With a touch of sauterne
Combine to produce
This magnificent soup.
NET WT. 13 OZ.
PEPPER
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NEW
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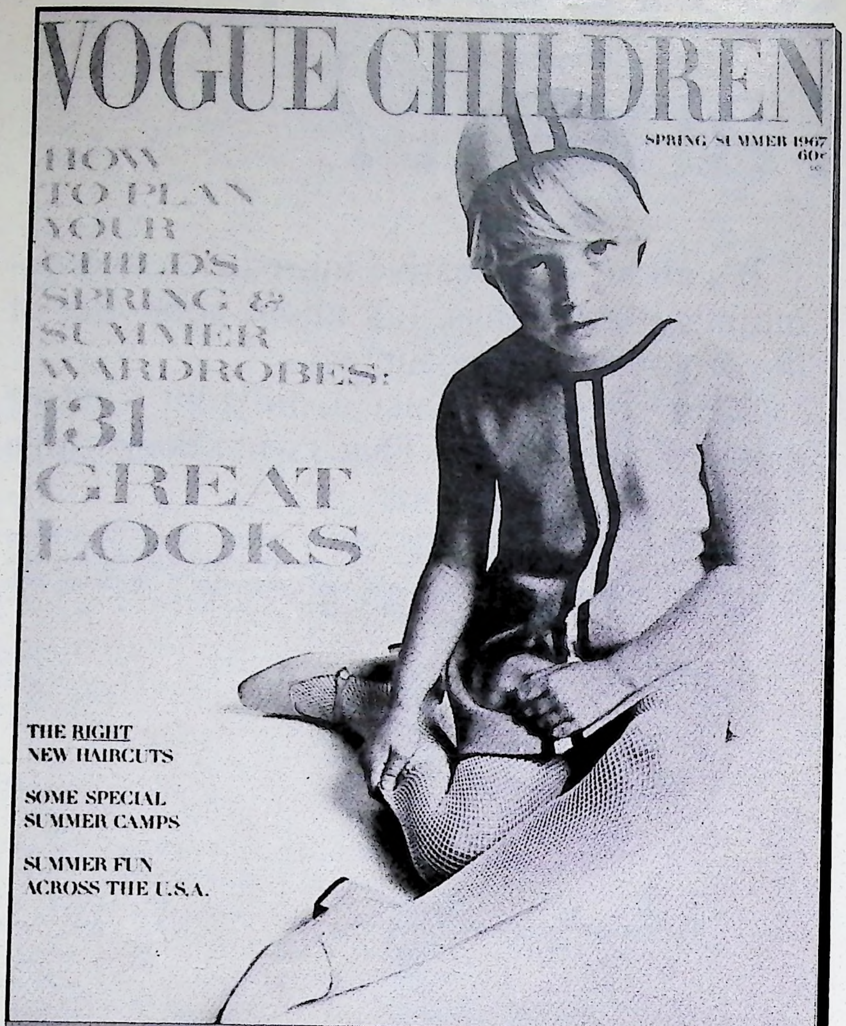
good country cr
do. The result
th a uniquely ten
WT. 13 OZ.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DON'T MISS IT-

ON SALE MARCH 7TH

It's In Your Mind

By BARBARA SEAMAN

The Perils of "Pot": Parents who are worried about marihuana might be interested in a new book called *The Marihuana Papers.* Edited by David Solomon, this is an anthology of sound medical and sociological studies of marihuana. Most of the experts agree that "pot"—or "grass," as it is currently called—is probably closer to alcohol in its effects and dangers than it is to heroin or LSD. Some even say that marihuana is safer than alcohol, because it is not addictive and the user is not inclined to keep increasing the amount he takes.

Marihuana causes "a lowering of inhibitions, and a feeling of calm and pleasurable relaxation." It is not an aphrodisiac and it does not stimulate violence nor does it alter the basic personality. However, just as with alcohol, in *some* users "it may permit antisocial tendencies formerly suppressed to come to the fore."

People who are basically unstable may become psychotic if they take marihuana in large doses, but the psychosis is temporary, lasting from a few hours to a few weeks.

Five dollars buys enough marihuana to make about 20 cigarettes or "joints," and one person ordinarily needs two or three cigarettes to get high or "turned on." The cost is not prohibitive to today's teen-agers, and few middle-class users resort to "pushing" or crime.

What of the alleged connection between marihuana and heroin? While it is true that most heroin addicts started out on marihuana, it is equally true, according to recent sociological studies, that the great majority of marihuana users never do go on to heroin or any other addicting drugs.

To sum up: no responsible authority thinks that teen-agers should be encouraged to smoke "pot," but those who do smoke it now and then are by no means irretrievably on the road to ruin. Perhaps the most negative thing about it is that it *is* illegal, and young people need to keep their respect for the law.

Putting Out the Old Flame: Two British psychiatrists have reformed an unfaithful husband by giving him a 70-volt electric shock every time he looked at a picture of his mistress. The husband is now totally indifferent to the other woman, according to Dr. John Barker and Dr. Mabel Miller of Sheldon Hospital, Shrewsbury.

Here are the details of the story. The husband, 33, and married 10 years, became infatuated with a neighbor's wife and had an affair with her. He was deeply remorseful, but the attraction continued. The psychiatrists flashed pictures of the wife and of the mistress alternately on a screen in a darkened room. When the mistress's picture was shown, the husband received a shock on his wrist, and when the wife's picture was shown he heard a recorded message reminding him of the suffering and harm his infidelity was causing. After only three hours' treatment (30 minutes a day for six consecutive days), the husband lost all interest in the lady next door, and the marriage is now claimed to be happier than ever.

Aversion therapy, as this kind of treatment is called, is being widely used in experiments with alcoholics, gamblers, and homosexuals, but this may be the first time it has been employed to dissect an eternal triangle.

Stash, Don't Flash, Your Cash: A criminologist who is heading a large-scale study of modern crime says that Americans invite theft because we are so careless with our money. Michael Fooner, Chairman of the Metropolitan Crime Prevention Project of the American Society of Criminology, has come to the sad conclusion that "our own psychological attitude toward property is the best ally a criminal has." In our affluent society, Mr. Fooner observes, we act as though we want to be robbed. Women in crowded department stores leave their purses where anyone can reach them, and men leave their cars unlocked with valuables inside. Most people settle for inadequate locks on their homes or apartments, locks that "any professional burglar can open very quickly with a little sliver of celluloid." When we go on trips we neglect the simple precautions (such as telling the post office to hold our mail) that crime-prevention authorities recommend.

The reason for all this, Mr. Fooner says, is that we think it is un-American and not "cool" to keep too possessive an eye on our valuables. Twenty or 30 years ago we were, as a nation, much more realistic and careful. If you remember the Edward G. Robinson movies of the 1940's you probably think the insurance companies are great watchdogs, but, according to Mr. Fooner, even they are becoming more indifferent since their clients are. As thefts increase they tend simply to raise their rates.

It helps when people are more circumspect (*Mrs.* Fooner is not allowed to keep more than $15 in cash per family member in the house). Above all, Mr. Fooner wishes that people would get over the notion that crooks look like crooks. The successful ones are attractive and well-dressed, and can pass muster in the best hotels and restaurants.

A Word To Young Husbands: There *are* some women who breeze through pregnancy and childbirth without shedding a single tear of temperament, but they are the lucky minority. Almost two-thirds of all new mothers do show emotional changes during pregnancy and just afterward, according to psychiatrists at the University of North Carolina School of Medicine. Among the most common symptoms are anxiety and depression, sleepiness, changes in sexual desire or enjoyment, and "diminished mental acuity." This last symptom is most pronounced in the days right after the baby is born, when it afflicts 41 percent of all new mothers. By the time their babies are six weeks old all but a small number are thinking clearly again, although many are still afflicted with depression and worry.

The North Carolina psychiatrists suggest that all these problems may come from a woman's *glands* as well as from her mind. It is quite likely that these symptoms are tied to certain abrupt changes in hormone production. These "physiologic upheavals," which begin in the early stages of pregnancy, may not fade completely until some time after the baby is born.

END

Bake this Red Apple Coffee the new, easy CoolRise way

Red Apple Coffee Ring has a rich spicy flavor. Colorful spiced apple pieces stirred into the dough create the delicate pink appearance of this elegant coffee cake.

MAYBE you've baked bread the exciting new CoolRise way. But did you know that you can bake CoolRise coffee cakes and rolls, too? You'll like this new method of yeast baking developed by Robin Hood Flour. It's really easy and convenient.

You mix and shape the dough in less than an hour. Then refrigerate. No more watching or waiting around. The shaped dough rises in the refrigerator. Anytime from 2 to 24 hours later, pop it in the oven and serve fresh homemade coffee cake whenever you're ready.

RED APPLE COFFEE RING
(2 coffee cakes)

1 recipe CoolRise Sweet Dough (The basic recipe for CoolRise Sweet Dough is now in bags of Robin Hood Flour)
6 spiced apple rings, well drained
¼ cup softened butter or margarine
½ cup sugar } combined
2 tsp. cinnamon }

CUT . . . drained spiced apple rings into coarse pieces.

PREPARE . . . CoolRise Sweet Dough as basic recipe directs *except* stir spiced apple pieces into dough after first addition of flour. When ready to shape, divide dough into two equal portions. Round up each portion.

ROLL . . . one portion into a 6x18-inch rectangle on lightly floured board.

SPREAD . . . evenly with half the butter to within ½ inch of lengthwise edges. Sprinkle with half the sugar-cinnamon mixture.

ROLL UP . . . like jelly roll, beginning with 18-inch side. Pinch lengthwise edge to seal.

PLACE . . . sealed-side down in circle on greased baking sheet. Seal ends together.

CUT . . . ⅔ of way into ring at 1-inch intervals with scissors. Twist each section on its side. Cover loosely with plastic wrap.

REPEAT . . . with remaining dough and filling for second coffee cake.

REFRIGERATE . . . 2 to 24 hours at moderately cold setting. When ready to bake, remove from refrigerator. Uncover.

LET STAND . . . for 10 minutes at room temperature while preheating the oven.

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rozen
use.

BAKE . . .
REMOVE
on racks.
FROST .
frosting.
DECORAT
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Squeeze fresh Seald-Sweet oranges for your family. No can or carton can ever replace the orange itself for holding juice at its tingling, tasty best—with no loss of natural nutrients, either. Give your family a great day, with freshly squeezed juice from Florida's choicest oranges, Seald-Sweet!

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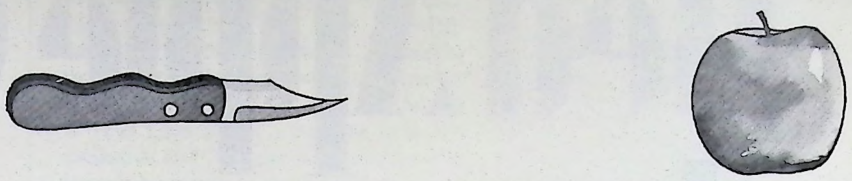
FLORIDA'S FINEST
ORANGES

Kitchen Cut-Ups

Good knives are worth the price—they stay sharp longer, save time and make food look prettier. Here is a sampling of knife shapes and sizes, with a word about the use of each. And remember: sharp knives are safer than dull ones you struggle with (some knives are now guaranteed a keen edge for five years).

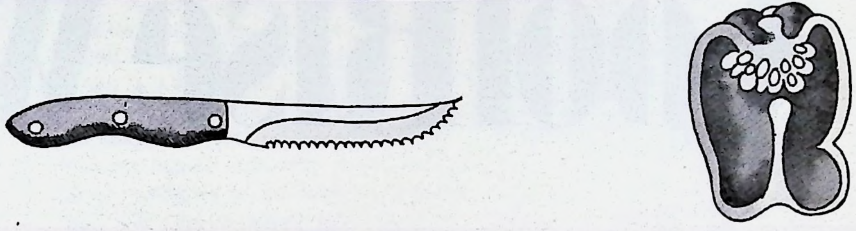
By VICTORIA HARRIS

Stubby paring knife has short blade (1–2 in.) for good leverage. Curved blade thinly peels fruits, vegetables. Point cuts out blemishes.

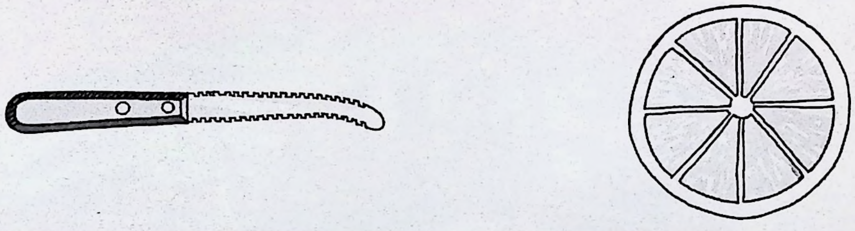


Straight paring knife dices, slices, cuts julienne strips. Blade (3–3½ in.) cuts cleanly because its full length contacts chopping board.

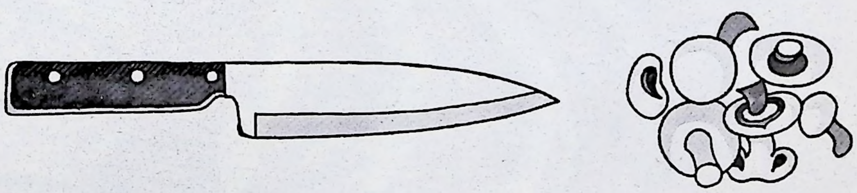
Utility knife with a 5–7-in. scalloped blade slices fruits and vegetables. A sawing stroke cuts ripe tomatoes without mashing them.



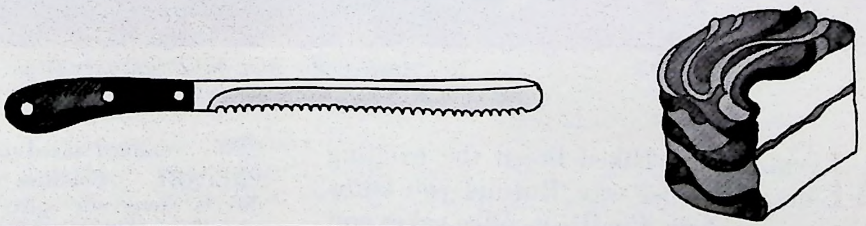
Grapefruit knife with a slender, double-serrated curved blade deftly cuts citrus-fruit sections away from surrounding membranes.



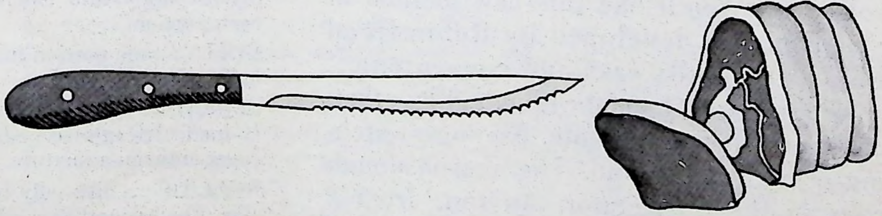
French cook's knife will make fast work of chopping, mincing. Keep the tip down and use it as a pivot while making quick, chopping strokes.

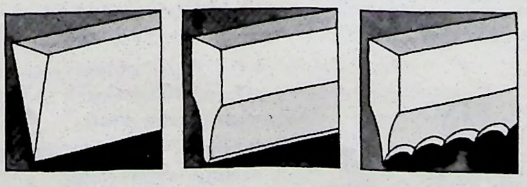


Slicer's flexible and slender 10-in. scalloped blade cuts thin slices of ham, cold roasts; also good for breads, cakes other knives might tear.



Carving knife with scalloped edge is for large roasts, fowl; pointed tip cuts around bones, joints. Smaller versions are for steak, chicken.





Three types of blades. Left: Simple taper is cheapest, dulls quickly. Center: Hollow ground has wide curve plus beveled edge, keeps sharp longer. Right: Scalloped edge, hollow ground, has about 30 percent more cutting edge, stays sharp longest. Things to look for in a good knife, whatever the blade: specially formulated steel for longer life, better cutting power; comfortable handle, balance.

The times you wish you had Roman Frozen Pizza in the house.

"George, I don't feel like fussing tonight. Run down to the store and—"

"He won't eat a peanut butter sandwich. He won't eat tuna fish. Mama, he's wasting away to nothing."

"Hey Ma, this is Peewee the shortstop and his brother. Can they stay for lunch?"

"What I wouldn't give for a slice of pizza, honey. Honey? Honey? Look, Robert! I know you're not sleeping."

It happens all the time. The nothing-to-eat-in-the-house situations that send you dashing out.

How much easier to have pizza around the house. Anytime you need it.

Roman Frozen Pizza. Tastes like it came straight from the pizzeria.

The same good rich tomato sauce. The tasty crust. The yards of mozzarella. The olive oil and spices.

Next time you wish you had Roman Frozen Pizza, make it three wishes.

Cheese, pepperoni and sausage.

Roman
cheese pizza

Can a woman over 40 make a man look twice?

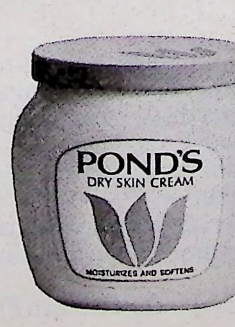
Pond's says yes!

Smooth away dry skin lines in minutes, help keep them away year after year with our new Dry Skin Cream.

New Pond's Dry Skin Cream is so rich in beauty oils and moisturizers, it actually helps supplement Nature's own dwindling supply.

Light and non-greasy, it soaks into your skin. Smooths out fine dry lines. Helps keep you looking *younger*.

Wear to moisturize night *and* day—it's the cream that refuses to let your skin show its age.



TELL ME, DOCTOR

What's All This Talk About More New Bacteria in Our Hospitals?

By FRED WARSHOFSKY

New kinds of infections are suddenly and strangely attacking hospital patients, causing wound abscesses and kidney disease in surgical patients, fevers and diarrhea in newborns, pneumonia in babies and old people. These are not the now well-known "staph" infections, but an entirely distinct category of germs. They are called Gram-negative bacteria because they do not change color in a staining test invented by a Danish scientist, Hans C. J. Gram.

The puzzling thing about the Gram-negative bacteria is that man has lived closely with them since long before anyone knew that germs existed. Many of them are normal inhabitants of the human gastrointestinal tract, where they help to break down waste products. Some are found floating in the air; they are in the soil, on plants, in our food.

If Gram-negative bacteria live within man and all around him, how can they suddenly become killers in the hospital? The scientists' explanations are not sure or complete. Their reasoning is something like this: A healthy person, past the first few critical weeks of infancy, lives in natural balance with these bacteria. He has antibodies that keep them in check, so long as the relationship between the man and the germ follows its customary pattern. For example, the organism Escherichia coli lives in the colon, where it does no harm. But if it gets into the kidneys, it can cause serious trouble. Some strains of the bacteria, Pseudomonas, may live in a soap dish or a sink drain without threatening any healthy person who uses the soap or the sink. Yet if they colonize on the surface of a bad burn, they can cause a severe infection. Aerobacter aerogenes may be found on plants. A healthy person may have them on his skin without harm. But if they get into the lungs of a premature baby, thence into the bloodstream and the central nervous system, they can cause fatal meningitis.

How do these familiar organisms get into unusual situations where they can cause harm? Actually, they rarely do, except in hospitals. That fact does not imply condemnation of hospitals. It only indicates that hospitals are where the susceptible people are. And it indicates that some procedures in hospitals, done to help cure patients, may accidentally provide a way for Gram-negative bacteria to invade and cause damage.

For example, one of the most common causes of kidney infection is the use of the catheter. This method of emptying the bladder with an instrument may be necessary sometimes with surgical patients or maternity patients. Yet it presents a considerable hazard of infection by E. coli and other Gram-negative bacteria. The Pseudomonas in the soap dish may be carried on the hands of a nurse who has conscientiously washed before dressing a burn. The patient who is so sick that he needs oxygen may, unfortunately, get a Gram-negative pneumonia from bacteria in the respirator.

We are accustomed to thinking of hospitals as totally sterile places where no infectious organisms are tolerated. But that is a kind of popular misconception. Total asepsis—that is, complete absence of germs—is almost impossible to attain. Hospital personnel aim for a sterile atmosphere in the operating rooms and to the greatest possible extent in the nurseries, especially those of premature babies. But the halls, patients' rooms and treatment rooms are public property. Nurses and doctors aren't disinfected every time they come back from lunch. Visitors walk in off the streets. It is not possible to seal off a hospital and keep it completely germ-free.

Some germs are so clearly dangerous to everybody that hospitals take great precautions to prevent their spread. If a patient landed in a U.S. hospital with smallpox, bubonic plague, or even polio, he would be strictly isolated, and heroic measures would be taken to keep his germs from escaping into the rest of the hospital. But what can hospital personnel do about bacteria which are so common that anyone may be carrying them at any time?

For a good many years doctors relied on the antibiotics to curb common infections. Those were the years when the chief culprits were bacteria such as streptococcus, pneumonococcus, and staphylococcus. With the constant development of new antibiotics, these germs are still controllable. But now scientists think that perhaps part of the price we pay for the control of these bacteria may be the increase in Gram-negative infections.

Dr. Sidney Cohen, professor of medicine at the Chicago Medical School, explains: "After all, bacteria compete for food and living space. If a sick person receives antibiotics that eliminate other bacteria, then the Gram-negative bacteria that are not affected by that particular antibiotic have an advantage. They can grow and multiply because some of their competition is out of the way."

Of course, the most effective opposition for any bacteria is the human body's own antibodies that destroy germs, and white cells that act as scavengers in the bloodstream. That is, they are the most effective in a healthy person. But many hospital patients have weakened defenses. In fact, many drugs given for other diseases lower the immunological defenses against infection. For instance, corticosteroids given for rheumatoid arthritis leave the patient far less able to combat infection. Drugs and irradiation given for cancer weaken the defenses against germs.

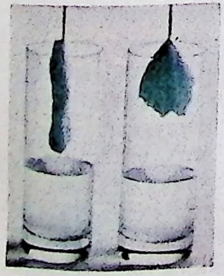
In fact, it is usually patients who are already very sick from some other cause who have fatal Gram-negative infections. In one group of patients studied, who already had some "rapidly fatal" disease, such as acute leukemia, the mortality rate from Gram-negative infection, when they acquired it, was 91 percent. In another group of patients with infections, the mortality rate was 66 percent, but they were people already severely ill with kidney disease, liver disease, anemia, and other serious conditions. Among 85 other persons in the hospital for less critical reasons, who also got infections, the mortality rate was only 11 percent.

(*continued*)

You don't want to miss the big love scene.
You don't want to crawl over all those knees.
But you're getting nervous about your tampon.
What do you do?

Introducing the movie tampon from Playtex.*

Now Playtex has come to the rescue.
We've developed a tampon that gives you more time when you need it.
The Playtex tampon is extra absorbent. (That's its secret.)
We've tested it many ways in our labs. In every case the Playtex tampon proved more absorbent than the regular leading tampon.
20% more in some cases. As high as 73% more in others.
But always more absorbent.



You can see how the Playtex tampon works by conducting a simple test. Dip a Playtex and an ordinary tampon in water.
See how the Playtex tampon fans out?
That's why we call it "self-adjusting."
It expands to fit your inner figure so it acts like a protective shield.
Result: Still more security.
Obviously no tampon will last indefinitely.
But when things are really getting tense. When it's the awful moment that you just can't get to a ladies' room to change, the Playtex tampon can make for a happy ending.

30 TAMPONS
playtex
self-adjusting
tampons

It's good for
a few extra reels.

*PLAYTEX IS THE TRADEMARK OF INTERNATIONAL PLAYTEX CORP., DOVER, DEL.

The actual incidence of Gram-negative infections is not high enough to outweigh the advantages of going to the hospital when you need to. In a study of more than 33,000 patients in Boston City Hospital, only 2 percent contracted these newly virulent infections. But the difficulty of overcoming these germs is what is currently worrying doctors. Of the 650 persons in the Boston study, 240 died, in spite of all the best efforts of the hospital staff.

If the same antibiotics eliminated both Gram-positive and Gram-negative bacteria, there would be no problem. But from the beginning of the antibiotic age it has been clear that these agents we used to call "wonder drugs" are not as effective against Gram-negative bacteria as they are against Gram-positive bacteria. Even so, five or ten years ago doctors could expect to eliminate a Gram-negative bacteria with *some* antibiotic if they could find the right one. Today the Gram-negative germs are rapidly increasing their ability to escape the action of most antibiotics. There are strains of some Gram-negative bacteria that resist *all* known antibiotics. Herein lies the threat that most disturbs doctors.

For example, three Baltimore doctors did a study of all the premature babies in Baltimore City Hospital over a period of four years. Sixty-six babies had blood poisoning caused by staphylococci and 91 had blood poisoning caused by Gram-negative organisms. The doctors were able to save 53 of the babies with staph infections, but only 26 of those with Gram-negative infections.

In Boston City Hospital another group of physicians and bacteriologists did a detailed study of 100 patients of various ages who had serious infections. In samples of blood from these patients they found 34 different strains of E. coli. Twenty-six of the strains were resistant to streptomycin; 25 were resistant to tetracycline, six to chloramphenicol, two to kanamycin, and one to polymyxin B. Similar drug-resistance was shown with other kinds of Gram-negatives. Of the 100 patients, 55 died.

The more widely a particular antibiotic has been used, the more strains of bacteria there are that resist it. Thus tetracycline and streptomycin may be scarcely worth trying with a Gram-negative infection. Chloramphenicol and kanamycin are still fairly effective.

Their use has been restricted because they are not the safest drugs in the world. A few people are highly sensitive to chloramphenicol, and taking it can cause them to develop a rare kind of anemia with a high fatality rate. Kanamycin is also perilous. Unless the dosage is closely watched and the blood level constantly tested, it may affect the nerves and cause deafness.

Still, if used cautiously, these drugs are among the most effective we have against the Gram-negative germs. But work must continue to develop new, safe antibiotics. And it is going to be hard to keep ahead of the germs. There are recent research reports that show that Gram-negative bacteria can pass along to each other their ability to resist an antibiotic. Since different species of these germs can mate with each other, new strains are coming into existence all the time.

In Japan, where the ability of bacteria to transfer drug resistance in mating was discovered, scientists are trying to find a substance that will inhibit this transfer.

The bacteria's genetic transfer of drug resistance from one strain to another and man's constant development of new drugs to overcome that resistance is all part of nature's strenuous efforts to maintain a balance among all living things. About all we can do at the moment as unwilling participants in the battle is to make certain not to take antibiotics unless absolutely necessary. **END**

Over One-half the Women in America Wear the Wrong Bra. Do You?

Won't you spend 5 minutes on a better figure for life?

Here's how to tell. Right this minute, while you are reading this. Can you feel the shoulder straps? Do they dent your shoulders? Did you think they had to? Wrong bra. *After six months of marriage my husband said "What's the grooves in your shoulders from?"*

Look down. Does the bra gap out in the cleavage? Sorry. *I never knew this could be corrected!*

Is the back hiked up? Wrong again.

Do you have to wear the straps short to get the uplift you want? Uh-uh. *Yup! Double them up on top and sew them down!*

Does it feel tight? Or loose? Do you feel it at all? It doesn't fit you.

What you need is a fitter, a fitting room, and several bras to try on—not just Bali. *Most people are hesitant to do this, especially the younger ones, including myself—age 23!*

Here's what to look for.

The lift should come from under the cups.—*Discovered from the fitter!*

The back should lie down on the job—the lower the back, the higher the lift in front.

The straps should just lie there on your shoulders *Relief!!* ...good lazy straps, supporting no weight, just feeling secure. The bra should cling at the cleavage—no gap at all.

If the bra does all that—buy it. You have a bra that fits you. *I tried on 22 to be exact.*

And chances are it's a Bali. *True Bliss!*

Now put back on the dress you wore in. Would you believe the right bra could make such a difference?—*Nothing did more to make a trim bustline appearance than my Bali. No more sagging out the sides for me.*

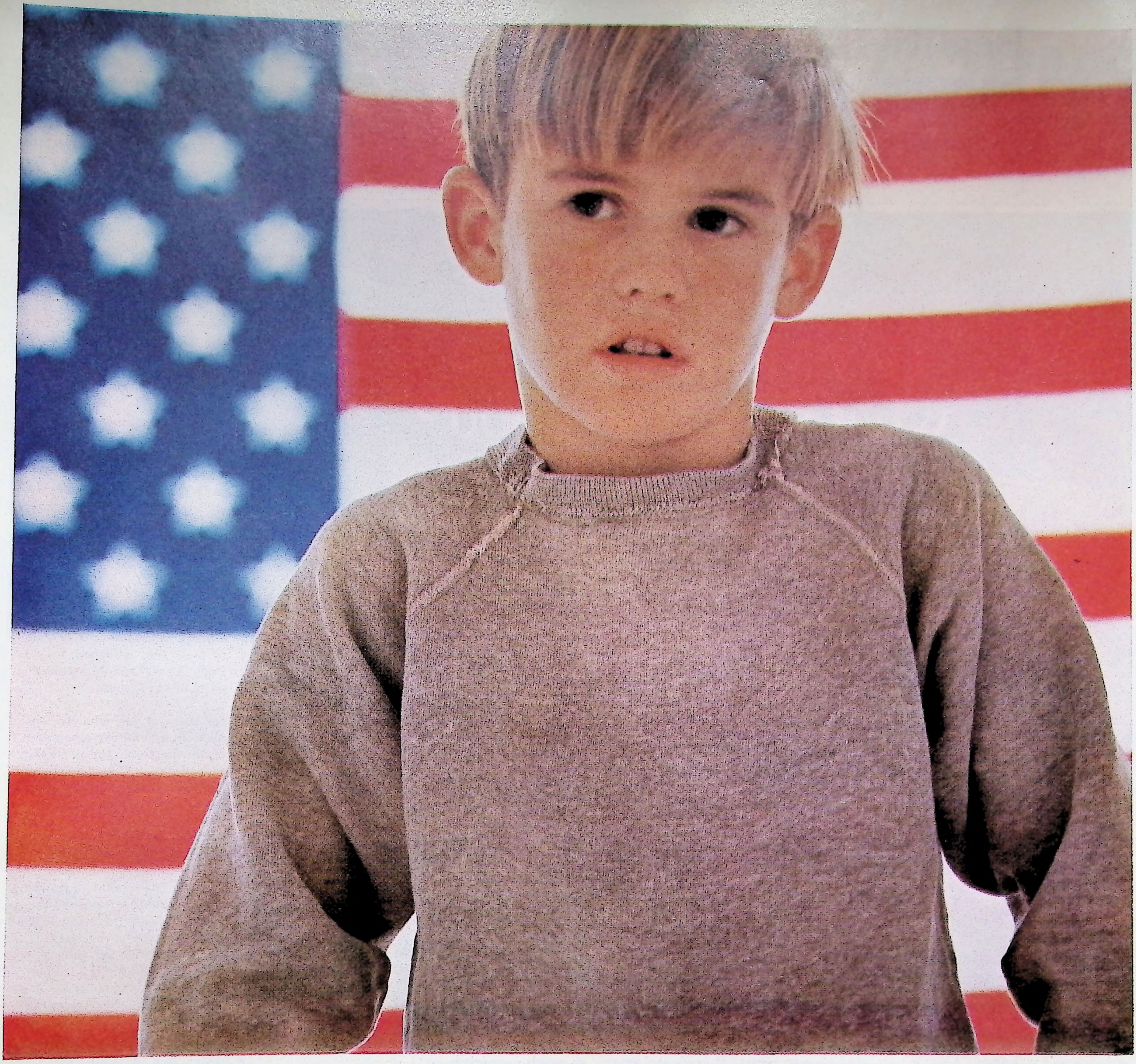
All you feel in a Bali is beautiful.

Bali

Dear Sirs:
Only wish I had seen this ad years ago. I've been wearing Bali bras with the wire uplift for 1½ yrs. now. Rather fight than switch now! I had been wearing a 34B until the fitter put me into a 36C. I couldn't believe the difference it made. Thank you, thank you, thank you!
Mrs. Carol Warmerdam
Sacramento, California

©1966 BALI BRASSIERE COMPANY, INC., 16 EAST 34th STREET, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

This page arrived in our mail exactly as you see it. Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Warmerdam.



Your son the American

**He represents one nation in the world.
Let him see 69 others this summer.
How they work and how they play.
How they build and how they dream.
How they live and what they live for.**

In tomorrow's small world, your son will live next door to everybody. How much does he really know about his three billion neighbours?
While you read this, people from 70 nations are putting the finishing touches to his new world on a 987-acre island site in the St. Lawrence River at Montreal, Canada. This is Expo 67. North America's first true world exhibition. Bring your boy. Let him look and listen. And learn.
Let him glide across a lake in an Indian war canoe. Zip between islands in the latest hovercraft from Britain. Watch craftsmen from Canada's Atlantic Provinces build a full-size schooner. See the grandaddy of all motor engines, from Germany. Go on a safari through an African jungle.
In the great U.S. Pavilion, watch him glow with pride at the achievements of his own country. He may even meet an astronaut. And across the way—at the Pavilion of the U.S.S.R.—let him compare notes and find out what they're up to.
Another day he may decide to sled across the polar ice. Explore the floors of silent seas. Pilot a space ship to Alpha Centauri. And maybe learn what it's like to live in a different kind of house. Or worship in a different kind of church.
This summer give your son the world. Bring him to Expo 67. He'll be a better American for it.

Start planning now. Expo 67 admission tickets at *reduced advance prices* save you up to 29%, are on sale at banks, department stores, automobile clubs, American Express offices, and wherever you see the Expo 67 sign.
Your accommodations in Montreal are guaranteed, at government-controlled prices, by LOGEXPO, the official Expo 67 bureau. Reserve *now* for widest choice.
Write, mentioning dates and type of accommodations preferred, to LOGEXPO, Expo 67, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.
Or write for free Expo 67 vacation planning information, including full program of the World Festival of entertainment, to Expo 67 Information Services, 150 Kent St., Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

expo67
MONTRÉAL, CANADA
The Universal and International Exhibition of 1967
Montreal, Canada/APRIL 28-OCTOBER 27, 1967

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Beauty Signals

Take advantage of the undercover agents—all the great new aids to good grooming that don't come out in the open, but instead work their wonders under makeup, or while you sleep or bathe, or just before you leave the house. Here, a few of the products that smooth, soothe, scent, cleanse, make you look and feel prettier.

The Water Pik is a wonderful new oral hygiene appliance that utilizes high-speed, needle-fine jets of water to clean teeth and stimulate gums. You'll get best results when the pik is used after brushing your teeth. By the Aqua Tek Corporation, $39.50.

Feminine in design, simple to use, the Princess Electric Shaver by Remington fits neatly into the palm of even the smallest hand, is one of the easiest of all ways to make sure legs and underarms stay silky-smooth and stubble-free. $12.95.

Especially good for dry skin, new Clear Cleanser by Charles of the Ritz has an oil base, quickly removes makeup and grime, leaves the skin feeling soft and smooth. Four-ounce bottle, $5; eight-ounce bottle, $8.50.

If your problem is too much, rather than too little, oil, here's something new from Jergens: Clear Complexion Gel is a medicated facial treatment that can be used under makeup and while you sleep. Especially good for teenagers. $1.

Whatever your skin type, Dual Lotion by Charles of the Ritz might be a good buy. It's a skin freshener and skin toner in one, and removes excess oil without drying the complexion. Recommended for use after cleansing. Eight-ounce bottle, $5.

A facial mask can be great as a quick, refreshing pick-up, and Bonne Bell has a good one. A pretty, translucent pink, Medi-Masque is medicated, can also be used overnight as a spot treatment. One and one-half ounce tube, $2.

Savon Clair makes an all-over body lotion with moisturizing properties and a fresh, delicate scent. Smooth it on after bath or shower to keep skin soft and fragrant. Body Toner and Moisturizer in six-ounce bottle, $5.

For those of you who live in an ultra-high-humidity climate, or a hard-water area (or a combination of both), Clima Soleil has a specially formulated, nongreasy hand cream. Lightly scented, the cream is also good for keeping arms, legs and feet in silky-smooth condition. Four ounces, $3.

If you're one of the many women with a Dynel hairpiece (or two, or three) in her wardrobe, you'll appreciate a new hairbrush by Tovar Tress. Designed especially for use with hairpieces, this two-sided brush (wire on one side, textile fiber on the other) helps clean, control, style Dynel "hair." $3.95.

Yes, Kent of London's Deodorant Stick *is* for men, but the scent is so refreshing, the bright-red plastic case so attractive, it's well worth borrowing. Of course, it's an efficient, easy-to-use deodorant, too. $2.50.

Breck has two new shampoos for color-treated hair—one for hair that's been bleached, the other for tinted hair. Both leave hair shiny-clean, prevent any color change. Seven-ounce bottle, $1. **END**

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH
Fight Mental Illness

"Hey Mom,
what smells so good?"

MRS. SMITH'S PIE COMPANY • POTTSTOWN, PA.

Bouquets for Mom. That's pie, and you're right, there's no aroma so oooh-inspiring.

And you baked it. You might've done the whole job yourself: gathered the ingredients, made the filling, mixed and rolled out the dough, put it all together . . .

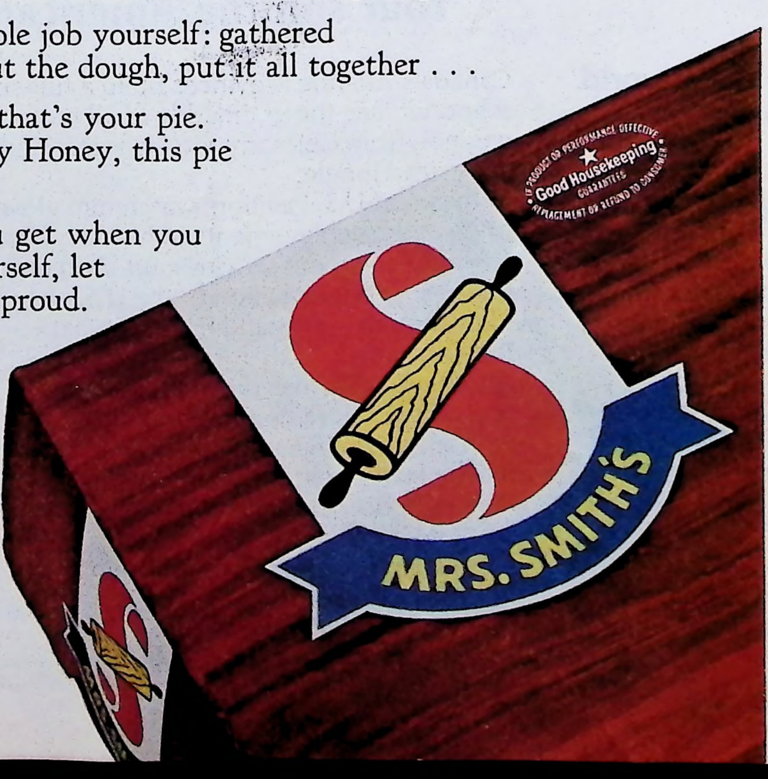
Or you let us do all that for you. Either way, that's your pie. So are the smiles and the boy-oh-boys, and the "Hey Honey, this pie is terrific!"

Next time you need the special kind of lift you get when you bake a pie, but you don't have time to do it all yourself, let Mrs. Smith's help. No one does so much to do you proud.

We make frozen pies for women who wouldn't think of baking frozen pies.

Golden deluxe
apple pie
deep-dish
Apple Pie
deep-dish

In 2-lb., 12-oz. Golden deluxe, and 1-lb., 10-oz. regular sizes



MAN IN THE MIRROR

continued from page 87

pretend. As Charley Madden, I was shy and self-conscious, certain that the girls were convulsed by my awkwardness. But if I went as a mysterious stranger, world-weary yet amused at their juvenile prattle, giggles were beneath my notice. My partners never knew that the feet stepping on theirs had waltzed with countesses, and the sweaty hands that clutched them had fought off scores of outraged husbands.

A few minutes' practice was all it took. Wearing my blue suit, my cowlick greased into submission, I stood in the bathroom at home trying out a condescending smile. Behind half-lowered eyelids the image was mercifully indistinct; but my new voice, low and throaty, hit just the right vibrant note.

"You have never seen the Riviera?" I murmured, stroking an imaginary mustache. "Ah, *chérie*, you must come with me to that land of sun and flowers."

By the time my mother rattled the bathroom doorknob, the transformation was complete. "You're late, Charley, too late to walk there." Her voice seemed a million miles away. "I'll have to drive you."

Slowly, with dignity, I swaggered down the stairs and out to the car. My coat was lined with astrakhan, and my fingers held a gold-tipped Turkish cigarette. For a moment I considered riding in the back seat; then I decided that beneath my suave exterior I was a democrat at heart, and besides, I doubted whether I could get away with it. I climbed in beside her.

"Didn't you hear me, Charley?" she asked as we rolled through the familiar suburban streets. "I've been calling you for a quarter of an hour."

"One's social calendar is so full," I said vaguely.

"I don't know what's come over you lately," she sighed. "You talk like nobody else on this earth, and you spend more time in front of that mirror than a debutante."

I saw no point in answering. Democracy was one thing, and familiarity quite another. Still, I owed my chauffeur the courtesy of a few words, if only to show that I wasn't offended. "A pleasant evening for a promenade," I said. We were turning into the Town Hall driveway. "You may go home if you wish. I shan't need you anymore tonight."

"What?" She stared at me in astonishment. "Now you listen to me, Charley Madden." A car behind us blew its horn, and she pulled over to the steps. Before she could speak again, I fled.

The high-school orchestra was playing when I entered, and my classmates had lined up for a Paul Jones, but I was in no hurry. If the others were content with partners chosen at random, that was their business; I knew already which girl I would dance with. Her name was Carol, and there was more to her charm than pale blond hair and gray eyes. A resourceful dancer who managed to follow the most unorthodox footwork, she accepted my pretensions without laughing. I realize now that a beautiful girl can afford to be kind; but I was young then, and took her kindness straight to my heart.

By the time I came out of the coatroom, the line had broken up into couples. In a corner by the band I could see Carol trotting back and forth with Hippo Desmond, a surly oaf whose idea of sophisticated repartee was a punch in the nose. Ordinarily, I found it prudent to avoid Hippo, but the sight of his arm around Carol gave me an odd choked feeling in my throat. The man of mystery, arrogant and devil-may-care, walked across the room and tapped his shoulder.

"Get lost," he snarled. "No cutting-in this dance."

"Your shoelace is untied," I hissed.

As he stepped back to look, I grabbed Carol, and stumbled toward the center of the floor. "For years your portrait has haunted me," I said, the vibrato in my voice working overtime. "I knew we'd meet someday."

"We've known each other all our lives," she pointed out. "Besides, you weren't very nice to Hippo."

"Is that the yokel's name?" If I'd looked over my shoulder I would have seen Hippo following me, red-faced and snorting, but by now I was completely caught up in my role. "You are far too lovely for such company."

"What a pretty compliment!"

"Let me take you away from all this," I said. Oh, the cavalier was in rare form. "Let us stroll together, alone, through moonlit streets."

"You mean you want to walk me home afterward? That's very thoughtful of you, Charley. I'll meet you at the door."

Hippo's hand descended on the back of my neck; and at that moment the instructor, a gaunt matron wearing pince-nez, blew her whistle. "Everybody change partners," she cried brightly. It was her constant hope that each boy would dance at least once with each girl; but if she understood dancing, she certainly didn't know adolescents.

I squirmed out of Hippo's grasp, and headed for the refreshment table. I had done what I came for; and by keeping a potted palm between me and the instructor, by pretending that the fruit punch was champagne and the cookies caviar, I coasted through the next hour quite easily. Once or twice, when the pince-nez swung in my direction, I waved and grinned at some girl whose back was turned, and plunged onto the dance floor, returning by a circuitous route. It was an old trick, but she never caught on.

At the first notes of "Good night, Ladies," I sauntered to the coatroom. In five more minutes this homespun revelry would end, and I'd be alone with Carol. But I hadn't counted on Hippo's malevolence. As I stepped across the threshold, a foot hooked my ankle, and a meaty hand shoved me hard from behind. I staggered through the coatrack, tripped again, and crashed into the wash basin.

When I finally lifted my head, blood was dripping from my nose, and I felt lightheaded with rage. Hippo had planned his ambush well. If I wasted time chasing him, Carol would leave alone; yet it was unthinkable to meet her at the door in this condition. Who ever heard of a sophisticate with a bloody nose?

I stared into the mirror, dabbing at my face with a grimy handkerchief. The band was still playing; and for a moment it occurred to me that I might renounce the fashionable world and devote myself to my art. A solitary and enigmatic figure, I would live only for music and for the great symphony orchestra under my baton. "Allegro!" I *(continued)*

DISCOURAGE **Thumbsucking and Nail Biting**

just paint on fingertips. 70¢ at your drug store.

THUM

CORNS removed by **MOSCO**

also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 40¢, 70¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Chem. Co. Inc., Rochester, N.Y.

Look **for the special LADIES' HOME JOURNAL ORDER CARD *bound between pages 108 and 109 in this issue!***

How Can Anyone Find Peace of Mind Today?

It's surely not easy in this era of tensions and fears.

Living in the shadow of atomic catastrophe is hardly conducive to a sense of security. Nor is it easy to keep life's values straight in an age disturbed by political and race conflicts ... by fears of economic collapse ... by a wide-spread decline of morality and a growing disrespect for law and order.

Even in tranquil times, the sensible person feels the need for something to cling to—a solid foundation of principles that will stand up against the storms of life. How much more necessary is it to find such a cornerstone today? And where is it to be found?

To say that the answer lies in the teachings of Jesus Christ may seem too simple and inadequate to a generation that fires rockets at the moon. But isn't it really the *only* answer ... the *one* formula for living successfully in these troubled times ... the solid *cornerstone* that banishes fear and eases the tensions of everyday living?

No scientific fact or piece of human knowledge is more positively validated than the words of Jesus. And He promised us:

"Everyone therefore who hears these my words and acts upon them shall be likened to a man who built his house on rock. And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat against that house, but it did not fall because it was founded on rock" (Matt. 7:24).

And lest you think that these are merely words ... that the teachings of our Lord were intended for an earlier and less complicated world ... be reminded that the cornerstone which He built is still present and visible, and the words He spoke are lasting foundations of truth which no wind, or flood or nuclear blast can destroy.

If you are searching for true peace of mind in these turbulent times, take a few minutes to read a pocket-size pamphlet we have prepared on the topic: "Everlasting Foundations." It covers such points as Christ the Cornerstone, Apostolic Witnesses, Apostolic Successors, Christian Response and The Christian Heritage. And it will show you how to be like the man whose house survives every storm because it is built upon rock.

We will be happy to send you this interesting pamphlet free upon your request, without any obligation. And nobody will call on you. Write today ... ask for Pamphlet No. LJ-8.

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KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

3473 SOUTH GRAND, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63118

Want a beautiful new hairdo for spring? You'll need a new wave to hold the 'do. A new wave that does more than just give your hair body—but actually revitalizes it at the same time with the precious natural proteins it needs for glowing health. That's what's so wonderful about the remarkable new fractionated-protein Salon Wave by Helene Curtis called "Revive." Just bring this coupon to your favorite hairdresser when you have a "Revive" Salon Wave—and you'll be charged $1. less than usual. Only be sure to make your appointment with her before May 15th, 1967—or summer will be here before you know it!

I'm taking Helene Curtis up on their offer! Please give me my "Revive" Salon Wave at $1.00 less than it usually costs. Note to Professional Hairdressers: Your authorized Helene Curtis dealer will reimburse you in the amount of more than $1.00 by giving you a "Revive" wave, providing you have complied with the terms of this coupon.

Terms of Coupon Offer: This coupon is good only when redeemed by you from a customer at the time you give a Helene Curtis "Revive" wave. The customer must pay any sales tax involved. Invoices proving purchase of sufficient "Revive" stock to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request. Coupons must be redeemed by hairdresser no later than May 30, 1967. Cash redemption value 1/20 of 1¢.

This ad is worth $1.00 till May 15th!

"Revive" Wave by Helene Curtis

Only at professional salons, because your hair deserves the most skillful of care. Also available in Canada.

Don't Be Fat

Lose pounds and inches

Start today . . . take weight off now this proven clinically tested way. No starvation diets, no harmful drugs.

Users say: "Lost 10 pounds — it sure works". "It's wonderful — I lost 18 pounds." "Lost 20 pounds — an easy way to lose weight."

Slim-Mint really works . . . and fast — releases a scientific combination of ingredients to help you control your appetite — lose pounds of unwanted fat.

You can start losing weight today — Get the Slim-Mint Chewing Gum Reducing Plan at your druggist now . . . Enjoy a slimmer, trimmer, more attractive figure soon.

Slim-Mint

Chamberlain's

HAND LOTION

25% GLYCERIN!

NOTHING RICHER SOLD FOR

Rough, Dry, Chapped Skin.

33¢, 59¢, $1.19 at stores everywhere.

CHAMBERLAIN DISTRS., DES MOINES, IOWA

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In Your Spare Time

Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

MOORE-COTTRELL SUBSCRIPTION AGENCIES, INC.

Dept. 452, North Cohocton, New York 14868

New Discovery Now Makes It Possible To Shrink And Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Stops Itch—Relieves Pain In Minutes

New York, N.Y. (Special): A famous institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief *in minutes* from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of injured tissues all while it reduces painful swelling.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—now offered in both *ointment* or *suppository form* called *Preparation H®*.

In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movements less painful. It helps to prevent infection (a principal cause of hemorrhoids).

Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home).

commanded, lifting my arms. "Now the bassoons. Andante!"

But Carol was waiting, and even a wounded cavalier can't admit defeat. I sloshed my head in cold water till the bleeding stopped, then pushed my way through the noisy punch-bowl crowd. The first thing she said when she met me at the door was, "You're wet, Charley." And the second was, "What happened to your poor face?"

"A slight clash with the peasantry." The words were meant to be jaunty; but, to my horror, the voice came out a frog-like honk. My nose was shut tight. Taking her arm, I rushed her down the steps and along the sidewalk. For the first time I realized that without words I was crippled. If I couldn't talk myself into self-confidence, the only personality left for me was jug-eared, slue-footed Charley Madden.

She didn't protest. Neither of us said a thing as we hurried along the dark street to her house. I thought bitterly of the unfairness of the external world—a world where louts like Hippo could destroy romance with a casual shove. Our affair was over before it began; but I was determined that the cavalier would bow out with one last glorious gesture.

All the way to her door I reviewed my plan, and decided it couldn't miss. As she turned to say good-night, I sighed, "Carol!" Eyes closed, lips pursed, I clutched at her blindly. My arms closed on nothing; and from the dark hall I heard her say, "Won't you come in for some milk and crackers?"

Perhaps the campaign wasn't lost yet. "What a delightfully rustic notion," I croaked, following her into the kitchen.

She switched on the overhead light and opened the refrigerator. "Sit down, Charley," she said, "and tell me who you are tonight."

Tilting my chair far back to keep the light from my swollen nose, I said, "One gets so bored with champagne and . . . What?"

"I just want to know who you are," she repeated, handing me a glass of milk. "Sometimes you sound like Cary Grant, and sometimes like Douglas Fairbanks Junior."

Movie actors! Was this all my glamorous world meant to her—a secondhand image in a provincial theater? No, she had to be joking. "Promise me you'll never lose that unspoiled sense of humor," I said, tilting even farther back. "So refreshing after the cynical, worldly women I'm used to . . ." The chair legs shot forward; and the next moment I was lying on the floor, my head against the stove, milk dripping from my chest.

Slowly I pulled myself up and slouched toward the door. What more could I say? It was over for good now. Her voice followed me. "Are you all right, Charley? Did you hurt yourself?"

"Why don't you giggle like everyone else?" I asked.

"Because I don't see anything funny."

I jammed my hat on the back of my head, over the growing bump from the stove. "And I even tried to kiss you," I said. "Isn't *that* a howl?"

"I know you did," she said softly. "I would have kissed Charley Madden, too—but not some movie star I've never even met."

It was too late to start again. The character I had built up so carefully all evening long, the debonair man of the world who was my only defense against jug ears and big feet and shyness, lay dead on her doorstep, killed by lost opportunity.

The very air around me seemed to have turned chill. No longer was this a pleasant evening for a promenade through moonlit streets. I cut across backyards and driveways, ducking from shadow to shadow like a burglar, stopping to catch my breath only when I reached my own block. My mother was sure to notice my puffy nose and the lump on my head, and I couldn't hope to smuggle the milk-sodden necktie past her inspection. Yet I had no place to go but home.

I eased the hat forward over my eyes, and pressed my hand to the sticky milk stain on my chest. "They got me, Louie," I gasped. "This is curtains. Tell her . . . good-bye . . . for me."

Staggering up the dark path to my porch, I said, "Hurt? No, it doesn't hurt. Only when I laugh."

Well, that was a long time ago. Carol and I have been married for two years now, and I don't need to pretend anymore. When you know you're loved, how can you feel insecure?

Besides, women are incorrigibly practical—they have to be, they're the guardians of the family—and they're never quite comfortable with fantasy. I haven't really missed it, either. I've been too busy learning all those peculiar rules of married life that bachelors never even dream of: that time is variable, for instance, and an invitation for eight o'clock means not before eight-fifteen. Until Carol took over my education, I never would have guessed that it's just as uncivilized to be the first to arrive as it is to be the last to leave.

Nevertheless, as I waited impatiently in the hall for Carol to finish dressing, I felt nervous. In a way, our future depended on tonight's dinner. Mr. Detweiler was a genius who had no faith in his own judgment. He could dream up the most brilliant advertising campaigns, but before presenting them to a client he always took them home for his wife's approval. And when it was a question of promoting Charles Madden to account executive, his wife had the final say, too. Carol and I knew we were both on display tonight. To Mrs. Detweiler, the measure of a man's ability was the sort of marriage he made. She would look us over carefully, and if she didn't like what she saw, I was out in the cold. First impressions were so important; it seemed pointless to risk being late.

Perhaps the clock on my bureau had stopped, perhaps Carol wasn't even hurrying. I tossed my hat onto the hall table, and ran upstairs. The bedroom door was closed. As I came nearer, I thought I heard her voice; but who on earth could she be telephoning at this hour?

I eased the door open. The phone was in its cradle, and across the room, her back to me, Carol stood facing the full-length mirror. Wearing a dark gown that brought out the highlights in her lovely blond hair, she was unclasping the amethyst necklace I'd given her on our first anniversary.

I remembered telling her at the time that someday I'd replace the stones with diamonds. She had kissed me, and said, "But I don't *want* diamonds, Charley. You know me better than that." Now she was saying it again.

"No, Basil," she murmured, holding her necklace out to her image in the looking glass. "I don't want diamonds. Jewels can't change my mind, or yachts, or your villa on the Riviera." The necklace slipped through her fingers and fell to the dressing table. "You see, Basil, I have more than that right now—a man I love, a man who needs me. Tonight I'll stand at his side, and together we'll face the lions in his path."

Her evening coat was lying on the bed. I picked it up and slipped it over her shoulders. "Now we must leave, *chérie*," I said. "A clean break is always best."

She looked so graceful descending the stairs that I didn't see how the Detweilers could help but admire her. As I closed the front door behind us, I said, "The lions will eat out of your hand. One glimpse of you, and they'll purr like kittens."

The smile she gave me was shy, radiant and conspiratorial all at the same time. "Basil must never know," she said. **END**

THE DREAM

continued from page 81

tomorrow, you would already be dead, because from the moment you knew it, you would be incapable of imagining a free life. We can act fully and boldly, as men should, only if we don't know what lies ahead.

In any case, would absolute knowledge bring absolute happiness? If we but knew enough, could we forestall the sweeping tidal wave, the deadly virus, the fatal brick that falls from the roof, all suffering of every kind? As fast as we managed to deflect old dangers, new ones would appear. And any gains made in safeguarding us against sickness, poverty, crime and accidents would cost us too much in loss of mobility. Each life, to be rendered free of pain and disappointment, would have to be rigidly controlled during every second of its span. Our variety and range of action would be strictly limited, or reduced to zero, by the need to avoid even the smallest risks and challenges.

Change, in this relative world of ours, steals away the things we hold most precious. But absolute changelessness would be unendurable. We lament the loss of loved ones, and want them to stay always the same; yet if our relationships never varied from one frozen, chosen moment—and all our movements and emotions had no variety or ripening—life would lose savor, and come to a dead stop.

This world, this dream, is all things to all things: a neutral looking glass that reflects back whoever you are, and whatever you are. What you seek in it, you have already found, for you can get out of it only what you put into it. To see something in this mirror, you must first prove its presence in your life. For example, forgiveness. Desiring it from the world, you must begin by giving it. If you shout, "You must be kind!" the mirror shouts back, "You must be kind!" If we are sad, the world echoes our dejection, and seems sad to us. It adjusts itself to any part we want to play, and gives us all we need for any role from its inexhaustible storeroom of scenery and costumes. Even what we call emptiness is eternally hospitable; in any cubic volume of air, a flower, stone or owl may exist. For this world of illusion is an ocean of possibility, capable of anything.

Out of the world's mirror come many surprises, things already there, waiting for our call. Who would have thought that water subjected to cold would become ice? Or coal, when burned, turn to ashes? If amoebas could think, would the first one ever have been able to imagine an eye? Could a fish have imagined hands? Or dry land? The potentiality of the eye was already there, in the skin, waiting for light rays to bring it out, as they did. Somewhere in hydrogen and oxygen lies water, unsuspected. In the acorn, the tree; in the chrysalis, the butterfly with its rolled-up tongue and thousand eyes.

The space where my hand is not—is it waiting for my hand? Is my hand, in some way, already there?

In his struggle to change an amoral world into a moral one, man is a will-less instrument of God, put here to produce goodness, in the same way a tree is here to produce greenness—passing the world through his mind and heart and changing it in the process—as soil, sunlight and air are transformed into green leaves by the tree. Only a few succeed—but no one fails: everything, in this extraordinary dream, is a victory, even the apparent defeats. For a great deal of the beauty of life lives largely in man's desperate, and often unavailing, effort to carry out his purpose, just as much of the greatness and glory, the nobility and profundity that mark man's contributions to the world arise from his courage and devotion in the face of his hopeless, failing struggle.

(continued)

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POWER SLIDE® PUSH-BUTTON POSITIONER automatically changes your body position from "head high" to "feet up" without strain or effort.

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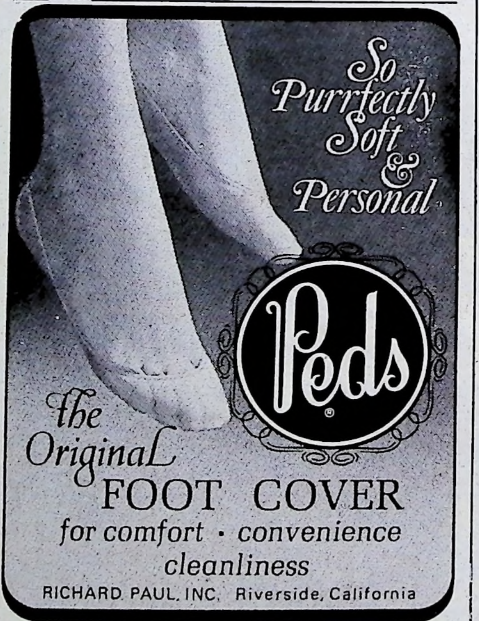
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All we need do is the best we can; nothing more is expected of us. Wonderful thought!—piercing us to the heart and releasing, in an upwelling of relief and tears, all the weight of guilt, strain, uncertainty and fear. Suddenly we realize that the truth of our existence here is, after all, astoundingly simple and obvious—as the human heart keeps feeling it must be—not made up of philosophical ingenuities or theological complications. What else could fate expect of us, thrown as we are into an unpropitious universe, all too much for many of us, and faced as we are by predicaments too powerful and enigmatic to be mastered by our small resources?

In this world, each man is given a task, one all his own, an individual role he is assigned to play in mankind's general task of creating goodness. No one else can perform this particular role he is given. And in this way, some measure of justice is introduced into the world. For feelings of injustice come only when we measure our lot against the lot of others; and in this theory of the task, tasks are never compared. What you do, and what happens to you, is yours alone. Your life and lot don't have to be thought of as "more than" or "less than" anything else. Hence, no man can say he is less justly treated by existence than another man, each role is fair and just, in and for itself, without reference to other roles. If your life is tragic, it is proper and right for the part you are intended to play—therefore not unjust.

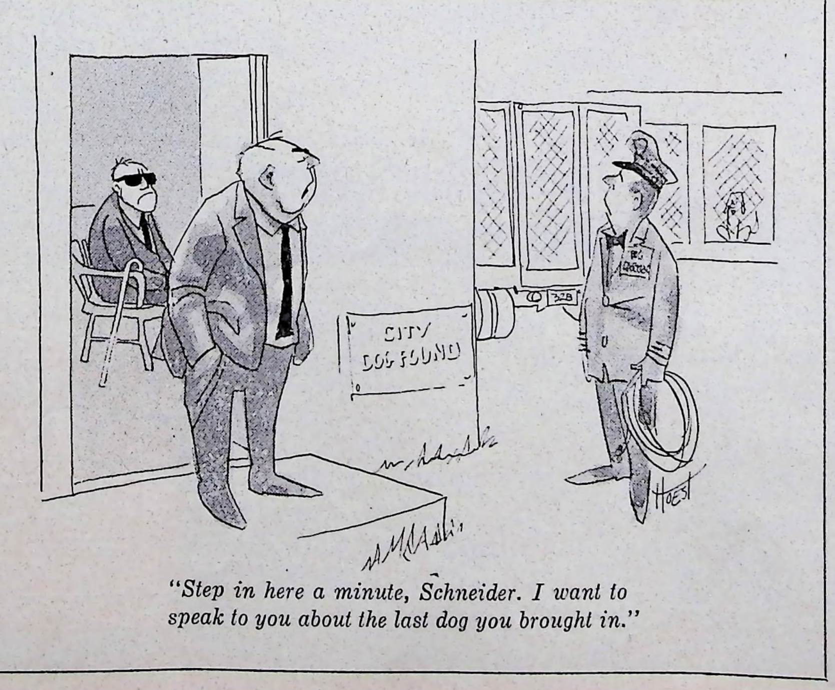
Such thoughts sound hardhearted. But unless you accept the view that there must be some reason and justice behind the allotment of lives to men, you must conclude that there is no sense or fairness in the distribution of fates; that this world is a madhouse where men are confined like sick, frightened animals, to be tortured in ways too brutal, or too exquisitely subtle and devious, to be the invention of anything but a crazed mind. But it is impossible to accept the thought that the only universe there is has turned out to be meaningless and bad. On the contrary, we must believe that the world has been created for some meritorious aim of a moral nature, which man is helping to bring about, each person's sole obligation being to live his life as best he can, under the special circumstances he has been placed in, knowing that his task is equal in importance to any other, no matter how fruitless or difficult it may seem. For if you are judged at all by the Mind that put you here, it must be on how you have fulfilled your assignment, not on what the assignment happens to be. God, we feel sure, "cares more for the adverb than for the verb."

The world may seem to defeat us, but the defeat is never total. Even while man is helping to complete the world, the world is helping to complete man. All the hardships he encounters in life may be just stones for him to whet his heart against, in the course of realizing himself—the universe, said Keats, being "a vale of Soulmaking."

In the soul, the dream creates reality, something higher and more worthy than itself. For each thing in this world joins in the universal process of excelling itself, so that all existence becomes an evolution upward. Self-transcendence, the development of higher entities by lower entities, is the whole story and essence of the universe: the transmutation of less spiritual into more spiritual forms, an act of sublimation for which each thing sacrifices itself and uses up its life. Man, too, in the course of living, immolates himself to produce transcendent entities. Arising from each of us like the smoke and fragrance from burning leaves are values of goodness, feelings of kindness, and a sense of Oneness that must make up some higher, yet still invisible, element necessary to God and the perpetuation of the world. Only in man can these sublime qualities be generated and displayed. For this reason, he himself must be perfected, brought to some kind of spiritual efflorescence. And the world, with its knotted, involuted tangle of truth and lies, pains and delights, justice and injustice, is a flawless facility for this evolution of man's soul.

To see, finally, this world as more symbolic than substantial, to grasp how it is bound together by mutual need, to aid by his special awareness in completing the lives of other creatures, to distill from life's joys and sorrows the rare values of tolerance, generosity, charity and forgiveness—are the tasks that man must accomplish in fulfilling himself. Until he does, his incompleteness will continue to bring him pain. Peace comes with fulfillment—peace and knowledge—and even a sensation, at least, of freedom. "Ripeness," said Shakespeare, "is all."

END



"Step in here a minute, Schneider. I want to speak to you about the last dog you brought in."

continued from page 108

Café des Abeilles drinking black coffee.

How many miles must they have sweated, on hired bicycles, up into the foothills surrounding Chambéry? They had no idea; all they knew was that after three or four days they had interrogated no more than four peasants—fruitlessly.

Though neither admitted it to the other, they were becoming slightly dispirited.

The little open-air colony of curly iron chairs and tables (now dripping like everything else) usually seemed rather gay; inside, the café depressed. Shortly after the cousins entered, a white-faced young Frenchman came in and ordered mineral water; otherwise the place was empty.

Suddenly the Frenchman sighed. It was a sigh designed to attract sympathy. Toby and Lydia, with none to spare (they were feeling too disconsolate themselves), looked hard into their coffee cups. The young Frenchman rose and approached nonetheless. Uninvited, he sat; uninvited, in all too fluent English, unfolded the pathetic tale of one who, after the glories of the Résistance and a glamorous spell as waiter in the Midlands, was condemned for life to a one-horse town like Chambéry.

"Chambéry!" sighed the young Frenchman. "No theater, no intelligentsia, nothing but old Westerns! Even the peasants are driven to invent fables, legends, to amuse themselves with . . . such as that of the rich Englishman, they say, who after a plane crash lost his wits and exists still somewhere on the mountain. What a laugh!"

Under the plastic tablecloth Lydia reached for Toby's hand. "But it's not," she said huskily. "It's not a laugh. We *know*. Thank heaven we've met you!"

Their new-found friend looked surprised. "You, too, have heard? Even I, René Perrier, born and bred here, only yesterday picked up the gen myself. You understand the patois?"

"Never mind about that, go on," said Toby. "It's more than a fable: we have inside information."

"Forgive me if I cannot agree," smiled René Perrier. "After every such tragedy there are rumors. Our peasants are like children; they invent stories. In this case, as I said, it is that after the crash one of the survivors, a rich Englishman, shocked and almost witless, wandered away ——"

"Into the hills . . ." murmured Lydia.

"Exactly, *mademoiselle*. He wandered until he dropped from exhaustion. Then somone found him, and took him in as he would have taken in a dog. So now, the tale goes, there is an English millionaire working with his hands for a bit of bread. It is a fantasy highly pleasing to the peasant mind. . . ."

Lydia could wait no longer. It was too wonderful, to have every guess so accurately confirmed!

"Do you know who that Englishman is?" she asked thrillingly. "My father! Will you help us look for him?"

How different René Perrier from Mr. Dumbly! He asked no questions, simply got down to business.

"There would be a reward?"

"Of course there'll be a reward!" cried Lydia. "A thousand pounds!"

"I must still warn you," René stated formally, "that in my opinion it is fantasy only. At the same time, it is not past belief. There are small-holdings on the mountain so remote, so difficult to find, even the tax collector does not bother with them. On such a one *mademoiselle*'s father might live unsuspected for donkey's years."

"That was our own idea," said Toby. "We've been looking for him, on bicycles."

Lydia looked swiftly at Toby; he nodded. "Will you come with us—starting tomorrow?"

Even with 1,000 pounds in prospect, René hesitated. "To take a day off, from my job, I would lose a day's pay, *mademoiselle*."

"Of course we'd make it up," said Lydia.

"Call it a deal," said René. "Only I had better, until I have a line, go alone. They are suspicious on the mountain."

Both Toby and Lydia saw the sense of this. It was agreed that René by himself should set off each day on a different trail and report each evening at the Café des Abeilles.

René's aid and comfort extended even further. "Where are you putting up?" he inquired solicitously.

"At the Grand," said Toby.

René started. "A den of thieves! Now my aunt, as it happens, runs a little *pension*. . . ."

Neither Toby nor Lydia was sorry for a rest. It was pleasant to idle away a morning in the *pension*'s tiny back garden, cleaning their bicycles and picking cherries from an ancient cherry tree. A favorite topic of discussion was the exact wording of the telegram to be sent to Mrs. Prelude.

"Let's just wire: 'Father found,' " said Lydia.

"It may be a bit of a shock," said Toby. "Better begin: 'Good news.' "

" 'Good news, Father found'?"

"That seems to cover it," said Toby.

Thus the whole day built up to the moment when they met René outside the Café des Abeilles to drink red wine and hear his report. It was a moment of almost unbearable excitement, as he at last appeared—dusty, dog-tired, but perhaps with miraculous news . . .

Unfortunately, such was never the case. To whatever remote fastnesses he had penetrated, René drew blank.

Thus, on Monday the cousins insisted on joining the foray themselves. René sighed; shrugged. "You will at least see some country," he promised cynically. "Remote because the road is so bad."

The road was certainly bad enough. Soon it was no more than a track; pebbles sprayed from beneath their wheels, on either side a low encroaching undergrowth tangled with the spokes. Onward and upward the comrades pedaled, René with his head bowed over his handlebars. It was Lydia who spotted the hurdle roughly doing duty as a gate.

"We're at some sort of farm now," called Lydia. "Oughtn't we to stop?"

"If we stop at every dung heap on the way," panted René, "night will fall!"

Completely ignoring her promise to leave René unhampered, Lydia surmounted the barrier with agile ease. There, in precisely the attitude Lydia had pictured, an old man looked up, startled from his hoeing.

He wore a pair of black trousers and a peasant's blouse. All that could be distinguished of his frame was that it was spare and below medium height. A rough-cut fringe of graying hair and a full graying beard masked his features.

For a moment, anonymous as a thistle, he stood staring; then, with shambling steps, made for a low, derelict shed.

Lydia moved first. Catching up with him on its threshold, she was just in time, as he let fall his hoe, to support him. One instant he staggered, the next was hanging upon her neck racked by a bout of asthmatical coughing—how familiar to Lydia the harrowing sound!

"Father!" she cried. " 'Tis I, Lydia, your child!"

Behind her she heard Toby's gasp, René's exclamation. It was well they had followed. Though pitiably light, the burden was too much for her to support alone. "We must get him somewhere where he can lie down," panted Lydia.

The shed offered a rough pallet of sheepskins over straw. Gently, between them, they laid their unconscious burden down. Lydia, remembering how her father needed to have his head and chest propped up, heaped the straw higher at one end.

"Poor Father!" mourned Lydia. "Darling dad! . . . Toby, bike back to that post office and send the wire!"

Off raced Toby back to the gap.

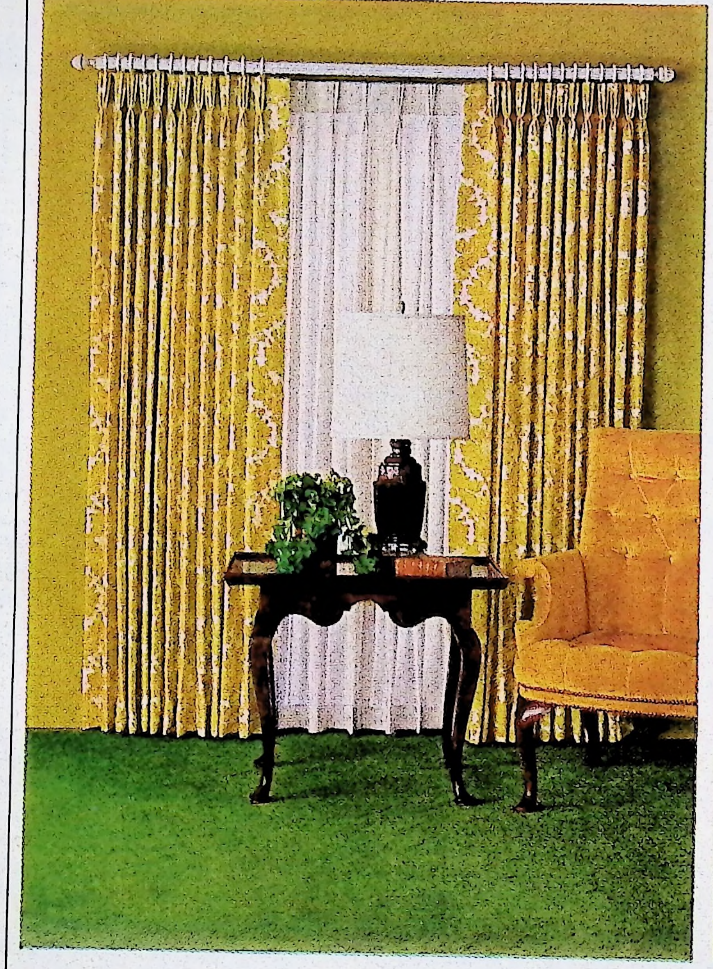
In the shed Lydia crouched close beside the pallet. Even with the door open, all René could discern was a vague tableau as of King Lear watched over by Cordelia. It was a tear-jerker.

"*Mademoiselle*," said René huskily.

Lydia half-turned.

"*Mademoiselle*, please hear me," said René. "I have something on my chest. When I first strung along (*continued*)

Linen?



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with you, I did not for two shakes believe your dad still in the land of the living."

"But I know," said Lydia, surprised. "Didn't you warn us, that the rumor might be only a rumor?"

René shook his miserable head. "There was no rumor. It was an invention. Cooked up. My cousin, Jean, was in the outer office when you came in your distress to the consul, Mr. Dumbly. We agreed to split fifty-fifty."

There was a long pause. "I think," Lydia said finally, "that's the meanest thing I ever heard."

"Yes, *mademoiselle*. It was very mean."

"Yet, after all," meditated Lydia, "it is in a way owing to you that Father's been found . . ."

To her renewed surprise, René wrung his hands. "But he has not!" he cried desperately. "That is no more your parent than he is General de Gaulle!"

"If you imagine I can't recognize my own father ——" Lydia began hotly.

"I do not imagine, I know," said René. "Naturally you deceived yourself: overemotional, predisposed—how naturally! But the farce has gone far enough. *Mademoiselle*, that is not your dad, he cannot be your dad, for the reason that he is my Uncle Marius, a little weak in the head, whom I have known since I was four years old."

At this moment Toby panted back out of breath but triumphant. "The telegram's off!" he reported gladly.

To his surprise, his cousin turned on him a look of blankest dismay. "I'm terribly sorry," said Lydia, "but we'd better wire again."

"Saying what?" demanded Toby.

"'All a terrible mistake,'" said Lydia.

Not uncommonly two cables dispatched from France to England within an hour of each other arrive at the same time. In this instance, however, Toby's first message had the field to itself, whereas the second was much delayed. And so, at about two o'clock, Mrs. Prelude was gladdened by Toby's first.

Like Lydia, she was predisposed to belief. Joyfully, she reassembled the inhaling apparatus, plumped and aired the anti-asthma pillow, and reread her telegram till it wore in two.

"The good, clever children!" murmured Mrs. Prelude. "How wrong I was, not to go back to look myself! Dear Arthur, how I've missed you!"

She believed it without the slightest effort. Old friends and shellfish and Chablis are all very well, but still nothing, to any truly womanly woman, compares with being a wife rather than a widow.

"Darling!" exclaimed Alice, jumping out of the Jeep and kissing her prospective mother-in-law with enthusiasm. "How happy and excited you look!"

Kissing Alice back, Mrs. Prelude was tempted to break the glad news there and then. Only it wouldn't be fair, she recollected, before William and Elizabeth knew.

"And no wonder!" added Alice.

"'No wonder'?"

"Well, isn't Mr. van Hoyt coming?"

Mrs. Prelude had forgotten Mr. van Hoyt. When she should have been baking a cherry cake, she was reassembling Arthur's inhaling apparatus. When she thought of what might have happened if the telegram hadn't arrived before Mr. van Hoyt, she turned pale.

"Thank goodness you reminded me!" exclaimed Mrs. Prelude, pulling herself together. "Oh, dear! I suppose it's too late to put him off?"

"Darling, don't be ridiculous," said Alice kindly. "We all know how much you like him."

"Of course I do," said Mrs. Prelude, in growing agitation. "I just hope he won't stay very long."

Alice was a girl who always liked to get things straight, especially where millionaires in the family were concerned. "You mean," she asked, incredulously, "if he asks you to marry him you won't?"

"I can't think what all you children have been imagining!" exclaimed Mrs. Prelude. "There's no question of my marrying anyone!"

At this news, Alice pounced back into the Jeep and censoriously drove away again; and some ten or fifteen minutes later a hired, chauffeur-driven Rolls deposited Mr. van Hoyt. Which was when the damage was done.

Not that Mrs. Prelude told about Arthur's having been found alive; it was part of her trouble. Since she felt that if Mr. van Hoyt really did propose the only possible ground for refusal was that she wasn't a widow after all, her every effort had to be directed at preventing a declaration.

Thus it was a very different woman indeed from the amiable hostess of his recollections who offhandedly greeted Mr. van Hoyt with the frank admission that she'd forgotten all about him. "I meant to bake you a cake," said Mrs. Prelude, "only I forgot."

She didn't so much as toss him off a hot scone. All there was to eat were a few meat-paste sandwiches. Not that Mr. van Hoyt had much appetite, faced by her absolute lack of interest.

"Do excuse me while I telephone," she said, almost at once. She hadn't yet ordered a supply of yogurt. She did so now, at some length, and returned carrying a parish magazine which she kept on her lap. "We've a very active church membership in my own little community," offered Mr. van Hoyt—hoping thus to lead the conversation, if deviously, to his swimming pool and woodland walks. "Outside Boston," he reminded.

"I thought you lived in New York," said cruel Mrs. Prelude. "Would you excuse me if I telephoned again?"

Like most women unused to playing a part, when she did she rather hammed it. But at least Mr. van Hoyt was discouraged. "I guess I'm in your way," he stated.

For a moment Mrs. Prelude felt so sorry for him, and so fond of him, the glad news almost burst from her lips.

"I'd hoped," said Mr. van Hoyt simply—for all his millions, his was a humble heart—"after my recent troubles, I'd caught a glimpse of blue sky. But I guess I was mistaken."

"I'm afraid you were."

"Now the clouds roll over again."

"They'll soon part," promised Mrs Prelude—in need of comfort herself.

"Not for me," stated Mr. van Hoyt. "God bless you all the same." He kissed her hand and went out into the night.

Only, of course, it wasn't night. It was about half past five on a summer afternoon. Also frustrating to any heroic departure was the fact that he'd liberated the chauffeur of the hired Rolls to go and get his own tea. For some moments Mr. van Hoyt stood at a loss, wondering what on earth to do with himself until that chauffeur reappeared. He was still standing uneasily when up the short drive pattered Alice, who hadn't driven her Jeep very far.

Mr. van Hoyt had no idea that he beheld one who might have been his daughter-in-law by marriage. He had never heard of Alice. All Mr. van Hoyt beheld was a creature as young and pretty and bewitching as Corinna when he first fell in love with her.

Some men never learn. He'd known how to prize a Mrs. Prelude, but now, as the memory of Corinna's charm flooded back, so did the memory of her inadequacies vanish.

"Who are you? I'm Alice," said Alice shyly.

"James van Hoyt," yearned Mr. van Hoyt.

"Mr. van Hoyt? Then I know *all* about you. I'm a *great friend of the family* myself," said Alice, with childlike solemnity. "Have you been to see darling Mrs. Prelude now?"

Mr. van Hoyt nodded dejectedly.

"So have I," said Alice, "but she didn't seem to want to see me."

"I guess my own call was mistimed too," said Mr. van Hoyt. "To be frank"—with a wry gesture he indicated the empty car—"I stayed less long than I anticipated. Where would you suppose a chauffeur gets his tea, in this vicinity?"

"The nearest café's about half a mile off; if he's gone on his legs, he won't be back for ages. What a shame," said Alice. "Would you like me to show you, while you *do* have to wait, a rather lovely woodland walk?"

Hoist with his own petard, Mr. van Hoyt followed. The path, through a spinney, was far less wild than his New England woodland walk, but at the same time less well maintained—blackberry trails and suckers impeding every step. Alice stumbled almost immediately.

"I've such silly ankles!"

"Like a fairy's," said Mr. van Hoyt. "You'd better take my arm."

"You're so nice, I've got to 'fess," choked Alice. "*I picked you up*. Isn't that awful?"

A more experienced millionaire would have thought it only natural. But Mr. van Hoyt just pressed Alice's hand.

"Only what I hope may make you think me not *quite* so awful," continued Alice, "is *why*. I don't live here, you see, I'm just visiting. I live with my daddy at Oxford. And I'm going back this evening. And the person who's going to drive me is someone I particularly don't want to be driven by . . ."

"I guess it wasn't so much me you picked up, young lady," accused Mr. van Hoyt, "as my car."

"Well, yes," Alice admitted frankly. "As soon as I knew who you were, *and* when I saw your car, I suddenly had this crazy idea you might drive me instead! Oh, dear! Now I feel better."

"Confession is good for the soul," agreed Mr. van Hoyt. "I still see no reason why *I* shouldn't take *you* for a ride."

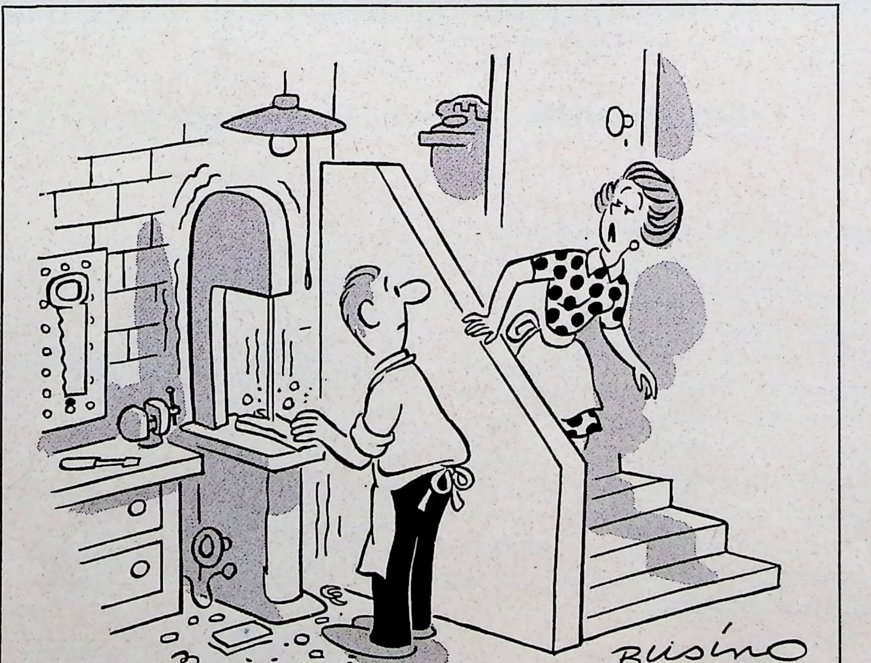
To terminate at five minutes' notice a visit expected to last several more days, Alice simply left Mr. van Hoyt outside and informed her hostess that, having been worried about Daddy's cough and having met a friend who was driving to Oxford anyway, she felt she ought to run off. "Especially as something's gone wrong with my Jeep," added Alice.

The Rolls was well on the way to Oxford before Mrs. Prelude received Toby's second cable: ALL A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

Again, she believed. Mrs. Prelude believed, and through streaming tears dismantled the inhaling apparatus, and in a voice choked by sobs countermanded the yogurt. After some hour of distressful activity she was sufficiently composed to telephone Claridges and inquire whether Mr. van Hoyt was as usual staying there. For, of course, she had to apologize. She had been unkind, she had been inhospitable, she had been downright rude. Learning that his room was booked for a week, she sat down at her desk feeling better already. Mrs. Prelude wrote:

> Dear friend,
> If I was horrid this afternoon, as I know I was, it was because I had just received some very unexpected family news very much on my mind. But now it's all smoothed out ——

Here she paused. Did she really mean *smoothed out?* The words seemed to have written themselves. However, once down in black and white they *(continued)*



"Neighbors phoned to ask when your guest appearance on their TV set will be over."

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had such a look of inevitability, she let them stand.

—So please do if you can come and see me again before you leave Europe. Next Thursday for lunch would be perfect, for then you could meet the children, as I want you to very much.

Believe me, most sincerely,
MARY PRELUDE

Have the clouds rolled away just a little?

Elizabeth and Henry, who had driven from the airport, and William, who had driven from Bond Street, encountered each other practically on Mrs. Prelude's threshold.

"Henry," said Elizabeth, "Henry Alcott. This is my antique-dealing brother William, darling."

"Nice to meet you," said William. "I trust the Grecian shores didn't disappoint?"

"Marvelous," said Elizabeth. "We're flying back tonight."

"What a very van-Hoytish proceeding," said William. "Shall we all, do you suppose, be taking to airplanes just like buses? I look forward to meeting Mr. van Hoyt. . . . What about you, Aycock?"

"Alcott," said Henry.

"A rose by any name," apologized William. "But we mustn't keep family lunch waiting while we idly chitchat . . ."

"Mother, I've brought Henry Alcott," said Elizabeth as Mrs. Prelude greeted them. "We've been fellow travelers in Greece."

"Where's Alice?" demanded William.

"Coming, darling," said Mrs. Prelude. "How nice to meet one of my daughter's friends!" she added traditionally. "William, give Mr. Alcott a sherry. Uncle Wilfred's drinking whiskey."

Henry, confronting his lover's mother, brother, uncle, presumably aunt, expectant of a sister and cousin as well, would actually have preferred brandy, but didn't see any.

"Where are the children?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilfred. "Don't say they're to be late! Bad Toby never sent a postcard! Has anyone heard from them?"

Mrs. Prelude answered with her usual placid smile, "*I* have, dear. Three times."

"I suppose from Lydia?" said Mrs. Wilfred. "Girls are always more conscientious! What did she say?"

"Oh, just how much they were enjoying themselves on their bicycles."

The cousins had been right to trust her. It was sheer bad luck that Elizabeth, glancing through the window, spotted them walking up the drive.

Lacking Alice and Mr. van Hoyt, but with Henry Alcott and Uncle Wilfred unexpected substitutes, all eight places laid by Mrs. Prelude were filled.

"Now let's tell each other everything that's been happening!" said Mrs. Wilfred brightly. "Toby and Lydia?"

Each glanced swiftly toward Mrs. Prelude. Her hug of welcome had reassured them; now a tender smile and nod affirmed that she hadn't, never would, split.

"I suppose the most exciting thing," said Toby, "was when my bike fell apart."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Wilfred. "Those brakes were a mother's nightmare. How did you manage?"

"I hired another, Mamma."

"Lydia's was *new*," observed Elizabeth.

"Actually I gave it away," said Lydia, "to a youth hostel where they were short on bikes."

Elizabeth's look of disbelief was so explicit that Mrs. Wilfred, who reciprocally disliked her niece, not quite tactfully intervened. "At least they didn't get their *money* stolen! Have you brought back a penny, darling?"

"Eighteen-and-six," said Toby.

"Toby kept the purse," explained Lydia. "We saw some wonderful churches."

"Mother, are you certain you asked Alice for lunch?" demanded William.

"Alice? Of course I did," said Mrs. Prelude. "Just a few days ago. The day Mr. van Hoyt came. I was so sorry she wouldn't stay to meet him!"

The name van Hoyt at last pronounced, Elizabeth asked the question uppermost in several minds. "Didn't you say he'd be here, Mother?"

"Oh, I still expect him," said Mrs. Prelude cheerfully. "He's such a very old acquaintance, he'll probably just walk in. Why not telephone Alice at her friends', darling? Say it's a cold lunch."

William pushed back his chair and left the table.

"What churches?" asked Elizabeth.

"Well, the one at Villeneuve-le-Duc was the best," said Lydia. "It had a *beau jubé*. I—I lit a candle . . ."

Toby, who saw Lydia was on the verge of tears, decided to take the war into the enemy camp. "Now let's hear Cousin Elizabeth's and Mr. Alcott's experiences," he said courteously.

"Only sun and sea," said Elizabeth. "Sun very hot and sea very blue ——"

"You met bathing?" asked Mrs. Prelude of Henry.

"Actually in Athens," said Henry. "At the embassy. We were both signing the book." It was the tale they had invented together in the plane on the way home. But Mrs. Prelude looked pleased. "Your father always signed the book wherever we went. Even just consuls'; he said it encouraged them."

"*I* think all consuls are oafs," said Lydia huskily.

"Nonsense, dear; you've never had anything to do with one," rebuked Mrs. Prelude. "Well, William?"

"She isn't there," reported William. "Her father's ill. Don't wait for me, you won't mind, while I telephone Oxford?"

"Of course not, darling. Give her my love," said Mrs. Prelude. "And so I suppose you went on little jaunts to the beach together?"

Henry Alcott nodded, uneasily. Mrs. Wilfred, however, covered his silence by the remark that it was always nice to have a man with one while bathing, in case of big waves. At this point William returned, looking white as a sheet.

"Darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Prelude in alarm. "Is Alice ill, too? Couldn't you speak to her?"

"Not to Alice, only to her daddy. Alice was too upset about breaking off our engagement," said William bleakly. "She was too upset to tell me herself, so Professor Harvill had to do it for her. Don't mind if I don't have cheese."

He closed the door behind him with exaggerated care. Mrs. Prelude gazed at it compassionately.

"Poor boy!" she sighed. "Should I go to him, do you think? Or telephone Alice myself?"

"No, Mother," said Elizabeth. "He won't realize it yet, but William has had a lucky escape."

"I agree," said Lydia. "Toby and I often wondered whether there was anything we could do about it."

"Of course she was immensely pretty," reflected Mrs. Wilfred, "but in a way such an *old-fashioned* girl. . . . Do go on, Mr. Alcott, about Greece."

The door opened again. "I forgot," said William. "Van Hoyt's there."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Prelude.

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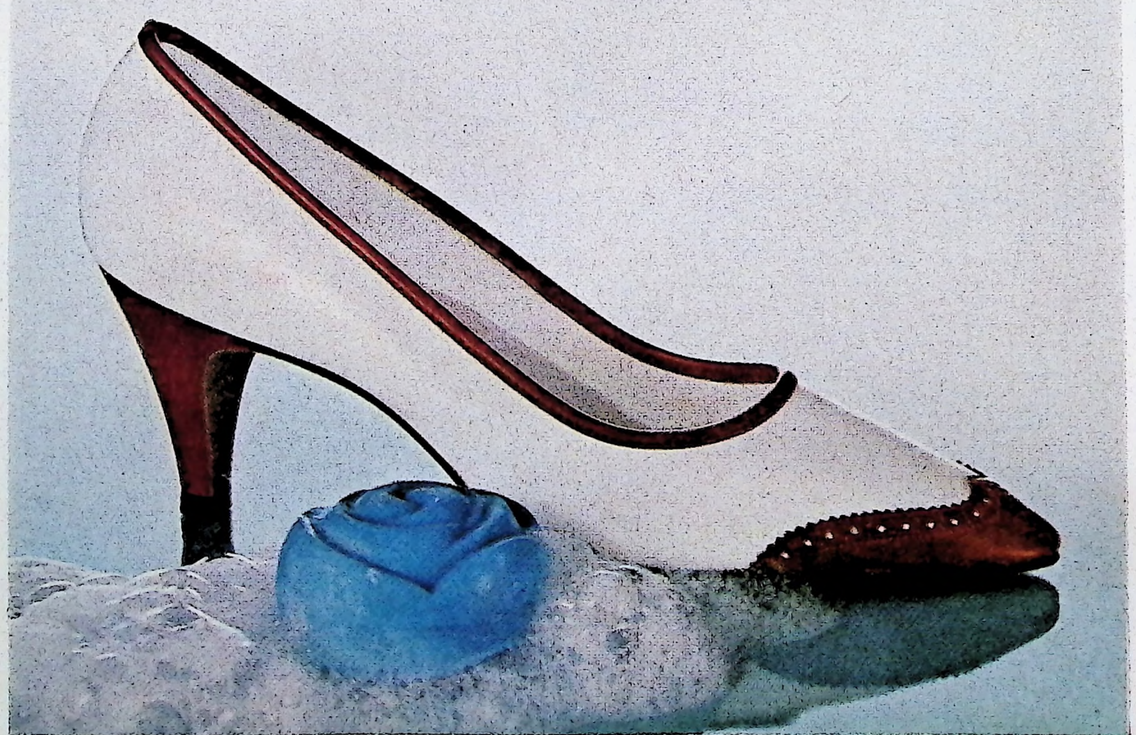

"In Oxford. Alice's daddy's been showing him round the quads."

"Then Professor Harvill's able to get about?" asked Mrs. Wilfred, with an easy switch of interest. "He hasn't been really seriously ill?"

"One thing we can all bet on," said Elizabeth, "is that Alice has been showing Mr. van Hoyt round, too."

She had spoken almost without thinking, but the words produced a considerable pause. Mrs. Wilfred was the first to break it.

"But I thought you said she didn't meet Mr. van Hoyt?"

"She didn't," said Mrs. Prelude. "She drove straight away in her Jeep."

"*I* think," said Lydia, "she just hung about outside and picked him up."

"He'd certainly be a great catch," reflected Mrs. Wilfred. "And marrying for money sometimes turns out very happily. Of course he must be much *older* than Alice ——"

"I never thought of him as old at all," said Mrs. Prelude. "But yes, older than Alice . . ."

"Girls can't have everything," said her sister-in-law. "And now, my dear, nice as it's been—as lunch here always is!—we must really take Toby home. . . . Your father's got a surprise for you," she added, to Toby. "A bonfire and fireworks, to celebrate!"

REASSURANCE

By Ruby Zagoren

I reach for your hand
in the night
When touch must substitute
for sight
And find it though there is
no light.

Alone with her mother in the empty dining room—the table melancholy as a deserted *table d'hôte*—Lydia put her arms around Mrs. Prelude's neck.

"Toby and I are both terribly, terribly sorry if our wires upset you. We—I—just made a terrible mistake."

"As I did," sighed Mrs. Prelude. "As I did. You really went to look for Father?"

Lydia nodded. "If you don't mind, I'd rather not tell you about it; but Elizabeth and William and—and everyone, were right."

"No; don't tell me," said Mrs. Prelude. "I'm just sure you've been very good, brave children."

She sighed again, however; so deeply, Lydia felt an anxious pang.

"We didn't do any damage, Mother?"

"There's the telephone," said Mrs. Prelude. "Answer it for me, will you, dear? I don't know why, I'm rather tired."

She was too tired even to finish clearing the table. While Lydia was out of the room she simply sat, hands loosely clasped in her lap, remembering, and musing, and blaming herself. "I deserve nothing better," Mrs. Prelude told herself obscurely. "Poor Lydia, poor Toby!" Only at the sound of her daughter's returning step did she summon the energy to pick up a plate and tip from it a rind of cheese. . . .

"It was Professor Harvill calling," reported Lydia as she helped to clear the table. "But he didn't say any more about Alice. He just asked," she said with some indignation, "whether it would be acceptable etiquette-wise if he came to tea. Of course I told him you were much too tired, Mother, to see *anyone*."

During thirty years of married life Mrs. Prelude's sole manifestation of independence had been, when flying, to sit in the tail. Her brief widowhood had been dominated by William and Elizabeth and Miss Champney and Miss Hume.

Lydia's and Toby's chivalrous excursion had but strengthened, so to speak, every loyal bond. It was quite surprising, in the circumstances, how swiftly Mrs. Prelude was at the telephone herself, ringing back Oxford. **END**

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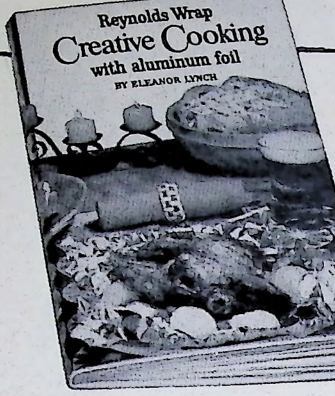

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"What's Happening"

continued from page 156

("I don't want people to know where I live"), young, unfinished, discarding cigarettes after one mouth of smoke. She wore her mod-est skirt, the influence of the London from which she had recently returned. There she made *Charlie Bubbles* with **Albert Finney.** "I guess he picked me because I've got enthusiasm. Miss Glamour Girl I ain't. . . . Movies and Broadway are nothing alike. When I work, I'm used to perspiring. Movies are like not working. You mostly, well, wait around."

The second things you notice about **Lainie Kazan** are her eyes. Dark, deep, smoldering. When she sings, walls buckle, hearts jiggle. Her figure is so generous a disc jockey apologized, "We haven't played your record yet, we're still playing the cover." She was Barbra Streisand's understudy in *Funny Girl,* went on once. "Only twenty-five people asked for their money back." No one will ask for a refund when Miss Kazan appears in the Plaza from April 5 to May 2. If you're in Manhattan, see her.

Richard Attenborough, the British actor, has a principal role in **Robert Wise**'s *The Sand Pebbles.* The movie took two years to make, and requires almost that long to watch. If that's an exaggeration, how come they wouldn't let me into the theater without luggage? Some scenes are so tough Attenborough won't let his own children see the movie. "It's too brutal for them," he told us. "My daughters are not automatically allowed to see my films. I'm angered by the contemporary view of denegating everything. There *is* reason in the world, there are heights which man can attain." One height Mr. Attenborough still aspires to is the height of a symphony conductor's podium. He's an armchair maestro. "I have stereo throughout the house and a *ba*-ton in every room. Whenever there's music, I'm at it," he exuded, flailing his arms about.

KICKY GIRLS are the height of fashion, but how high can they go? Some barely skirt nudity. It's difficult to tell if they're wearing belts or chokers. **Stanley Marcus,** the apres-hyphen of Dallas's Neiman-Marcus, predicts girls soon won't wear any skirts at all. "They'll simply wear longer blouses."

And fashion models! A fee of $100 an hour isn't uncommon, and a few attain world celebrity. How do they over-achieve so successfully? It's hard to figure. Take **Twiggy.** She's only 17, but London designers and photographers are in knots about her face and uneventful body. (Twiggy, because there's too little of her to be a branch.)

THE SMALL-SCREEN SCENE: Fifteen years of NBC's *Today* show have disappeared, and the current host is **Hugh Downs,** as pleasant in person as he is on the air. He wears an intricate watch that runs precisely five hours fast. "I keep it set at Greenwich Mean Time," he said the other morning (at least it was morning on *my* watch). "I don't care what time it is in New York, I care what time it is actually," he said with his up-to-21-inch grin.

A pride of promising Specials is coming-up. Good bets:

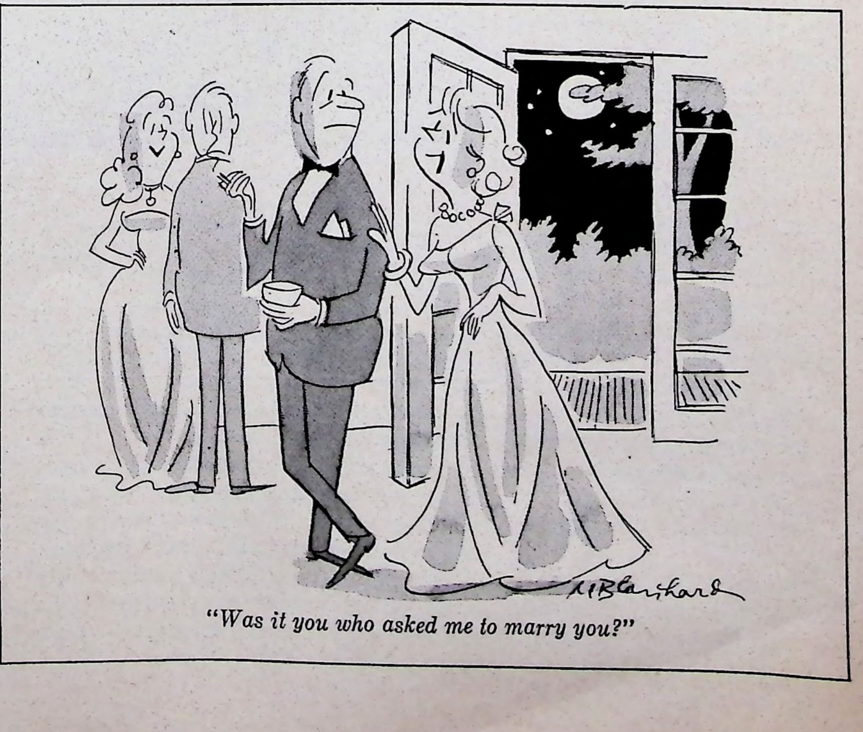
April 2. *Death of a Salesman.* One of the great performances of American television. You must not miss this. (CBS-TV, 9–11 P.M. EST.)

April 5. *The Pursuit of Pleasure.* **Stuart Schulberg,** producer and director, says: "For millions of Americans, pleasure has become the total goal of life. Young people especially are looking for kicks, but it is no longer a quest limited to youth." The program will seek to answer this question posed by narrator **Sander Vanocur:** "What are the limits of permissiveness that can be tolerated in our society?" (NBC-TV, 10–11 P. M. EST.)

April 5. *Sid Caesar Special.* The old king reunited with his original retinue: **Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner, Howard Morris.** (CBS-TV, 8:30–9:30 P. M. EST.)

April 24. *Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass.* Shot in Mexico, Los Angeles, New Orleans and other far-flung outposts of music. (CBS-TV, 9–10 P. M. EST.)

April 26. *Soldier in Love.* **Claire Bloom, Basil Rathbone,** and **Jean Simmons** appear in a Hallmark Hall of Fame drama. (NBC-TV, 7–9 P. M. EST.) **END**



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"WHAT'S HAPPENING"

By Gene Shalit

SIGNED, SEALED AND EVENTUALLY DELIVERED: At a Washington, D.C., Circus Saints and Sinners luncheon ribbing Postmaster General **Lawrence O'Brien**, a song writer sighed that zip codes are ruining romance. Imagine *Moon Over 33101* . . . *Way Down Yonder in 70113* . . . and *I Left My Heart in 94101* . . . Good letter writers are vanishing. Considering the service, it's faster to walk. But when a batch of good letters is uncovered, what fun to look over the writer's shoulder. My favorite collection is *The Letters of Alexander Woollcott,* first published by Viking in 1944, and still worth steaming open. The newest parcel to win my stamp of approval is *The Groucho Letters* (Simon & Schuster), by my favorite Marxist. When he aims, the effect is epistle to the head.

SELECTED SHORTS: Joe Layton, who shaped the **Barbra Streisand** TV specials, will direct **Richard Rodgers'** TV musical version of Bernard Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion.* Shouldn't there be an important role for Rip Thorn? . . . **Lynn Redgrave** gets pounds of publicity for her performance in *Georgy Girl,* but how about a hand for **Alan Bates,** who's uproarious as the boy? . . . Is MGM's new movie, *Sol Madrid,* about an Iberian delicatessen owner? **Michael Caine,** who hasn't been in a new movie for almost an hour, is filming **Len Deighton's** *Billion-Dollar Brain.* It was Deighton's *The Ipcress File* that first raised Caine to stardom. . . . Now be prepared for a totally rewarding Caine when you see *Hurry Sundown.* It's **Otto Preminger**'s first outstanding picture since *Laura,* and what a long time ago that was. Preminger deserves to be hugely proud of himself. In this one, the British Caine portrays a Southern American, and it's a tribute to his ear that his accent is believable. Preminger has directed brilliantly and the cast is first rate: **Robert Hooks, Madeleine Sherwood, Burgess Meredith, Diahann Carroll** and **Rex Ingram.** Even **Jane Fonda** *acts.* There isn't a soft spot in the cast.

When film stars are enveloped by the Academy Awards this month, the M.C. will be **Bob Hope** for the 13th time. He first appeared in 1939, before many of the boys he's entertained in Vietnam were born. . . . Señorita **Estela Bringuer,** an Argentine composer, conducts the American Symphony Orchestra (founded by **Leopold Stokowski**) in a concert of her own works in New York's Philharmonic Hall on April 25. I note this fact because I'm fascinated that a wealthy philanthropist (that's the most effective kind), **W. Clement Stone** of Chicago, has bought every seat in the house. But you can buy a ticket; he needs only one seat. Proceeds go to his charities.

Sidney Lumet is one of our most important directors: *The Pawnbroker, Fail-Safe, The Group* (you can't win 'em all), *Twelve Angry Men.* His newest film, *The Deadly Affair* (**James Mason, Maximilian Schell, Simone Signoret**), is a knockout. At a luncheon encounter not long ago, the passionate director was imploding with excitement, avid to talk at the drop of a napkin:

"James Mason is just one of the best actors in the world, I mean I'm not just using superlatives. You put together his performances over the years, and you've got a film festival. *The Seventh Veil, Desert Fox, Lolita*—I don't think *Lolita* would have *existed* as a film without him. And *Georgy Girl,* did you see him in *Georgy Girl*? It's so subtle, so fine. He's done junk, too; always needs money. Would you please pass the bread?"

Lumet is also mad about Barbra Streisand, who doesn't need money. "She's marvelous, extraordinary; she has the instinct of a great actor. She's hit something in people all over the world, not just America. I was scared to pick her up at her London theater, the mob outside was so wild. You could explain her popularity a million ways—she's the ugly girl who made good—but I don't think so. I think it's *talent.*"

When Lumet spoke, he had just finished four months of "sheer physical work," planning his movie version of the Broadway musical, *Funny Girl,* for Miss Streisand, a project he has since abandoned. But even then he didn't think much of the Broadway show and was striving to change it: "*Funny Girl* is really a *very* bad show. It needs a completely new story line, the love story doesn't work, and there are only a few songs worth saving, like *People.*"

Lumet frequently uses unknowns in his films. One, **Joanna Pettet,** got her break in *The Group.* Her newest is *The Night of the Generals* (**Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay**); if you like big, old-fashioned movies, you'll find it stylish entertainment. The director, **Anatole Litvak** (*Mayerling*), is so old-fashioned that he shocks the audience by revealing his lovers (Pettet and Courtenay) in bed with *their clothes on.* "We all argued about that," Miss Pettet said when I cornered her in her New York apartment, "but Litvak insisted it was believable." Showing an actress covered is daring in this day of directors who serve us buff fey movies, but it wasn't worth the squabble: the romantic episodes have the effect of a two-ton anchor on a canoe.

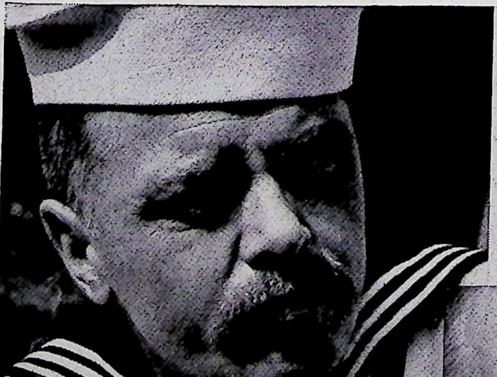
Failure has been the key to Miss Pettet's career. She won the part in *The Group* after Lumet saw her in a Broadway show (*Poor Richard*) and thought she was awful. So he hired her. (Go analyze directors.) Her screen test for *Generals* was a failure, and she got the part. She was so bad for *Casino Royale* . . . but let her tell it: "I'm convinced that when you try to persuade someone you're wrong for a part, they're so intrigued they insist on giving it to you. I was such a flop in my *Casino Royale* screen test that when I got the part the director quit."

THREE GIRLS. Movie makers commission pop songs to promote their films, and once in a while the songs are so good they make it on their own. Examples: *What's New, Pussycat?* . . . *Georgy Girl* . . . and *Alfie.* The 20-year-old girl who sings *Alfie* is **Cher,** of Sonny And. So when I heard she was around the corner, I mussed up my hair and streaked to her chic suite. She greeted me in striped purple slacks (she doesn't remember the last time she wore a dress) and a wine shirt. Her feet were bare, and so were her midriff and nine fingers. The tenth was hidden by a pear-shaped five-carat diamond. "*Good Times* is our first movie, but I don't know anything about it because I haven't seen it," she said, examining her nails. "*Alfie* is the best recording I've made. My voice is growing. Sonny writes our songs, and he never writes anything that's not good. He feels he's influenced by Wagner." She rose and excused herself. "I've got to wash my bangs," she called. "My bangs I wash every day, my hair every other day."

Another 20-year-old making her movie debut is **Liza Minelli, Judy Garland**'s daughter. She sat on the 40th floor of a Manhattan hotel a few blocks from her apartment

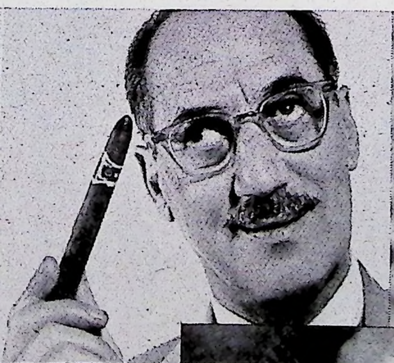
(continued on page 154)

Richard Attenborough



Sonny and Cher

Groucho Marx



Liza Minelli

Lainie Kazan

Hugh Downs

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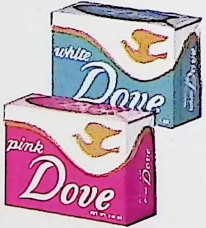
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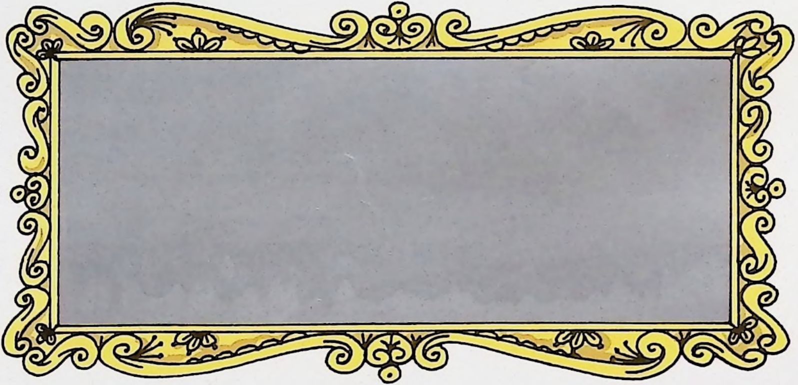

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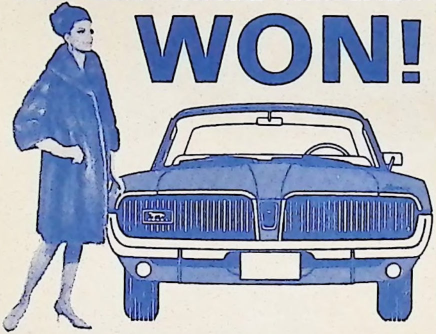

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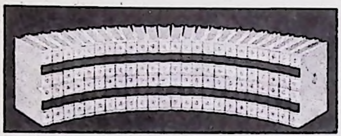

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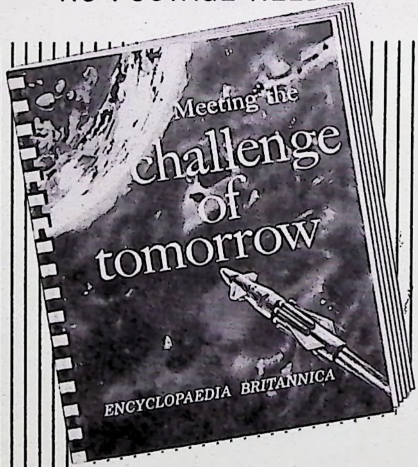
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